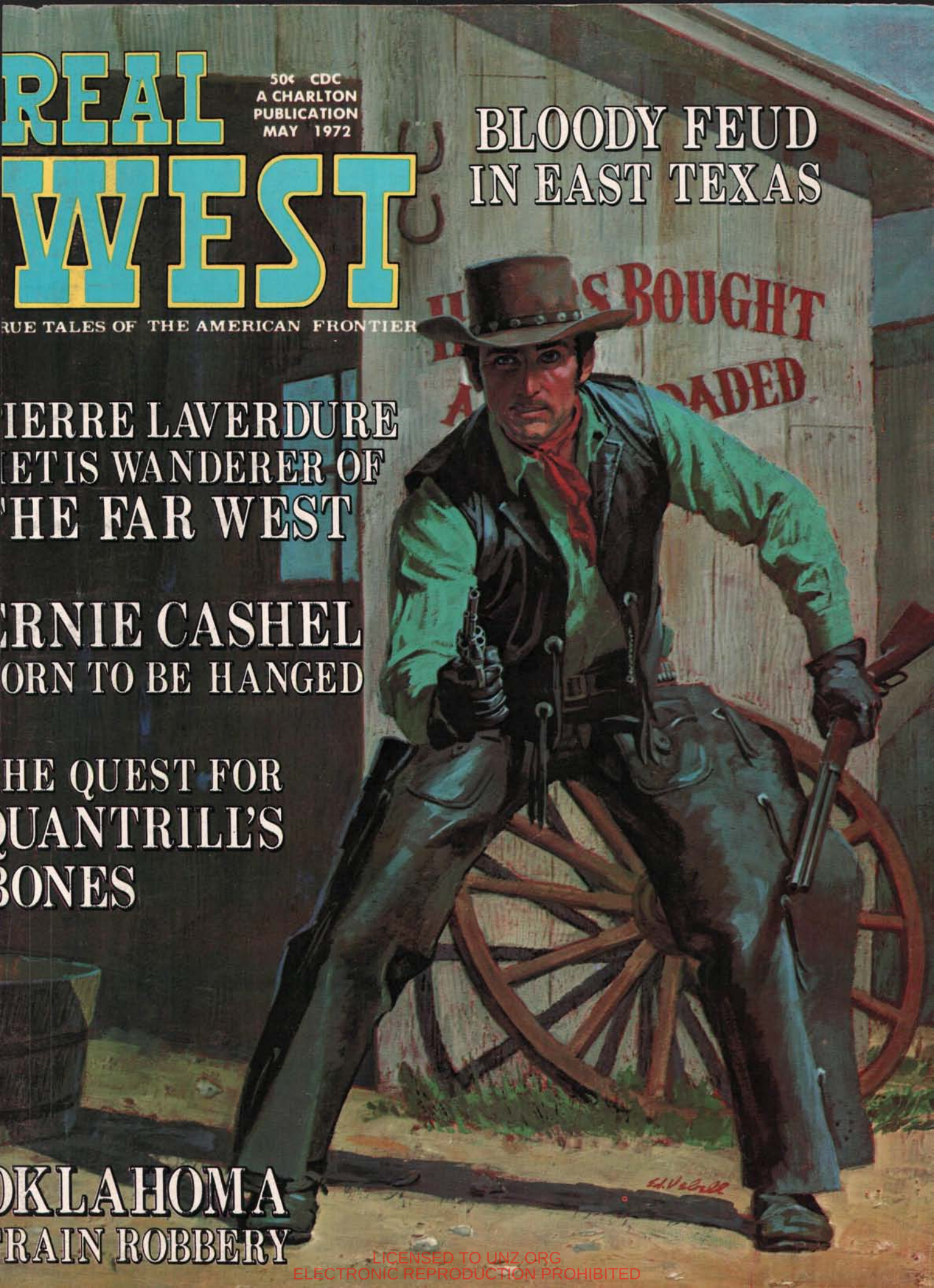

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REAL WEST

Volume XV
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May, 1972

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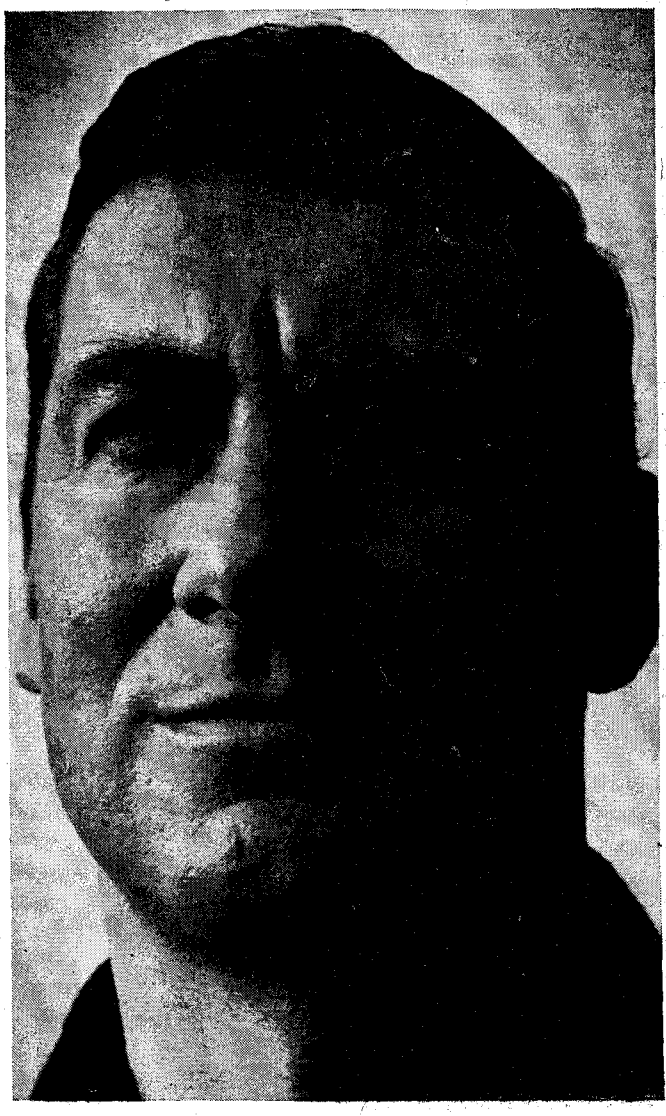

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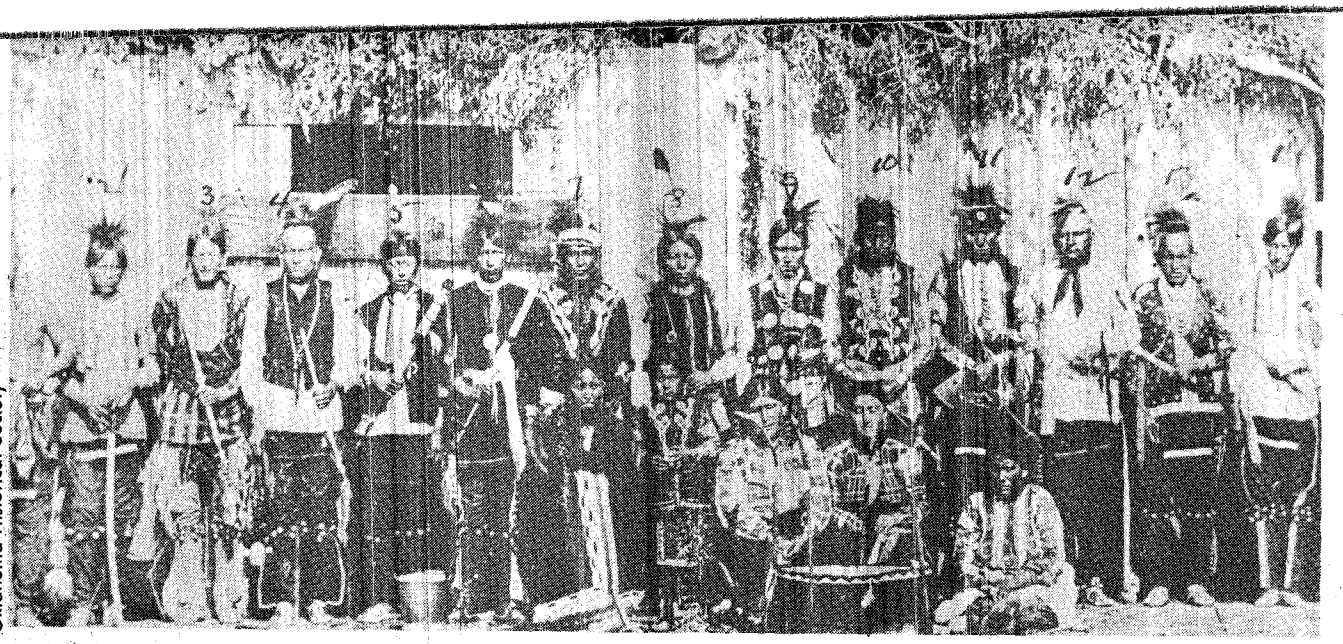

Oklahoma Historical Society

A group of Osage Indians. Osage Stanley was always welcomed by the Indians and they shared their food whether plentiful or not with him. Stanley was considered a little odd by many as he roamed the southwest planting seeds and seedling plants. He was the Johnny Appleseed of Oklahoma.

OSAGE STANLEY

Leola Lehman

The upper mid-west had its Johnny Appleseed. The land of the Osage Indian had its Osage Stanley. Both were men with a dream and like most men with dreams that did not bring in a profit to the owner, they were considered strange and just a little addle-pated by their fellow men.

It was during the early years after the powerful Osage tribe moved onto a huge reservation in Indian Territory that Stanley appeared among them one day. The pockets of his tweed jacket bulged with the seeds of peaches, grapes and other fruits.

Stanley believed in something. Nature had provided mankind with the means to live grandly upon her largess if he would only open his eyes and see what she had to offer, he thought. In the fruit and nuts of the trees man had the treasures of the earth. All he needed to live. There was no need for him to dig in the earth and sweat and labor. No need to slave for the metals hidden in the hearts of stones and fight and die to get and hold these things if only he would take the hints of Mother Earth. All they had to do was look up into the trees and pick from their branches all the food they needed.

With the belief that man would learn from what he saw even though his ears were closed to words urging him toward developing this understanding, Osage Stanley devoted his life and strength toward making his dream a reality in the Osage Nation. His tall, tweed-jacketed figure became a familiar sight to the Indians and whites of the area.

Summer and winter, through the gray chill of the lean months and the long, hot days of the Oklahoma summers he slogged along over the blackjack covered hills and slaty ravines of the reservation. Unauthorized white men were forbidden to be on the Osages' land but this was never mentioned to Stanley. So he went his way, his long, swinging strides taking him over mile after mile of prairie land, along creeks and rivers. And wherever he found the soil right he planted his fruit seeds. Often when the season was best, seeds and slips of plants took up the space in his pack that should have been used by necessities for his own use. But Osage Stanley was too much of a visionary to worry about his personal needs and besides, the lodges of the Indians' were open to him.

This hospitality by warriors just in off the warpath was not brought about so much by their understanding of the strange white man with his odd way of going around sticking seeds into the earth. Sharing was their way of life and although Stanley was a white man he never interfered in their affairs or caused trouble among them. So they tolerated him and offered him food when he stopped at their lodges. They, too, lived close to nature and believed that what nature gave freely belonged to all men—and this included their own food supply. Whether they had much or little did not change this rule of life.

White men were not so kindly with one they little understood. Osage Stanley planted grapes, mulberries and peaches at every stage station in the Osage Nation. Freighters stopped at the stage stations and they grew to know Stanley, saw him plant his seeds or set his slips of plants and they had their rough fun with him. But they were wasting their wit as far as he was concerned. Like most visionaries, Stanley understood that these men were unable to see natures hints for a good life and he did not become angry that they made him the butt of their jokes.

After a time the freighters, a tough breed of men as they had to be to ferry supplies across the danger ridden plains, grew to admire Osage Stanley in a way even though they never did understand him. His dream was too different from their own hard driving lives for that. Still, they could understand a man who endured hardships without complaint and who quietly went about his business. Many among them saw the seeds he planted grow to maturity and enjoyed the fruit they bore at the stage stations. In time their jokes became more kindly. In his own way Stanley was one of them, one of the fixtures of the plains. And in the end it was he who endured.

As the years went by Osage Stanley continued to plant his seeds in the earth

(continued on page 74)

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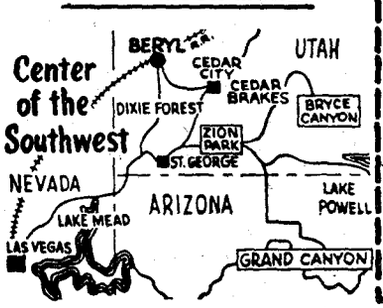

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When East Texas Sheriff George Wall strode into the San Augustine saloon, Curg Border's sixgun was spitting lead. Sheriff Wall took him prisoner without bloodshed but he started a bloody feud that brought death to a lot of Texas men and tears to their grieving widows.

THE DEADLY WALLS
Bloody Feud In East Texas

By
Ernest H. Hart

Shots ripped out from inside the Front Street Saloon and echoed down the main street of San Augustine, Texas, bouncing off of store fronts to finally smother in the timber behind the town. Sheriff George Wall, making his early evening rounds, turned his face toward the saloon, his ears picking up the sound of raucous laughter mingling with the deep boom of the pistol reports. His lips tightened and he threw his curse at the sky as he pivoted and walked with his long stride directly toward the saloon. Sheriff Wall was a man to reckon with, strongly made, powerful through the shoulders, square-jawed and wearing a mustache and rather long hair as was the custom of the day.

He paused for a moment before the swinging doors of the saloon to check the hang of the Frontier Cold that filled the holster at his side, then he went into the saloon fast and crouched, ready for anything. Men cowered against the saloon walls, the bartender had ducked behind the bar for safety, and in the middle of the room Lycurgus (generally called Curg) Border, half drunk, and, as always, filled with meanness and trouble, was shooting bottles of whiskey from the back wall of the bar. The stink of gunpowder hung heavily in the air, and as Sheriff Wall's quick gaze swept the room he saw Ben Broocks, Curg's cousin, edge from the rear of the bar and slide out the door into the storeroom that led to the back door and the alley behind the saloon.

"Curg! Drop that gun," the Sheriff said sharply. "You're under arrest."

Curg's wild laughter stopped and he turned his head, seeing the Sheriff for the first time and, realizing the lawman hadn't drawn his weapon, a sly grin shaped his lean, wolf-like face. He turned slowly and took three short steps to the side and it was noticeable then that Curg Border limped slightly, the result of a bullet wound received a few years before.

"I said, drop that gun, Curg. Folks 'round here, includin' me, are some sick of your damn trouble makin'. Now give me that there gun."

Curg snarled and his eyes gleamed and he spit his words out like a rattler emits venom, "Sure I'll give it to yuh, George. Leastwise I'll give yuh what's inside the barrel . . ."

The gun chopped down and Curg's finger tightened and the hammer tripped down. There was a loud click. Curg's gun was empty. Sheriff Wall leaped at Curg, drawing his own gun as he did. His arm came up and whipped forward, the gun barrel smacking solidly against the side of Curg Border's head. Curg dropped his gun and fell to his hands and knees, badly stunned by the blow. Wall swept the gun up from the floor and stuck it in the top of his trousers.

"All right, on your feet. Move out in front of me to the jail. I'm chargin' you with disturbin' the peace. Maybe a spell of jail rest'll help simmer down some of that hankerin' you got to make trouble. Come on. Up 'an move out."

Curg staggered along the street toward the jail. Once inside and locked in a cell, he shook off the cobwebs that fogged his mind and screamed threats and invective at his captor, even accusing him of having loosed the shot that had lamed him several years back.

As Sheriff Wall hung up the cell keys and went to the door to continue his rounds, Curg's voice followed him, ". . . . an' you're a dead man, yuh hear me, Wall? You're a dead man. I'm gonna get yuh. You Walls think yuh can rule this county. Well yuh can't. The Borders an' the Broocks're gonna make yuh all wish you'd never been born . . ."

Word of the arrest of Curg came to "Uncle" Buck Wall on the old Wall place seven miles out of San Augustine toward Geneva. Buck was the patriarch of the family and the oldest settler in San Augustine County. His face was shadowed with concern as he rode into San Augustine, strode into a back private room in the saloon and sent his boy Lopez ("Pez" for short) to find and bring his brother, Sheriff George Washington Wall, to a rendezvous with his father. In a few minutes Pez returned with Sheriff George Wall in tow.

After greetings, Buck told his son that he was concerned over the arrest of Curg Border. "Son, before us Walls an' the Borders an' Broocks came to East Texas from the old South, our families had been feudin'. What you just did is liable to lift the lid on that feud again. That Curg is mean as a hydrophobia skunk".

"I know it, Paw, " the Sheriff answered. "But I couldn't let him get away with rawhidin' folks an' shootin' up places anymore. I had to do my job."

The old man rose and patted his son's shoulder. "All right, George, yuh did what was fittin'. Now, if trouble shapes up here, you let me know immediate, yuh hear? I'm county commissioner an' us Walls ain't to be pushed."

Tenseness lay over the streets of San Augustine after Curg's fine was paid and he was released. It was as though something was about to explode . . . and it did, on a bright spring day in April, 1900. The explosion came from the

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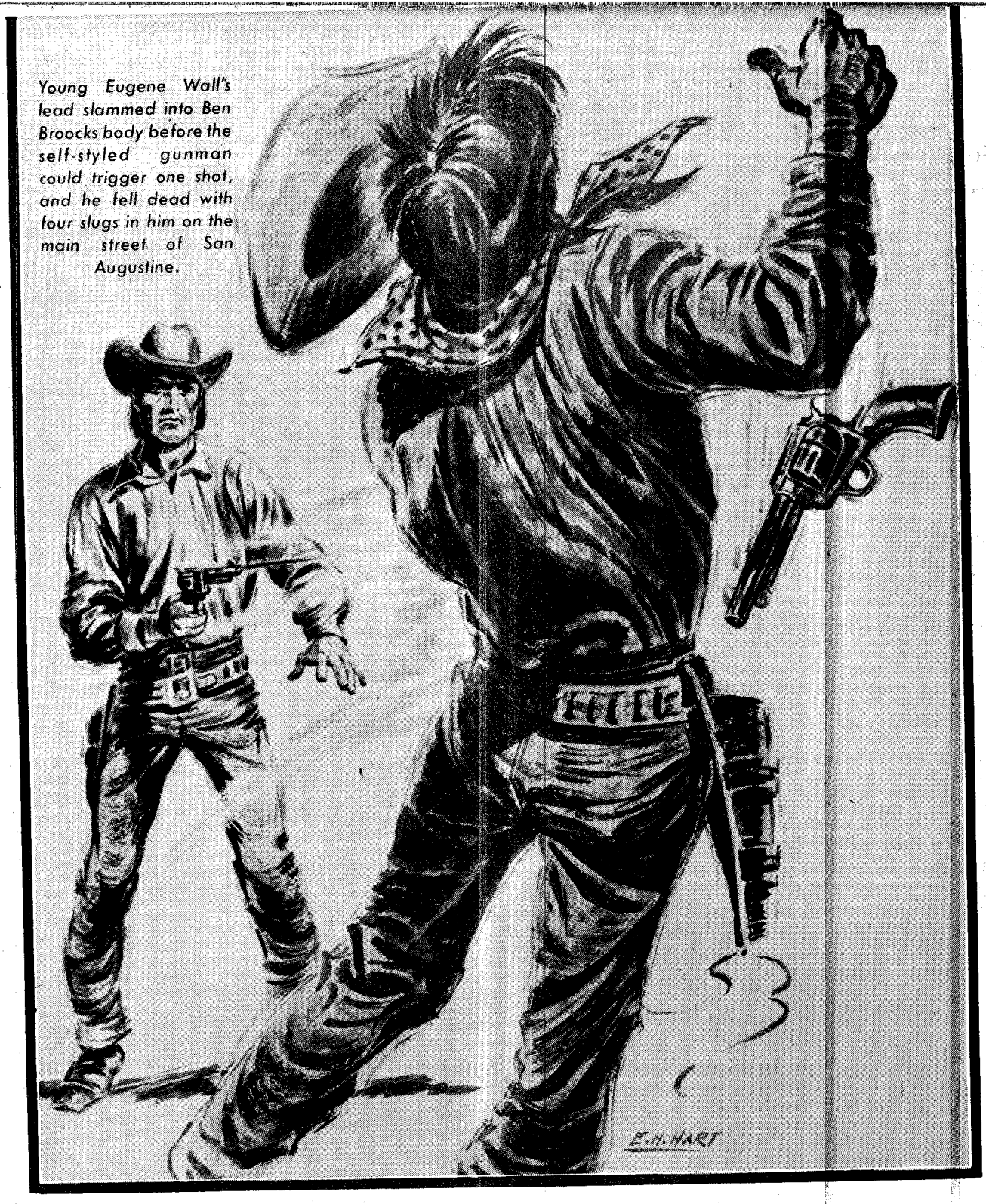

Young Eugene Wall's lead slammed into Ben Broocks body before the self-styled gunman could trigger one shot, and he fell dead with four slugs in him on the main street of San Augustine.

barrel of a Long-Tom shotgun in the hands of Curg Border. He had been lurking in the shadows of the saloon, waiting for Sheriff George Wall to pass and, when he did, Curg stepped out and sho' him in the back.

But the Walls were made of stern stuff. Filled with holes, the Sheriff turned, dragging at his gun. His right hand was partially paralyzed from his wound, so he switched the gun to his left hand, braced himself against the saloon porch pillar and shot. But he was dead before he pressed the trigger and the shot went wild as he fell, twitched a moment and then lay still.

Curg fled from retribution at the hands of the Walls to Beaumont, Texas, to join John Broocks and other members of the family there. Meanwhile the Walls mourned and buried their dead and grimly swore vengeance.

The Wall-Border feud was not the only one in deep East Texas. Many southern families migrated toward the Sabine River and found a rich land, and they brought with them, along with their goods, the blood feud that was based in an old and arrogant code of honor. San Augustine was the oldest anglo-American settlement in Texas, and there is recorded transfers of Spanish titles to American settlers as early as 1801, so it is evident that these migrating southern families came to the area when it was virgin land. The vigilante warfare between the Moderators and the Regulators during the time when Texas was a republic, centered around San Augustine. From its history one can deduct that San Augustine was used to blood feuds, violence, and trouble.

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The protagonists in the Wall-Border feud were men of substance and power in the community. There had been trouble between the Walls, the Borders and Broocks long before the incidents took place that are recorded here and that touched it off into a full-fledged and deadly feud. Curg and his brother George Border were hell-raisers and trouble makers, Curg carrying a bullet in his leg that caused him to limp, the incident occurring before he was 20 years old. Their father, George Border, had married a Broocks girl, knitting the two families together. Travis Gustavus Broocks was an old settler in the area. He had arrived in 1838 with his three sons, one of whom, John Henry, also had three sons, John Henry, Benjamin, and Moses Lycurgus Broocks. Moses was a smart man, a lawyer and a brilliant orator; his abilities led to his service as district attorney of the First Judiciary District in Jefferson County, and he was elected to Congress in 1905. The Broocks and Borders were Southern sympathizers during the Civil War and made no bones about it.

The Wall family were also old settlers in the territory, their kin in the area being the Tucker, Nobles, and Roberts families. Uncle Buck Wall, head of the clan, had five stalwart sons, George, Lopez, Ney, Burne, and Eugene Beauharnais Wall, the latter three names selected from Napoleonic history and "Pez" named after the Cuban patriot of that same name. Burne had a fine mind that was too big for the confines of San Augustine and its petty bickering and feuding, so he left, became a doctor and settled finally in Oklahoma. The Walls were strictly neutral during the War Between The States. Even though they were in the hub of Southern sympathizers Buck declared himself for the Union.

With the Border and Broocks political strength they figured to control the area after the new elections. But it was a time of political change and Buck Wall was elected County Commissioner and his son George won the election for Sheriff. The Broocks and Borders were furious at this turn of events and for six long years their tempers smouldered. Curg, Ben, and John Broocks, walked the streets of San Augustine with chips on their shoulders and itching trigger fingers. They shot up the saloon and caused constant trouble, and finally, with the arrest of Curg Border by Sheriff Wall and the subsequent murder of the Sheriff by his erstwhile prisoner, the feud flamed into being, bringing a reign of stark terror to San Augustine.

Though Curg fled to Beaumont after the killing, Ben Broocks stayed in San Augustine, making his brags and letting it be known that the Broocks were ready to back Curg to the limit. Moses Lycurgus Broocks was, at the time, studying law at the University of Texas.

Meanwhile, the youngest of the Wall brothers, a slim and quiet youth, Eugene, who had been very close to his brother and mourned his death greatly, could no longer stand the boasting of Ben Broocks and his flaunting of his cousin, Curg's, revenge. On June 2, 1900, Eugene sought and found Ben Broocks in San Augustine and told him to shut his mouth. Ben fancied himself as a gunslinger and he told Eugene to "Go to hell", adding that Eugene wasn't man enough to make him shut up. With these words Ben drew, but Eugene, ice cold with fury, outdrew him and smashed four bullets out of five shots into Ben's body. Ben didn't fire a single shot and was dead when he hit the ground.

On June 4, just two days later, after receiving a cable about the death of Ben Broocks, four passengers from Beaumont left the morning train at San Augustine; they were Curg Border, Moses and John Broocks, and a brother-in-law of the Broocks. All were heavily armed and primed for trouble. They walked to the heart of the town and went into a building on the central square where, earlier that morning, other relatives and supporters of the Borders and Broocks had been seen to enter at intervals. Word spread through San Augustine and all the shops and stores were closed and shuttered and there was no movement on the streets throughout the town. The only activity to be seen was generated by three riders who were moving at a slow trot toward the courthouse which was also located on the square facing the building in which the Broocks and Borders were holed up. The three riders were Noel G. Roberts, cousin to the Walls, who had been appointed to fill out George Wall's unexpired term of office as Sheriff, Sidney Roberts, his brother and the county school superintendent, and their uncle Felix Roberts, also a political county official.

They entered the courthouse through a side door out of sight of the building housing their enemies. Noel, the new sheriff, said they needed help and he was going to get to his horse and ride out to get it. Sidney said it was nonsense, that this was 1900, not, 1800, and that men don't just murder other men for nothing. Against Noel's advice he stepped out of the door, smiling, raised his hand toward the other building and was about to call for a palavar, but he got no further than voicing, "Listen, you men ..." when a fusillade of shots dropped him to the ground mortally wounded.

Felix said, "Oh, my God!" ran to the window and looked out to see what had happened to his nephew and died instantly with a bullet in his head. Sheriff Noel Roberts, rushed to his Uncle's side, saw he was dead, figured Sid to be dead, too, and leaped out and to his horse. Bullets whined their song of death all around him and he was wounded twice before his horse spooked and ran and Noel crawled back inside the shelter of the courthouse, where he grimly made ready to sell his life dearly. A few hours late, Reverend Dr. G. L. Crocket, rector of San Augustine Episcopal Church, and Dr. Felix Tucker, a Wall relative, finally reached the Sheriff and got him out and to the Doctor's office where he was patched up and taken to Nacogdoches where he'd be safe.

Now there was no law in San Augustine and the people were beside themselves with fear. If the Borders and Broocks took over the town they would wreck their vengeful fury on every one. And, when Uncle Buck Wall heard of this latest outrage against his kin he would swoop down like the old eagle he was and San Augustine would be the battleground for the two rival forces and probably, in the process, be destroyed. Hurriedly some of the leading merchants met and sent a desperate appeal to Governor Joseph D. Sawyers for help. He responded by ordering the Stone Fort Rifles of Nacogdoches to San Augustine and they arrived there on June 9, 1900 and San Augustine was under martial law.

Meanwhile Uncle Buck Wall had summoned all the Wall kin and they came, heavily armed and almost two hundred strong. Grimly Buck told them that he'd had it with the Borders and the Broocks and he was determined to wipe them out " ... so that decent people can walk the streets and ride the roads in peace again."

General Thomas Scurry and District Judge Thomas C. Davis, an old friend of the Walls, rushed to the Wall place as fast as train and horse could carry them and finally persuaded Buck to let the law settle

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the trouble. Tom Davis got Buck to agree to let Eugene give himself up for the death of Ben Broocks and promised that the Walls would be protected and Eugene would go free. Buck, after grousing about "...doin' our own protectin', with rifles an' six-guns ..." finally gave in. The people of San Augustine heaved a collective sigh of relief, the stores and schools opened again and quiet came to the town.

There followed a long list of court trials that resulted in as many acquittals. The judges and juries were determined not to stir up the blood feud again. Eugene was acquitted for shooting Ben Broocks. Brune Wall was tried and acquitted for being an accessory. Curg Border was acquitted for the murder of Sheriff George Wall as were several others of the Border-Broocks faction for the killing of Felix Roberts and the shooting of Sidney Roberts and Sheriff Noel Roberts. Everything was glossed over ... everything, that is, but the deep emotions of the principals. After a short time of peace trouble erupted again.

Lopez Wall, driving a small herd of prime beef to Nacognoches, was shot out of his saddle and killed. The shots had been fired from ambush and the killers were not seen and not known. Eugene had money invested in ranching land and stock in South America and he and his wife and family were about to leave Texas on their long trip to their new home. His wife had gone to say goodbye to old Buck while Eugene finished packing, then he was to join her. He was riding past the Roberts cemetery when he was shot and killed from ambush.

Burne, the doctor, urged his father and mother to leave the area that had meant nothing but death and trouble to them and join him and his family in Oklahoma. Old "Uncle" Buck Wall finally agreed and left San Augustine to join his son and live out the last of his life in peace.

With most of the Walls and their kin gone or dead, the Roberts and the Broocks, through threats and pursuasion, took over the political reins formerly held by the Walls. Curg Border was elected sheriff of San Augustine County in an election marked by threats and violence. But he didn't hold the office long. His bullying and arrogance and quickness to shoot, finally made the men who had stood his bond withdraw their support and, without bond, he had to give up the office. He swore that he'd gun down any man who tried to step in his shoes as sheriff and he figured the threat would keep any man from trying. But there were still some folks in the

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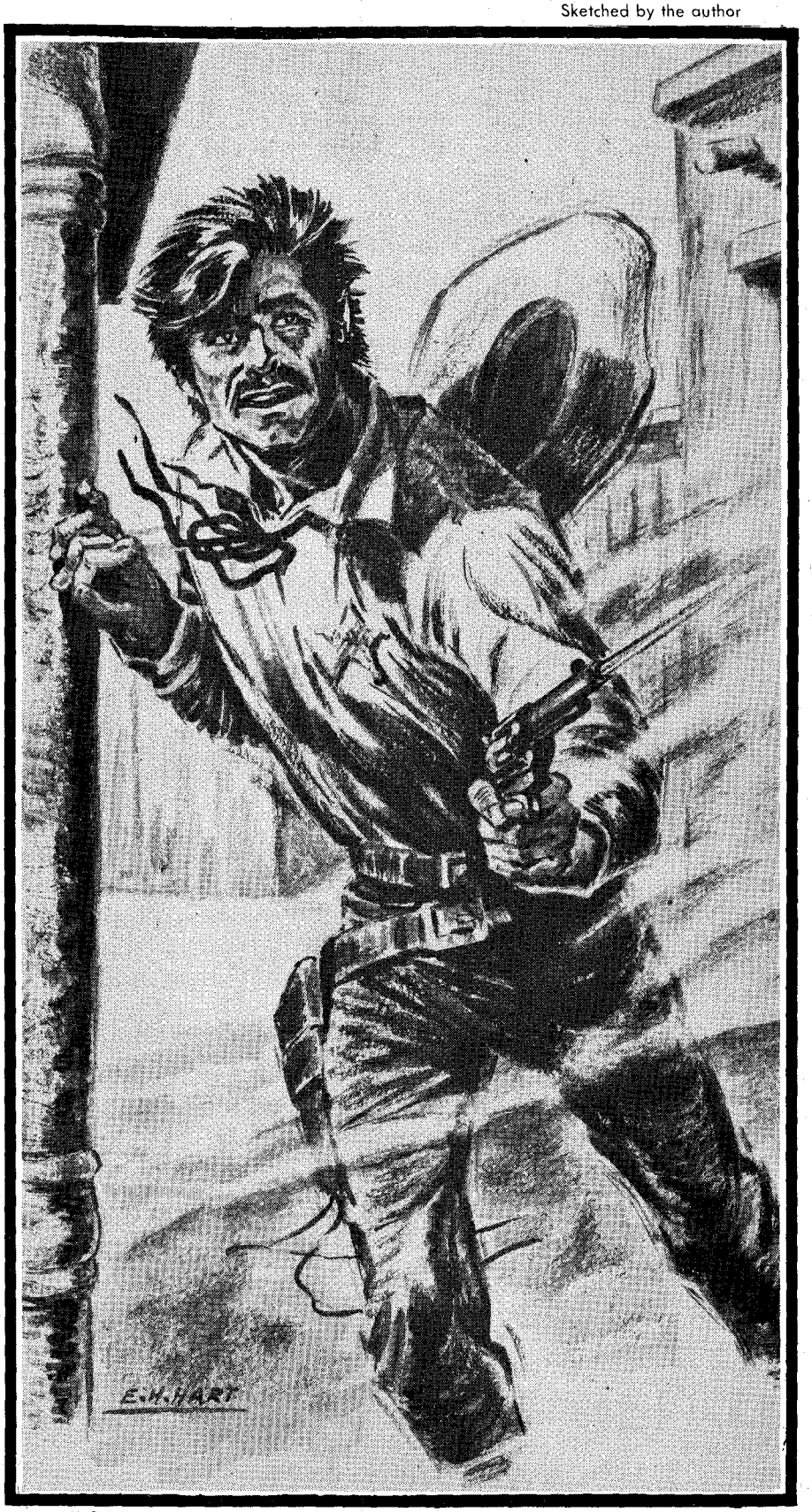
Sketched by the author



Shot and dying, Sheriff George Wall turned to the saloon doors from which the shotgun blast had come and, using his shot-paralyzed right hand to prop himself against the saloon porch column, triggered one last bullet with his left hand.

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By Norman B. Wiltsey

Ernie Cashel

They said Ernie Cashel could sweet-talk a bird down out of a tree. But he didn't use charm on Canadian homesteader Rufus Belt, his weapon was a gun and it was fatal! He was born to be hanged but the Canadians had a difficult time carrying out the sentence as Cashel escaped from them time after time before he finally met his fate after one of the longest chases in Canadian history!

Modern psychologists tell us that boredom and frustration are two of the basic causes in the making of a juvenile delinquent. Consider then the case of Ernie Cashel, who was raised in a small Wyoming cow town. Even as a kid in grammar school, Ernie figured that Fate had dealt him a raw deal by bringing him into the world thirty years too late for high adventure. He longed to be a two-gun desperado like the heroes of the lurid dime novels he read on the sly. In trouble early and often throughout a turbulent adolescence, young Cashel landed in jail for armed robbery at the ripe old age of 19.

As with most delinquent youngsters, even in these supposedly enlightened times, Ernie's criminal education really began in jail. A hardened convict took the punk kid in hand and taught him the ropes of the sordid business of crime. A willing pupil, Ernie served his two-year sentence and came out with a hearty contempt for the law and ready to put his newly acquired knowledge to making a fast and dishonest buck.

It wasn't easy; the glamorous bandit era of the James and Daltons was far in the past. Wide-spread use of the telegraph and telephone made it decidedly risky to rob banks, and modern express trains traveled too swiftly to be boarded and sacked in the traditional style of the old Wild West. Disgusted with the lack of opportunity in Wyoming, Ernie headed for Canada. There, in Alberta, still existed a frontier of sorts that promised rich pickings for an ardent student of Jesse James sporting a prison-earned diploma in the technique of modern crime.

Arriving in Calgary in mid-October of 1902, Ernie found a trusting merchant to cash a forged check for $100 and blew town on a prospecting tour westward. He didn't get far. Constable Rubbra, of the Northwest Mounted Police, picked him up in a little prairie town 60 miles away and wired the Calgary police chief to come get his man.

The chief, a kindly man, got to talking with his youthful prisoner on the train back to Calgary. "What made you pull such a fool stunt, son?" he inquired sorrowfully. "You must have known you couldn't get away with it."

Ernie hung his head and blubbered like a whipped schoolboy. "I was broke and hungry," he whined. "All I wanted was a stake to get out of town and find a job on a ranch."

He bawled and sniffled until the harassed chief was only too glad to grant his tearful request to go to the washroom and spruce himself up. Trying unsuccessfully to ignore the indignant glares of his fellow travelers, the chief accompanied Ernie to play watchdog outside the door.

Ernie Cashel, robber and murderer. He was hanged February 2, 1904 after having twice escaped the clutches of the law, once from his death cell.

Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, Alberta

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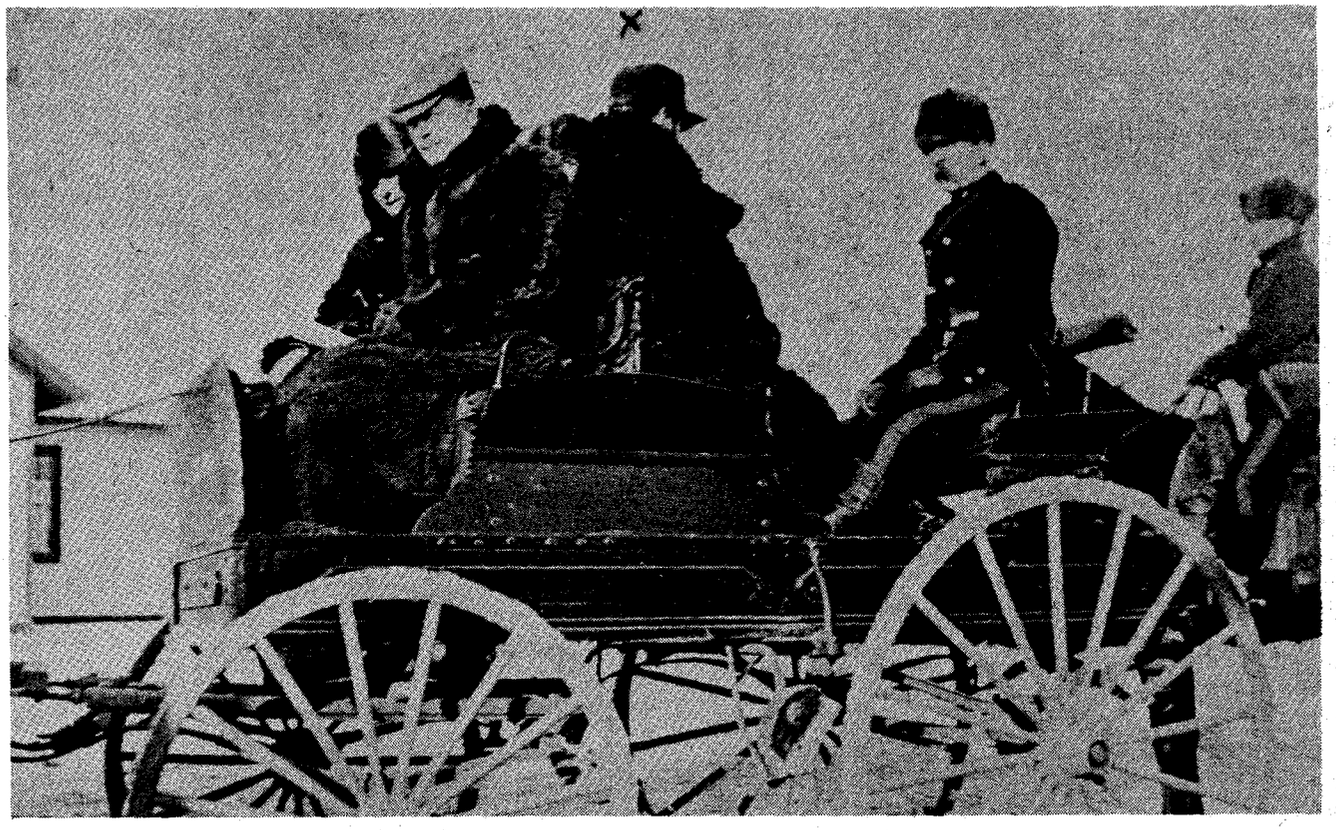
BORN TO BE HANGED!



Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, Alberta

Cashel being taken to his trial in Calgary in 1903. An "x" marks Cashel. Ernie was born in Wyoming in 1881. At 19 he was jailed for armed robbery. After serving his two year sentence, he headed for Alberta where his short life of crime was terminated at the end of a hangman's rope.

Twenty minutes passed and the officer's woebegone prisoner failed to emerge from the washroom. The chief rapped on the locked door and called, "Cashel! Are you all right in there?"

No answer. The alarmed officer got the brakeman to force the door, but they didn't find Ernie. The window was wide open, where the slender and agile youngster had wriggled through the narrow opening to drop on the prairie from the slowly moving train.

Exasperated, the Mounties took over the case from the duped police chief. At first inspection their job didn't appear difficult— merely to run down a 21-year-old boy on the wide prairie. The famous Force was soon to revise its opinion of Ernie Cashel from Wyoming.

The hard Canadian winter was fast approaching, the thermometer dipping well below the freezing mark. Cashel had neither food, a coat to keep him warm nor a horse to ride. A serious problem for anybody but Ernie, who simply walked into a ranch-house near Lacombe, smiled his boyish, disarming smile and begged a horse, grub and a warm woolen coat. Delighted to meet such a fine lad, although puzzled at his being afoot and coatless on such a bitter day, the ranch-owner willingly staked him to an outfit on pledge of payment in thirty days. The gullible rancher was vastly surprised to learn next day from the police that his personable guest, "Bert Ellsworth," was actually an American ex-convict wanted in Calgary for forgery and escape from a law officer.

All police posts in the area were alerted to look for a wiry youth wearing a gray coat and riding a dark-bay horse. For nearly a month the hunt continued in vain with not a clue showing anywhere. Then, in Lacombe, Constable Alec Macleod heard from a visiting settler named Thomas that a "nice young fellow" calling himself Ellsworth was stopping at the home of his uncle, Rufus Belt. Alarmed at the news that Bert Ellsworth was an ex-jailbird and probably dangerous, the settler rode with MacLeod to Belt's lonely homestead on Red Deer River, 38 miles east of Lacombe.

The house was deserted when McLeod and Thomas arrived at the small ranch on the Red Deer. The door stood wide open, though it was early November and an icy wind whipped across the bleak prairie. Rufus Belt was nowhere about, neither was Ernie Cashel.

Anxiously searching the premises, Thomas concluded hopefully that his uncle and Ernie Cashel had ridden off together to hunt winter venison. Belt's cream-colored saddle horse was missing from his stall, as were his rifle and shotgun from the gun-rack on the kitchen wall. The hunting trip theory was exploded when further search revealed that Belt's best suit of corduroy had also disappeared, along with the contents of a tin money-box. Thomas recalled that his uncle usually kept several hundred dollars in the box, and distinctly remembered that Mr . Belt placed an American $50 bill in the box on the occasion of his last visit to the ranch two weeks before.

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From author's collection

Pierre Laverdure as he appeared in 1894 at the age of 101. He was born in a Mandan Indian lodge in 1793 and died at 111 at Hardin, Montana. His years were spent wandering the West as a fur trader and as a member of an Indian band.

PIERRE LAVERDURE
Metis Wanderer Of The Far West

by Rex Bundy

He was born to a Mandan Indian woman who married a French free-trader in 1793. In his lifetime he saw the United States grow from a small nation of a few states to a powerful giant. He lived for one hundred and eleven years and he left his tracks all over the North American Continent.

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For three quarters of a century, longer than a normal life expectancy today, Pierre Laverdure roamed the far West. During this time he answered to no man, but depended solely on the bounties of Nature and his own ability to wrest these from Nature's often tenacious grip. Only the encroachment of civilization slowed, and finally halted, his annual migrations over that vast land bounded by a line west from St. Louis, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia River, north from St. Louis to York Factory on Hudson Bay, then west once more to the mouth of the Frazier River in British Columbia. And each year some small portion of this vast area was marked by his footprints, the footprints of his pony, or the twin drag lines of his travois poles.

Pierre was born into that new race created on this continent by the fur trade — the Bois Brule. They are more commonly known as the Metis, and to the hard-nosed American pioneer as "breeds". But through their veins flow the blood of nobility, bourgeoisie, and plebian, mingled with every Indian tribe the fur traders encountered. Many of the Bois Brule followed the customs and way of life of their white forebearers, while some retained their Indian heritage. And Pierre was one who retained the Indian way of life even though exposed to the so-called benefits of his white heritage.

His birthplace was an earth lodge in a Mandan Indian village in 1793, and during his lifetime the United States grew from a few weak colonies to a mighty world power. He was a young man at the time of the War of 1812, approaching old age at the beginning of the Civil War, but lived to celebrate Dewey's victory at Manila Bay.

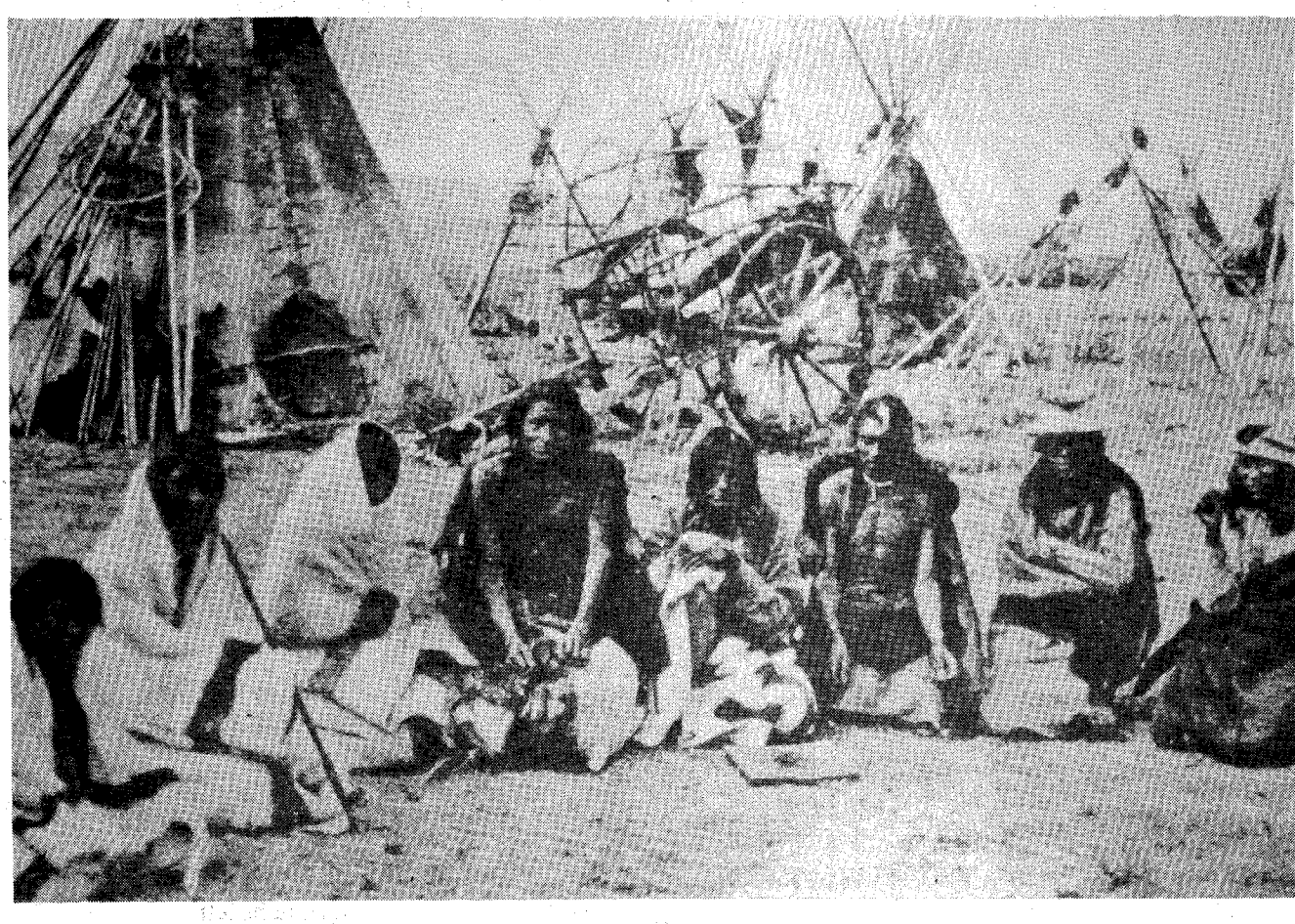
His father was Antoine Laverdure, a French free-trader out of Portage la Prairie who later became a minor official in the Hudson's Bay Company. His mother was a pretty Mandan maiden.

The first ten years of Pierre's life were spent in the custody of his mother and from the time he learned to walk, he helped her in the garden patch that every Mandan woman had as a part of her many responsibilities. And in these small garden patches, called "nupkas", were grown the crops that had such an impact on the development of the fur trade and the extent of early western exploration.

At the age of eleven, Pierre was taken from his mother and established in one of the warrior societies. Here he lived for the following five years, learning the ways of the hunt and the methods of warfare. And in 1809, when Pierre was sixteen, his father returned to the village after an absence of three years. When he returned north, he persuaded Pierre to accompany him, the main persuasion being a new rifle and all its accompanying accouterments. And upon arriving at the Hudson's Bay Company post on the Assiniboine River, in what is now Manitoba, Pierre entered the service of the Company.

He spent the next five years traveling the trails and rivers of that vast area controlled by the Company. During this time, he learned the methods used by the traders in obtaining furs. He also learned the best means of pacifying the Indian tribes with which he would have carried on warfare had he remained an Indian warrior.

The free, untrammeled life of the "coureur de bois" appealed to Pierre's roving nature. Its numerous dangers and hardships were accepted by him as matter of course. And it was not until 1812, that Pierre's horizon-hungry eyes let him see the unnecessary discomforts of the life he led. And to remedy these, Pierre took his first wife, a pretty Cree maid, to cook his kills, tan his furs, make his clothes, and pitch his tepee.



Montana Historical Society

An Assiniboine camp, 1878. A Metis cart is in the background.

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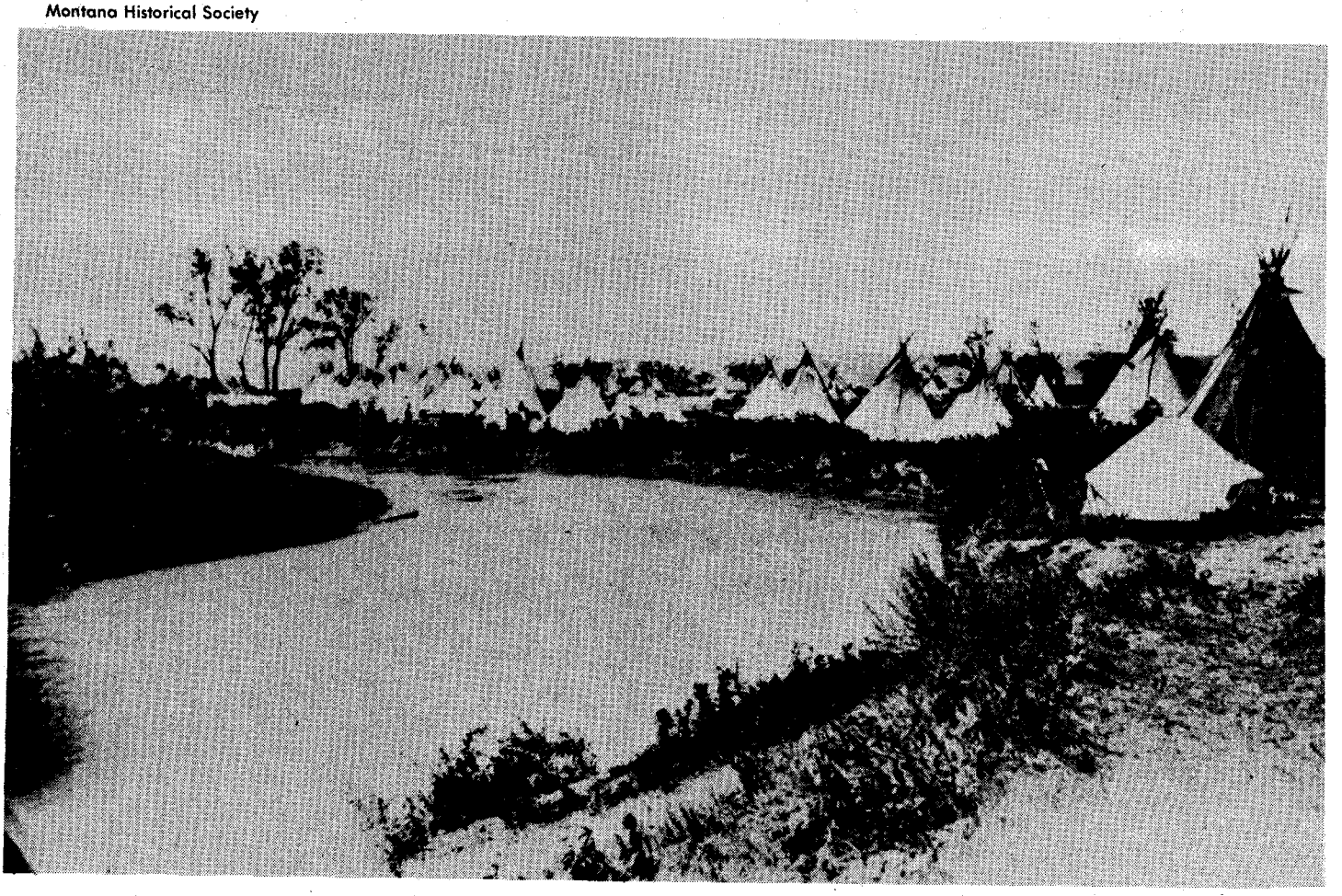

Crow encampment on the Big Horn River, 1880. The wanderings of Pierre Laverdure took him to many such camps during his annual treks.

In the late fall of 1814, Pierre took his discharge from the Hudson's Bay Company, and wintered in a Cree village near the headwaters of the Souris River in what is now Manitoba. His wife was contented with this arrangement but Pierre grew restless as winter advanced. Perhaps it was the call of the open, or the confinement of the Indian encampment, that caused this restlessness. Whatever it was, it also caused the loss of his first wife and only child.

With the coming of green grass, Pierre and his family left the Cree encampment and started south for his homeland. And somewhere in what is now McHenry County, North Dakota, in that area enclosed in the broad loop of the Souris River, Pierre and his family were nearly ambushed by a war party of Sioux. Pierre could not fight the whole party, and the only thing he and his family could do was run. Pierre's horse was fast — his wife's too slow! And in his lone, desperate flight to escape, Pierre rode madly to the west hoping to find a Cree or Assiniboine encampment.

Early the following morning, he encountered a herd of buffalo that covered the prairie for miles. This was not a normal herd, but one that had been caught in a prairie fire. Some animals were merely singed, but others had huge burns on their legs and bodies, and these ran crazily across the prairie in their efforts to escape the pain. Others were blinded by the fire and smoke and walked over cutbanks and into grazing buffalo in their aimless wanderings. But to Pierre this was nearly as good as an Indian encampment for his purpose.

He rode a short distance through the herd, dodging the pain-crazed animals and avoiding the blind. Then turned to the south, confident the herd would cover all trace of his passage in case the Sioux were still on his trail. That afternoon, using the herd as a guard, Pierre slept while his horse grazed and rested.

On his arrival at the Mandan village, Pierre found his mother had existed only through the generosity of her relatives. His father had never returned, in the six years Pierre had been gone, nor made any provisions for his wife's support. So Pierre immediately embarked on hunting expeditions to acquire the necessary buffalo hides to make a tepee and equip it. His mother, with the aid of her woman's society, worked the hides and constructed the tepee. And not long after Pierre and his mother were settled in their new home, Pierre took another wife, this time a Hidatsa girl from a village down river.

With the aid of the new wife, Pierre's mother stored numerous parfleches of pemmican and dried meat. But the ground pits, used to store corn, squash, and other dried foods, were not as full as usual due to a drought that hit the area in the middle of the growing season.

The drought not only ruined the crops, but dried the matted prairie grass to the inflammability of gasoline. And the numerous dry-lightning storms of late summer and early fall, caused a series of prairie fires that swept the country of graze, and, the vast herds of buffalo.

Winter hunts, which had always relied on these herds, produced only a few poorly-fleshed big horn sheep, elk and deer, and by spring the villagers were on short rations. This lack of food did not bother them be-

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cause each spring when the ice went out, or shortly after, the Missouri River furnished them with all the meat they could consume or process.

This meat was from the thousands of buffalo that drowned up river. These were delivered to the Mandan's doorstep each spring without fail. The carcasses were bloated and rotten, but this was the Mandan's favorite food — the riper the better.

In the spring of 1816, when these animals failed to show in sufficient quantities to supply the village, scouts were sent up river to determine the reason. When the scouts returned with the news a huge jam, approximately twenty miles upstream, had trapped hundreds of the dead animals, the village moved out in force to harvest this supply.

They set up their camp in the river breaks, close to the meat supply, and established outposts on the bluffs above. Scouts were sent out as an additional precaution against any surprise attack by enemies, and the remaining people started the salvage work.

Late the following morning, one of the far-ranging scouts returned and reported the presence of a camp of Sioux in a wide valley to the north. Even though this was a small camp of only ten lodges, it had a very large herd of horses that were in much better shape than the winter-starved horses of Mandans. And with the thought of acquiring this horse herd, the scout had ranged the country, but could find no sign of other Sioux in the vicinity.

That afternoon a war party of forty, including Pierre, left the Mandan camp. They hit the Sioux camp the following morning at daybreak, killed all the men, captured the women, children and horse herd, and, by using clubs for persuaders on the Sioux women, had the entire camp packed and moved to the Mandan camp by nightfall.

Pierre's share of the horse herd was eight fine horses. This raised his status considerably in the village because previously he had been a one horse man. And with this sudden affluence in horses, Pierre and his friends could now put in action the plan they had discussed of leaving the Mandan village for the life of the broad prairies.

As soon as the new grass of spring had strengthened their horses, Pierre and his family and six others, left the Mandan village. The men of the other families were all from different tribes who, for some reason or other, had been left behind when their tribes finished their trading with the Mandans. All had taken Mandan wives, but could not forget the wild, free, untrammeled spaces they had once roamed. They, like Pierre, had tasted the wild west wind and had traveled the broad reaches of the high plains and prairies where the only fences were the distant horizons and a man's ability.

The small band, traveling leisurely,

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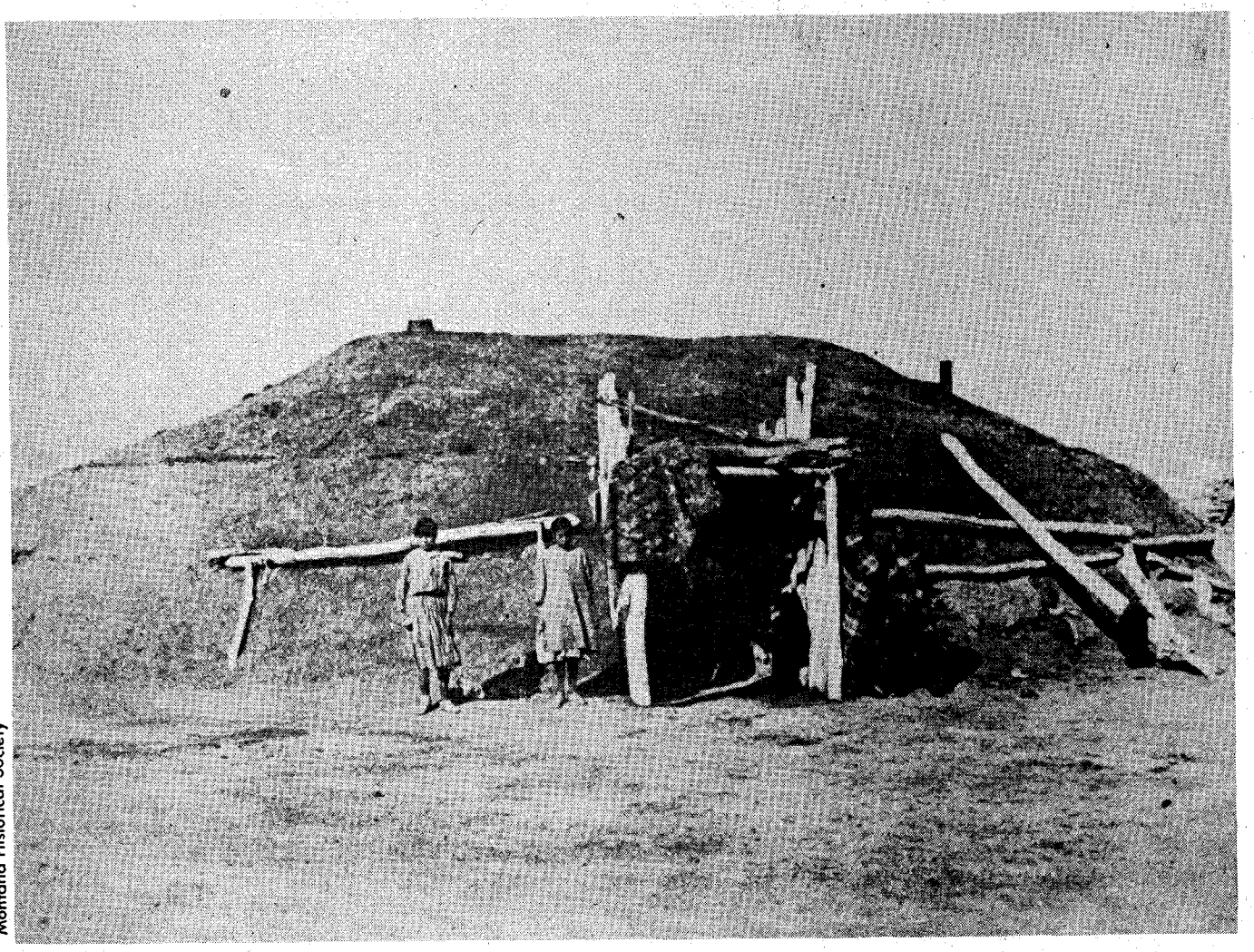

Montana Historical Society

A Mandan earth lodge at Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory. In such a lodge Pierre Laverdure was born in 1793.

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Nevada Historical Society

On September 13, 1913 Goldfield, Nevada was hit by one of the worst floods in Nevada history. Waves 3 to 4 feet high swept out of Rabbit Springs Canyon and engulfed the main section of the town.

"GULLY WASHERS"

by Doris Cerveri

Flash floods seem to occur most often in Nevada and Arizona after long dry spells. Fat clouds heavy with rain pile up in the mountains, then the storm breaks. A wall of water falls upon the arid land. Dry canyons are suddenly filled with a raging flood and everything in them are swept away!

There's a lot to be said about gully washers and none of it good. If you're unfamiliar with the term, a gully washer is nothing more nor less than a torrential rainstorm. This unique phenomenon of Nature occurs more frequently in Nevada and Arizona than in other parts of the West.

Throughout the years mining camps and other little western communities were plagued not only by disastrous fires but one "big rain" after another caused considerable destruction, ruin and loss of life.

This is usually what happens — The sky turns dirty slate gray and appears ominously forbidding. Enormous black cloud formations resembling heavily-laden bags of water move threateningly toward other dense cloud masses rolling and tossing from out of the west. Everything is at once deathly still. The entire atmosphere is charged with a portent of evil. Thick black masses of vapor seems miles deep and after several hours of forming grotesque contorted figures these masses approach each other, some

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advance, some retreat, while small scurrying clouds resembling outriggers caught in high waves, roll back on the huge main mass or scamper to the rear. Such a sea of water borne through the air in huge clouds is a terrifying sight, almost beyond comprehension.

Suddenly high in the sky there is a sudden roar, and a tremendous crescendo like thunder and crashing cymbals resound again and again. Lightning flashes and all hell breaks loose. It starts to rain.

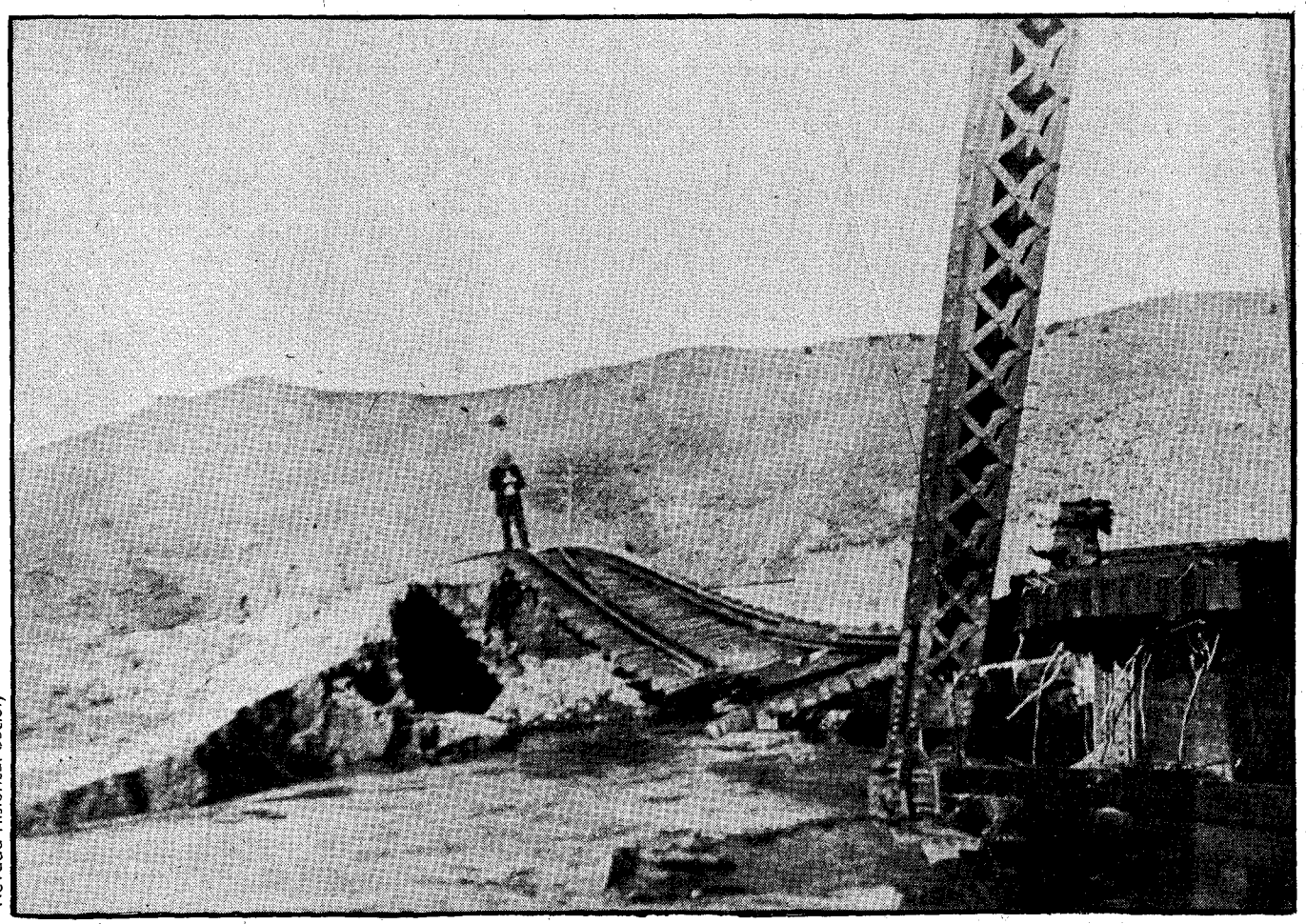
First, a few drops large as bullets fall — hesitant at first, and deceptive, too — then gathering momentum, tumble down, helter skelter in wild confusion. A mere spattering of moisture turns into a wild deluge, and the thirsty ground greedy for a wetting is overwhelmed with such excessiveness.

The earliest record of a cloudburst in Nevada tells of one occurring near Mormon Station (Genoa) about 1862 where a man standing talking to a friend was swept away and never seen again. Again in 1874 a similar disaster occurred in the same area. It was about this time, too, when a couple of bandits supposedly buried about $18,000 in gold coin under a large pine tree somewhere in the mountains above Genoa. The loot was part of a stage robbery — the stage being headed for Virginia City with the payroll for the mines. The money was never found because a cloudburst had changed the contour and terrain so drastically that people who hunted for it never found the "right" tree.

Central Nevada has had numerous floods. The first one being recorded about 1867 in Austin and followed by a second disastrous one in 1870. In 1874 a cloudburst at Eureka, not far from Austin, washed away several substantially constructed homes, and a stagecoach loaded with passengers on its way to Eureka was engulfed by a flood in a canyon in the eastern Sierras.

The incline in which the towns of Austin and Eureka are situated is about 10 feet in a hundred on the average and provides a natural setting for a torrential rain where the current rushes five to 10 feet in depth and 100 feet wide during the worst part of the storm.

Other parts of Nevada suffered also, especially one time during what was known as the big Railroad Days celebration.



Nevada Historical Society

Washout on the Southern Pacific Railway at Gerald, Nevada. Cloudbursts in desert country can be terrifying. Many towns in Arizona and Nevada have experienced flash floods which devastated them, wiping out their main streets in a matter of minutes.

Terror Of The Desert Mining Camps

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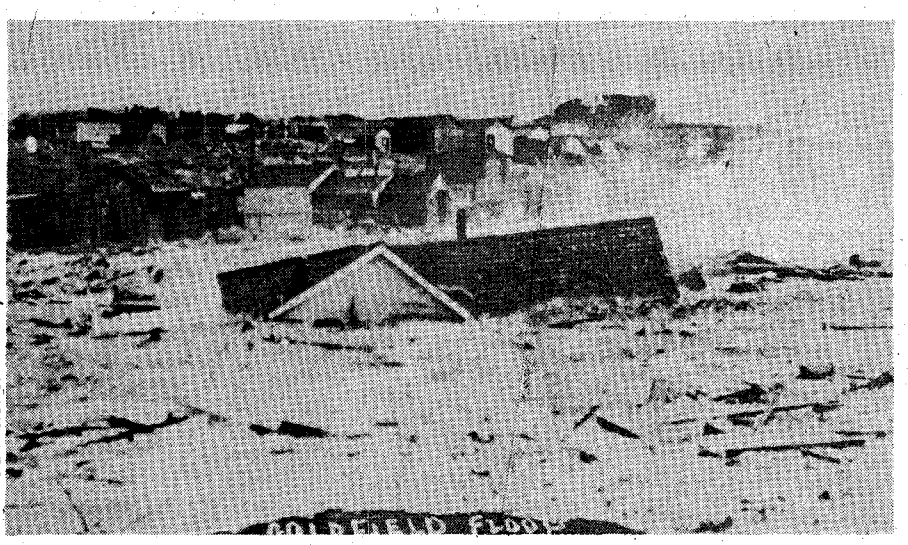

Nevada Historical Society

Another scene of the flood at its height, September 13, 1913, Goldfield, Nevada.

Immediately following festivities at Tonopah during July 25-27 in 1904, not one, but a series of cloudbursts and thunderstorms unparalleled in number and severity devastated the area at various isolated locations.

The celebration was in a way, somewhat premature as the narrow gauge railroad had not been completed. Almost everything that was completed, however, was totally undone, tracks being washed out all the way from one point to another. No sooner were they rebuilt but they were swept away a second time.

Following all the repairs more rains came on Monday, August 22, 1904. Five miles of Tonopah roadbed vanished completely. When the waters receded, it was discovered that the track was in a worse condition than had been supposed. Crews were immediately sent out to speed up the restoration, but a week later on August 29 a train left Sodaville and ran into another cloudburst. Before high ground could be reached the tracks ahead and behind the train were washed away leaving the engine and cars completely stranded. The rails were undermined causing the train to fall on its side and some passengers were injured from broken glass. About 15 miles of roadbed were washed out in this fashion. As fast as repairs were completed cloudbursts washed out tracks at other locations. It seemed as if Nature was playing a weird game of tag.

In the entire history of Nevada's "big rains" one of the hardest hit was Mazuma, a lively boomer located in the Seven Troughs Range. Built on a flat around a dry wash up a canyon, it was literally a sitting duck for any freak of Nature.

Big white thunderheads had rolled over the mountains every day for a week with only a slight sprinkling of rain. There was no indication of anything else in the way of a big storm, but on Thursday, July 18, 1912, Fate decreed otherwise. Intermittent raindrops were soon transformed into a 20-foot high sheet of water which came roaring down the canyon swallowing everything in its path. Mazuma's closely-built main street was completely obliterated. Autos rolled over like toys, and cabins and shacks were wrenched from their foundations. The flood swept away everything including the little post office and Maude Ruddell, the postmistress. Only two structures of the entire main street remained intact after the cloudburst subsided — the Preston Hotel and McLean's store.

A half-ton safe was carried for two miles, its outer door wrenched off. The large dance hall was swept several hundred yards down the canyon. As far as one could see there was a jumbled mass of splintered boards, immense boulders and other debris.

Five other adults besides the postmistress lost their lives in the flood and four small children playing in front of their homes were swept away before they knew what was happening. It wasn't until five days later that the last body was found seven miles from town.

Sick at heart, the inhabitants started to rebuild, but before they could accomplish anything the mill burned down. As if this wasn's enough; two nights later there was a smaller deluge, and in the next ten days three other weaker cloudbursts roared down the wash. Mazuma was not destined to be rebuilt; its citizens gave up and moved elsewhere.

A little over a year later turbulent waters caused a similar disaster in the southern part of the state.

Residents of Goldfield were enjoying the pleasant fall rain which started about 11 a.m. on Saturday, September 13, 1913. At 2:15 p.m. a distant roar announced the approach of a great black cloud. It seemed as though the heavens opened and deposited all their contents on the town. Rabbit Springs Canyon resounded to the pounding of the turbulent waters which swept away 50 cabins like matchsticks before the water reached the "red light" district and rolled on to tear up the Tonopah and Gold-field railroad yards strewing debris over a 12-mile path to Dry Lake. Waves of water 3 to 4 feet in depth engulfed four of the most populated streets. Stores and basements were filled to overflowing, their contents completely damaged.

People were still in some of the houses being carried down on the swift current. A few men crowding the streets had secured ropes and bracing themselves against the force of the water threw lines to those caught in the high waters and saved their lives. Most of the buildings were reduced to kindling wood by the surging water which carried debris three miles from town. Mrs. DeGarmo, wife of a livery stable keeper, returned to her house to save some furniture and was unable to get out in time to reach high ground. Her body was later found, as were the bodies of two other women and one child.

One woman, whose name is unknown, was seen on top of a house being carried away. As the house reached the spot where some railroad men stood, one of them threw her a rope, but before she could grab it the house struck a power pole, split in two, and the woman disappeared from sight.

At the Southern Pacific Yards, the tracks leading to the Columbia Station Main line were made impassable and removed from the right-of-way by the flood. The shops and roundhouse were full of mud. Tracks leading out of Goldfield were completely obliterated as well as the entire roadway and the railroad bridge 10 miles from town had 11 stout beams bent from the force of the 15-foot water.

The storm, previously predicted by local Indians, continued at intervals until almost midnight.

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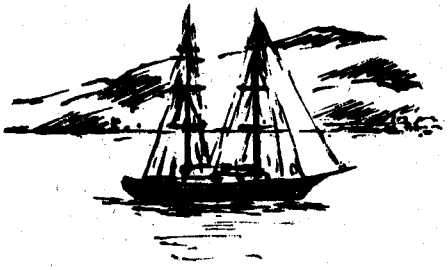
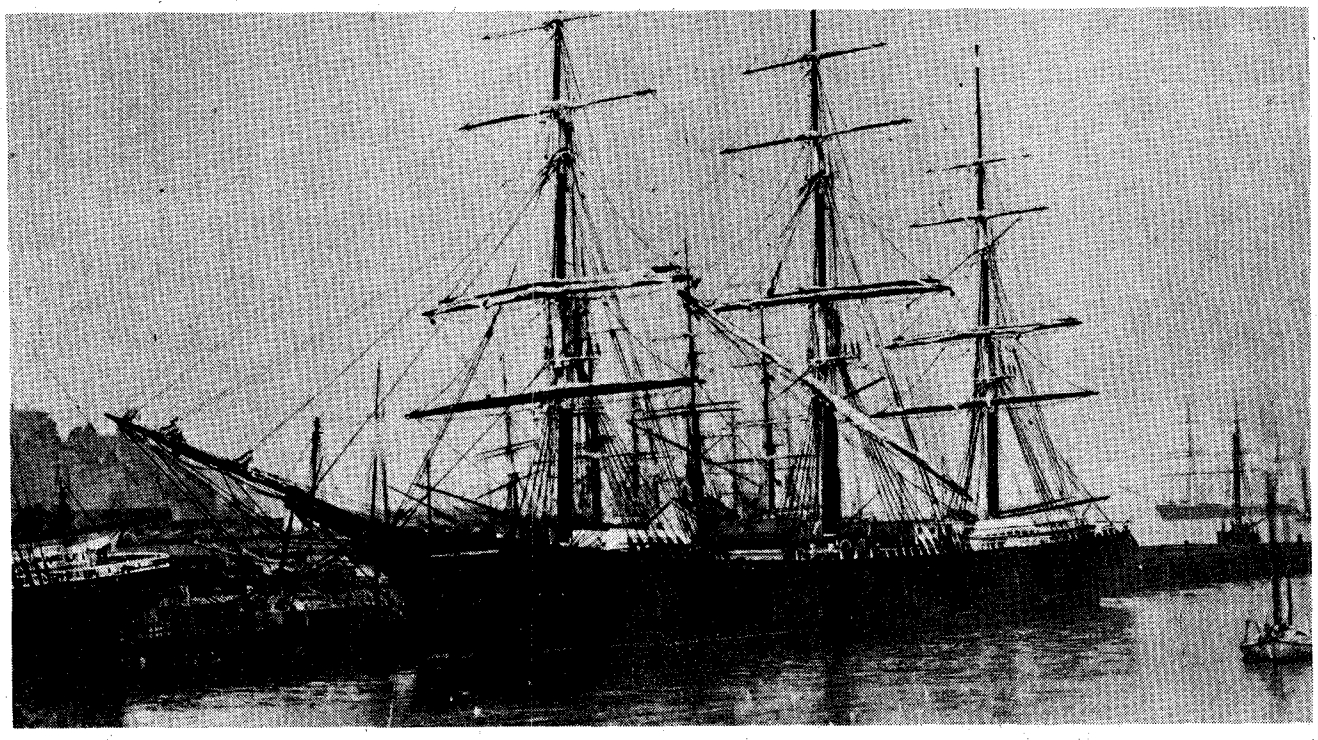
THE SHIPS THAT OPENED THE WEST



By Raymond Schuessler

This fascinating account of how ships helped settle the west details the problems and hardships of getting passengers and supplies to California. They sailed around Cape Horn, lashed by 100mph gales, endangered by Antarctic icebergs. They sailed up shallow rivers, they went anywhere there was water to float their hulls.



Sailing ship FRANK N. THAYER lying at anchor in San Francisco harbor. Thousands of sailing ships helped build the West, sailing with gold seekers from east coast ports.

Everyone thinks of the American West being conquered and settled by gun-smoking trailblazers who mushed their Conestoga wagons over Indian-infested prairies, deserts and precipitous mountain trails acre by acre, settling the land by leaving behind small encampments of hardy pioneers who broke a wagon axle and thereby founding new cities clear to the Pacific.

But the West was settled by ships too, thousands of them, bringing hundreds of thousands of settlers and pioneers who not only settled and built California at perhaps even greater hardships, but worked eastward and northwest to open up and populate the far-West.

Ever since 1542 when Cabrillo sailed two bouncing caravels the short pear-shaped craft with high stern castles - ships have sailed to the western coast of America. Even while the Spanish dominated the land, and would loft cannon balls at intruders, Boston ships stopped along the coast and enticed Spanish-Americans on board by rowing them to the ships, to examine intriguing displays of silks, combs, shoes, hardware, sugar, furniture and intriguing trinkets they would never need. These were offered for hides (needed by Boston shoe factories) bags of tallow and the lucrative sea otter skins which brought $100 apiece in China ports.

The first ships to enter the Golden Gate with a good number of passengers was the *Brooklyn* in 1846. The 450-ton ship took 5 months from New York via Honolulu and deposited 230 Mormons who had fled Illinois because of prejudice against their habit of plural wives. They eventually trekked to Utah and the Great Salt Lake set-

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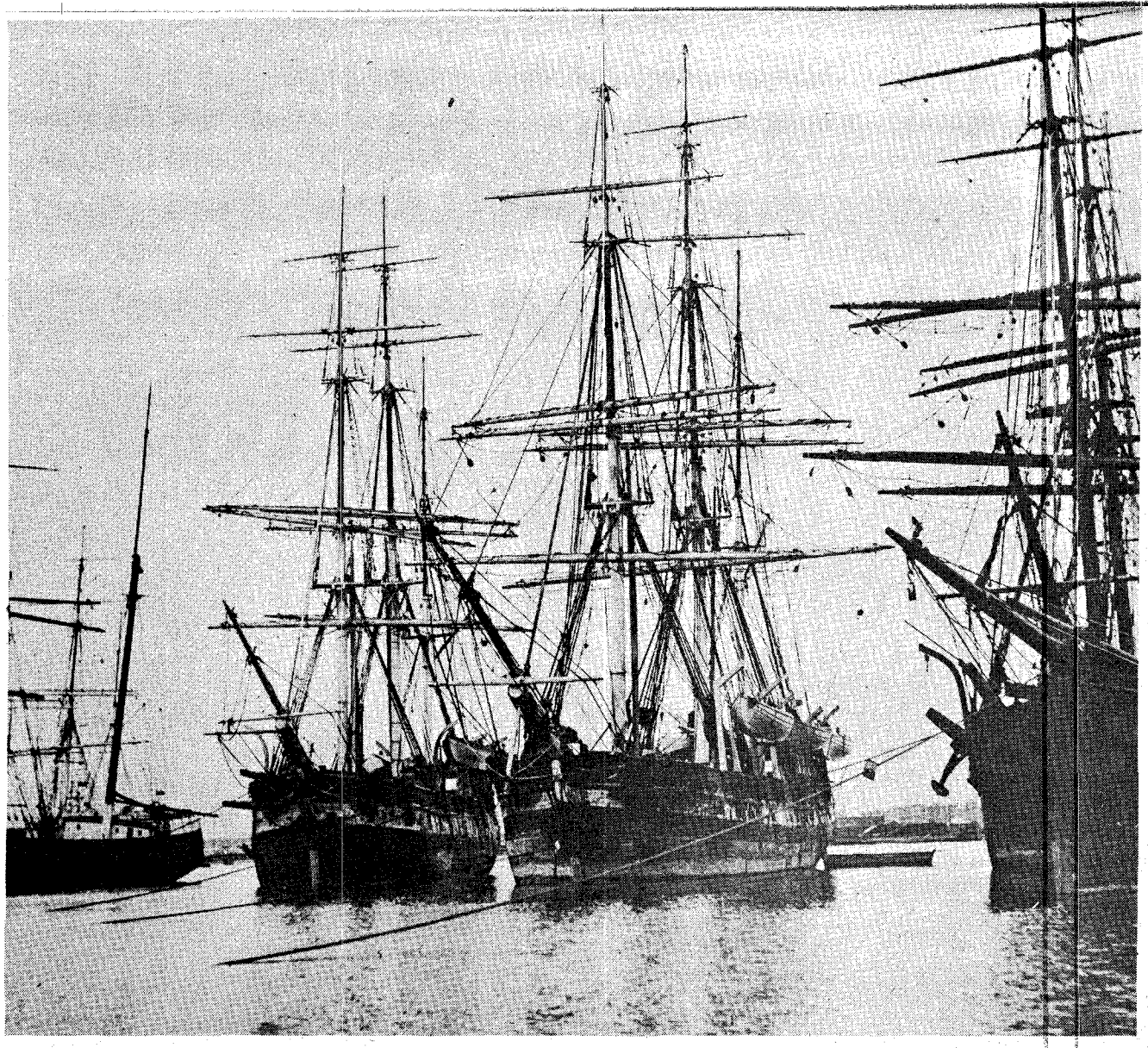

Oliver Collection, San Francisco Maritime Museum

Whalers at anchor in Oakland Creek. San Francisco harbor became the refitting port for whaling ships. Here they could resupply with the "purest water in the world" and take on fresh meat from the nearby ranches.

tlement founded by Brigham Young.

Two years later when President Polk confirmed in his presidential message of December 5, 1848, that abundant gold indeed had been found in California every navigable ship headed for California. Paddlewheelers, brigs, schooners, barques, anything that would float set sail for the 200-day trip around Cape Horn. Ships that were scheduled for other places, suddenly changed schedules and announced that they would sail for California. A ship could be filled three hours after announcing its plans. Some eastern towns were practically de-maled by the exodus.

In the second month 90 packed ships left northeast ports. Some of these ships were in such disrepair that they had to be patched up with wood scrounged from South American jungles.

Ships came pouring in from London, Lisbon, Liverpool, Malabar and Honolulu. It was not unusual to see 500 ships rocking at anchor in San Francisco Bay. Some came with smaller ships on their decks to run ferry service in the Bay. In 1849 over 775 ships hit San Francisco alone and many of these never returned. They were turned into hotels, brothels, stores and plain firewood when necessary.

The trip around Cape Horn at the tip of South America was a cruel one. Ships could be lashed by furious 100 mph gales spawned in the Antartic. Icebergs sometimes blocked their path. Many lost a month or more in being tossed about. Some were driven off course as far as Africa. During one 15-month period in 1852-3 the Vanderbilt Line lost four out of six ships.

Yet thousands of ships came. After all, California needed supplies desperately during the Gold Rush. Ships that got here quickly enough could sell eggs at a dollar apiece and boots for $50. One ship brought home a profit of $80,000 by selling its cargo of flour for $44 a barrel.

To circumvent the hazardous 15,000 mile, six to nine month voyage around the Cape, many gold seekers, in fact, somewhat over half, decided to sail to Panama, (2500 miles from New York) trek across the 60-mile strip of land, and board a boat at the other end for a 3500-mile trip to San Francisco. This made the trip four times faster, but they had to brave jungle dangers. Crossing the Isthmus was in many cases the most dangerous part of the journey. Malaria was rampant, so was dysentery, cholera and the dreaded yellow fever. Vicious jungle animals including constrictor snakes abounded. Gold hunters did get some transportation in long canoes paddled by natives and occasionally rode by muleback. But even if they made it safely they might have to wait months for a boat.

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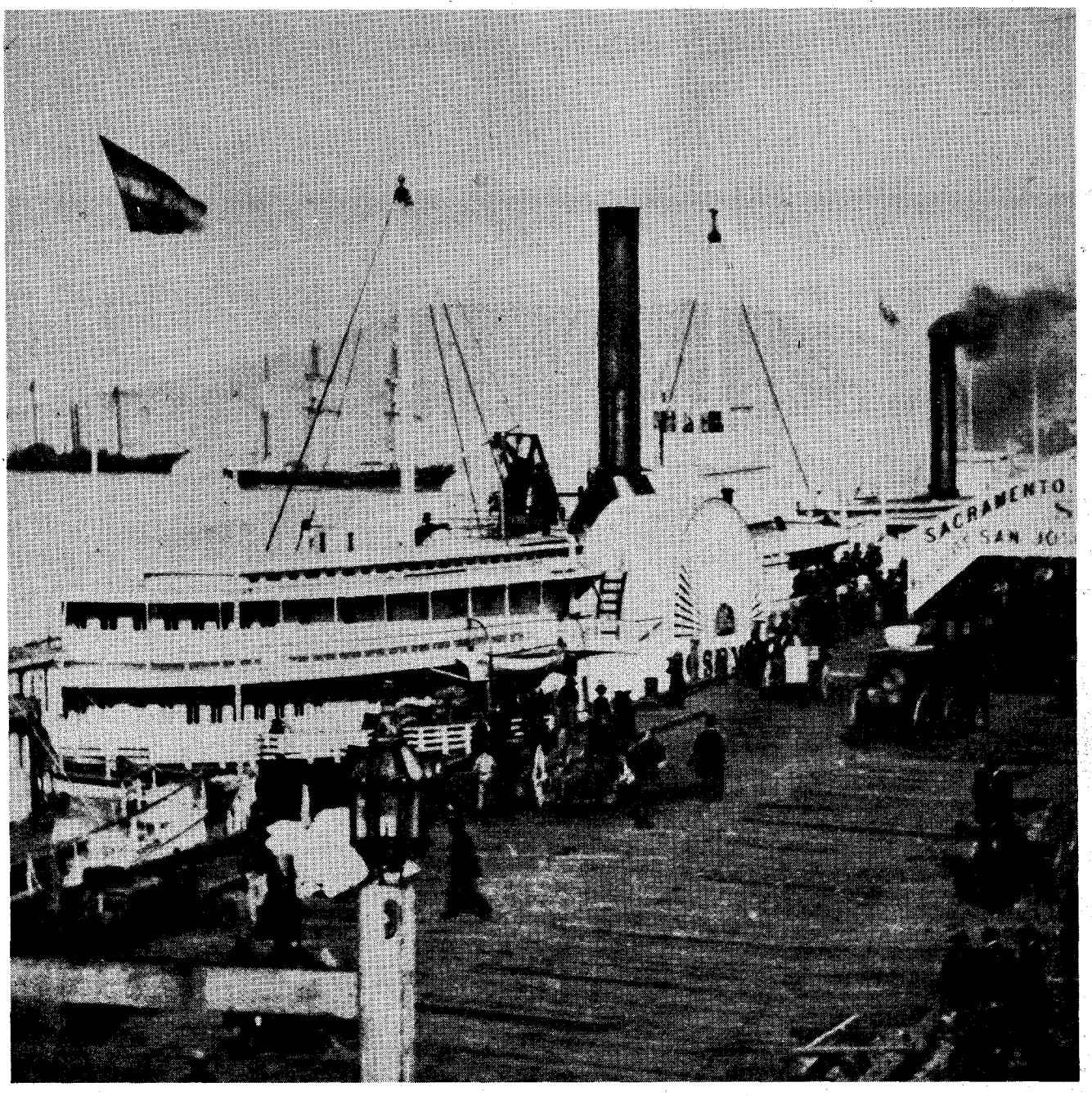

Courtesy San Francisco Maritime Museum

The river steamer, YOSEMITE at Broadway wharf in San Francisco. Gold seekers stepped off clipper ships bringing them from the east and boarded river steamers that took up the Sacramento or San Joaquin Rivers into the heart of the goldfields.

Prices too had an infuriating habit of increasing when it was time to board ship. When the paddlewheel steamer California reached Panama, 1,500 men had crossed the Isthmus and were waiting to board. The price of tickets skyrocketed to $300 apiece.

These ships were no bargain as far as seaworthiness was concerned. Many were derelicts, leaky and dangerous, and terribly overcrowded. A doctor who sailed on one in February 1849, Dr. William M. Collum wrote, "Nine men occupied a space of but six square feet. . . .the ships carried 160 steerage passengers, all of them dependent for ventilation on a single hatch opening."

On some ships cholera struck (it was ravaging the entire world about this time) and men died at the rate of five or ten a day. It reached its peak in 1855 when the ship *Uncle Sam* buried 104 passengers at sea. Wrapped in canvas and cannon balls, they splashed regularly over the sides from all ships, until Central America complained about the decaying corpses littering its shores.

Some ships ran out of food because they took on too many passengers and consequently had to forage their way up the coast, scrounging supplies from the jungles as best they could.

This immense migration was conducted under conditions unique in history. California was no settled land prepared to take care of such large numbers of people invading its shore. In the first year 50,000 stampeded here, and in the next few years 300,000 more joined the swelling ranks. One can hardly imagine the scene on shore when they landed. A San Francisco doctor wrote: "Garbage and the decaying intes-

(continued on page 59)

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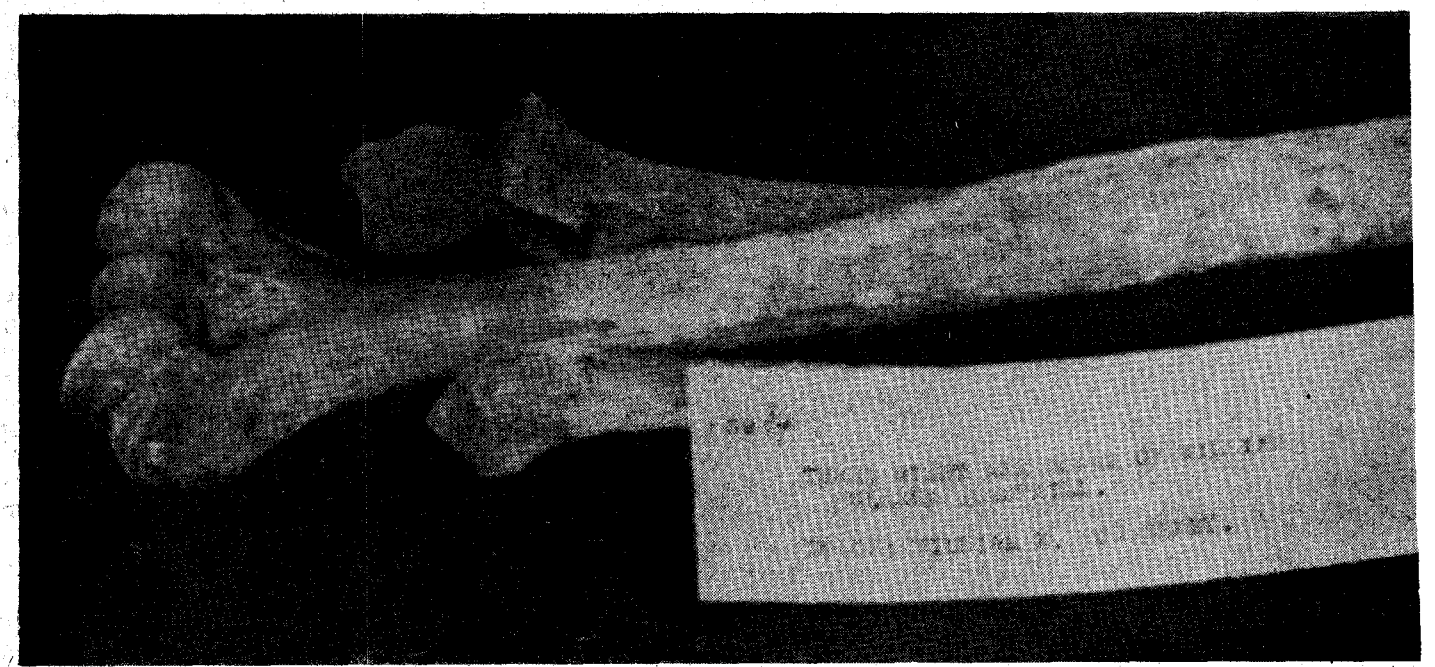
By George Hart

THE QUEST FOR

Kansas State Historical Society



Right arm bones of Quantrill preserved at the Kansas Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.

On June 6, 1865, twenty-seven days after being wounded in an encounter with Captain Edwin Terrill's company of Union scouts, William Clarke Quantrill expired. He was buried at Portland Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky. His remains were allowed to rest until December then a schoolmate of Quantrill, W. W. Scott, acting in behalf of the guerrilla's mother, Caroline Clarke Quantrill, removed them.

Prior to the disinterment in December 1887, Scott made a trip to the cemetery to locate the grave. He found that the ground over the grave had been kept level and dish water and slop had been thrown over it. The people in charge explained that this was not done because of any animosity toward Quantrill, but merely to destroy all traces of the burial place so that no attempt could be made to steal the body.

On his second visit Scott was accompanied by Caroline Clarke Quantrill. Herein follows the account in Scott's own words taken from his original notes now in my collection of Western Americana:

"On Wednesday, December 7, 1887, I visited the St. John's Catholic Cemetery (formerly called Portland), Louisville, Kentucky, and called on Mrs. Bridget Scally, the widow in charge. I had called on herself and husband in the spring of 1884, when I was trying to find out what had become of the body of William Clarke Quantrill (the guerrilla), who died in Louisville, June 6, '65. Her husband was then confined to his bed, but both told me that they were present when the body was buried; had been in charge of the cemetery all the time, and Mrs. Scally pointed out to me the spot; although there were no signs of a grave.

"At this second call I found the husband had died, but Mrs. Scally was still in charge. I told her that now I had Mrs. Quantrill with me in the city, that she was anxious to see the grave and to talk with her about her son; and that if she could not remove the bones and place them in the family cemetery in Ohio, she would like to have them taken up and placed in a zinc-lined box.

"I took Mrs. Quantrill out from the hotel, and herself and Mrs. Scally agreed that the grave might be opened so Mrs. Quantrill could see the condition of affairs. Next day, Thursday, December 8, 1887, I went out after dinner and had the grave opened. It was a cloudy, drizzly day and uncomfortable, and Louis Wertz, the employee, did not like to do the work; but I gave Mrs. Scally $2.50 for the privilege, and Wertz a dollar extra. It was three P. M. Mrs. Scally pointed out the place, and by spading around a little, the outlines were soon found, and the bones were reached in an hour. They lay in natural position, except top of skull was uppermost, instead of lying on back part. Every vestige of coffin had disappeared except a rotten piece the size of a man's hand. His hair had slipped off in a half circle around the skull, and was of a bleached yellow color. A small part of a government army sock was about the footbones; and some shirt buttons were found. A part of the backbone and ribs were so decayed that they crumbled to pieces, but most of the other bones were in fair state of preservation.

"As Mrs. Quantrill could not come out on account of weather, I had the bones put in a small box and put back in grave, near top, and covered over, and by permission of Mrs. Scally took the skull wrapped in newspaper with me to hotel to show Mrs. Quantrill. Next morning I showed it to Mrs. Quantrill,

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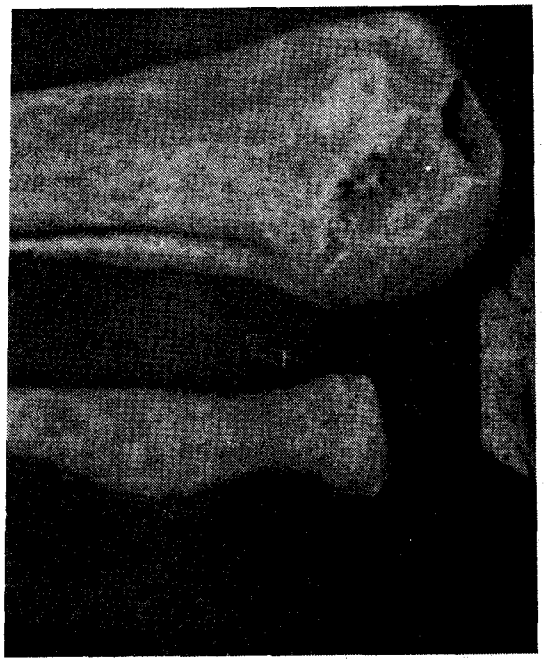
QUANTRILL'S BONES



Kansas State Historical Society

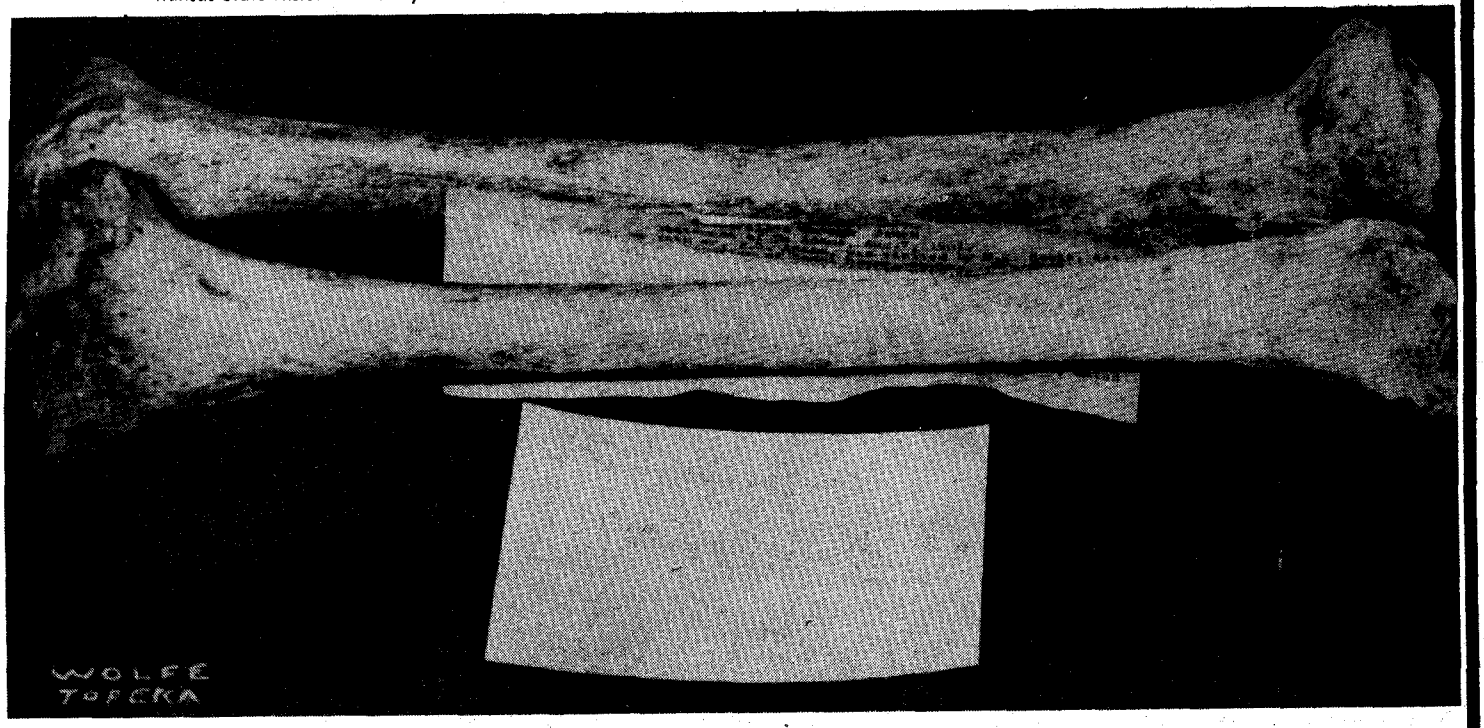
and she was much affected; and she identified a previously described chipped side tooth in lower jaw on right side. She would not consent to having skull taken back; as she must have it buried beside his father and brothers in Ohio; and that she would manage in some way to get the other parts of the body.

"So the skull was carefully wrapped and put in a basket, and left at the hotel checkroom, while I went with her to Samuel's Depot, a station miles south, that she might see Donay Pence, Robert Hall and others of her son's band. We left the same day (9th December) and arrived at Pence's. Mr. and Mrs. Pence pressed her to remain the winter with them; so she prevailed on me to go to Louisville and get remainder of bones on pretext of having them put in zinc box for reburial and that I should take them on to Ohio and bury them beside her husband; and that she would see Mrs. Scally before she came back, and smooth the matter over, and arrange for the selling of the cemetery lot.

"I did not approve of the deception, but she said that she could not go home without his remains; and that on account of forms and proofs, and red tape, she might not be be able to get them at all; or at least not without much trouble.

"I stopped, secured them and brought them home and placed them where agreed upon. Mrs. Quantrill told me that she called on Mrs. Scally some months afterward, and that by putting all the blame for the act on me, she finally reconciled her; and that she admitted that it was perhaps the best way to accomplish it, and with the least notoriety, and that the ends probably justified the means; but that the secrecy should be maintained for the good of all concerned. Mrs. Quantrill afterward had the lot sold and received the money."

Somehow or other the bones, except for the skull, did not find a final resting place in the family burial plot at Canal Dover, Ohio. It would appear that Scott retained possession of at least some of them. In any event, he died around the



Are these also Quantrill's bones? There seems to be some doubt at the Kansas State Historical Society.

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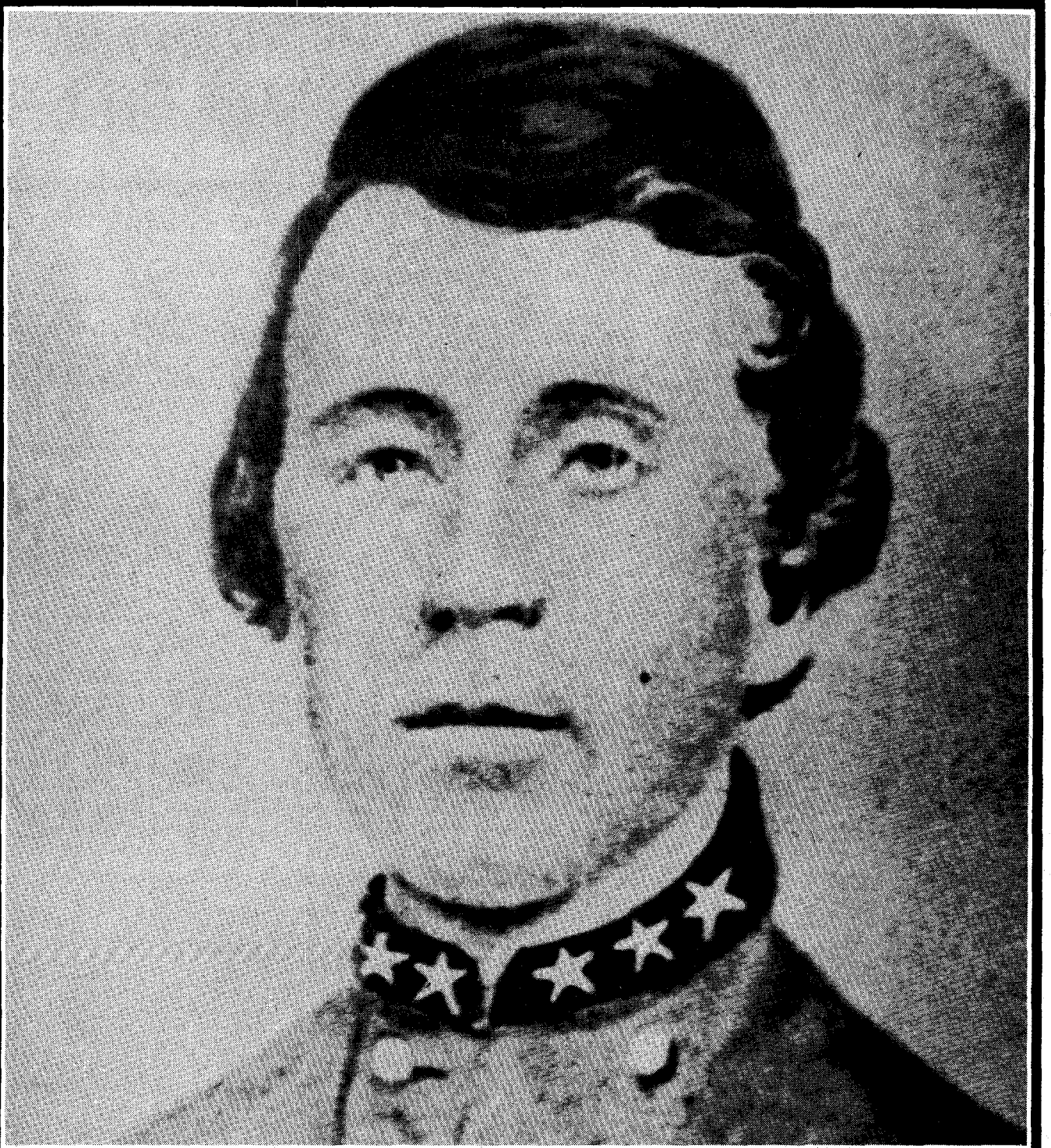

William Clarke Quantrill, Civil War guerrilla whose bones are still a bone of contention.

turn of the century, and the bones of Quantrill's right arm were acquired a few years later by William E. Connelley, who, at that time, was preparing a book dealing with Quantrill.

In the late 1920's Quantrill's arm bones, along with a lock of his hair, were almost traded by Connelley to a party who had a Jesse James gun to offer, but the deal fell thru. Another proposal was made whereby Connelley was to receive a revolver, holster and belt that once belonged to Wild Bill Hickok in return for which he was to give one of the bones, the lock of hair and Quantrill's pistol. Negotiations didn't fare any better on this one, and the bones finally wound up in the Kansas State Historical Society. In addition to these there are some others in the society's collection, however, there seems to be some doubt as to their authenticity.

The exact whereabouts of all of Quantrill's remains will probably be argued for years to come. The bones arising periodically and taking form, like the mythical phoenix, from the ashes caused by the flame of controversy. The search goes on! ●RW

Reference Sources:

The following material in the George Hart Western Americana Collection:
Original notes made by W. W. Scott.
Original letters to and from William E. Connelley.

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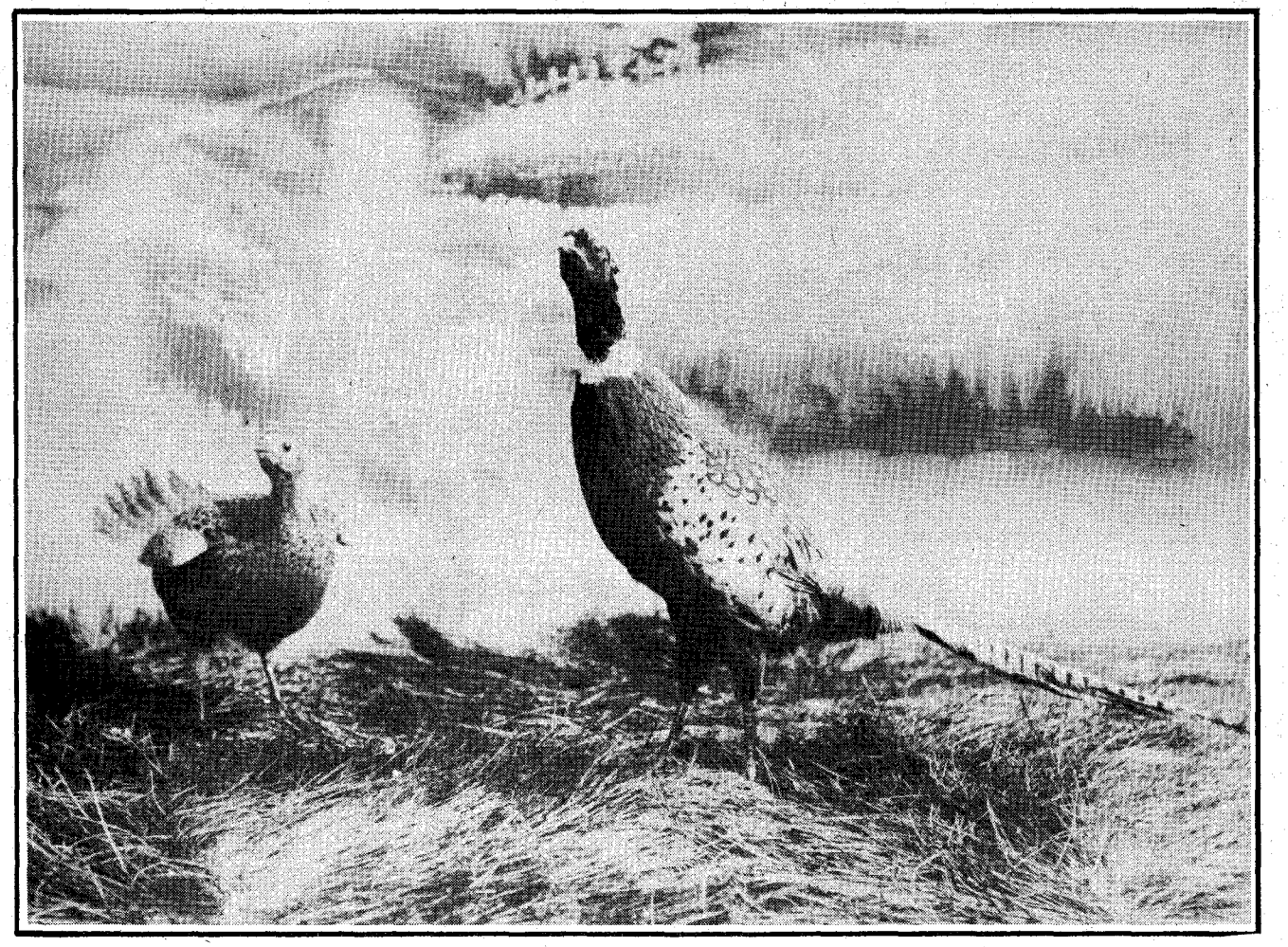
ANIMALS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST

THE CHINESE RINGNECK PHEASANT

By William J. Betts

Those who have hunted the "Chink" or ringnecked pheasant know the thrill of shooting these beautiful birds as they fly low and fast from the hunter's gun. But that's only half the fun. This game bird is one of the tastiest prizes for the table.

Oregon Historical Society



A pair of Ringnecks alerted, ready to fly as depicted in a display at the Oregon Historical Society. Note the difference in the plumage of the male and female. The male is the flashier dressed of the two.

Have you seen him? The king of the gamebirds, the gourmet's delight? Watch him as he struts along some dusty country road; hear him as he crows his arrogant cry of jubilation, this lovely bird with the beautiful iridescent head and long sweeping tail. He's called the Chinese Ringneck Pheasant. And what westerner hasn't thrilled at the low, swift flight of a startled Ringneck in the crispness of autumn weather.

Because of its wide range over most of the western states, plus the density of its population, many people think this lovely bird has always been with us. In fact, however, the Ringneck is a Johnny-come-lately. The first successful introduction of this interesting game bird didn't occur until the late 1880's.

The original home of the Ringneck (*Phasianus colchicus torquatus)* was in China. But this game bird wasn't

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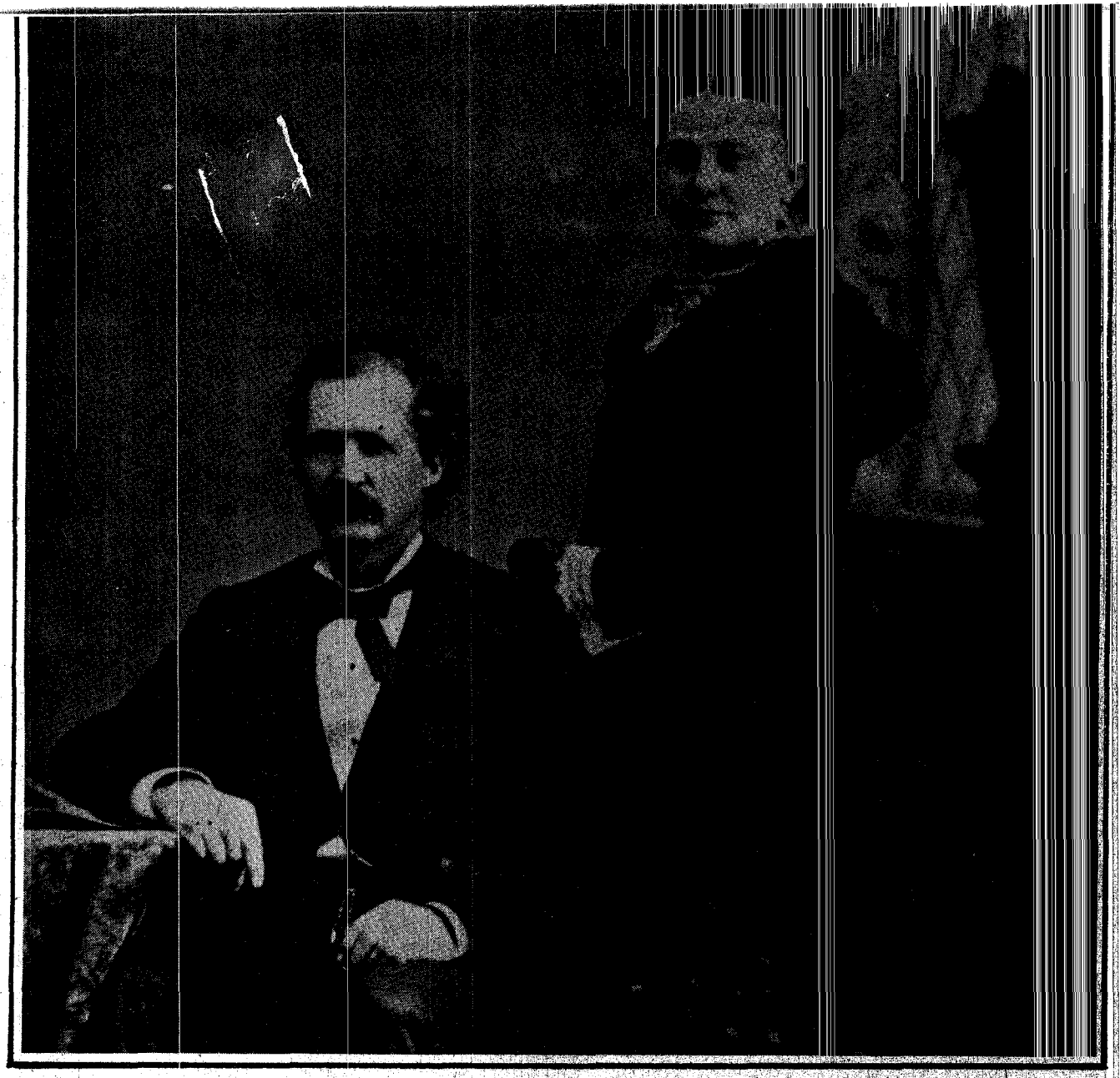

Judge and Mrs. Denny at the time he was consul general to China. Judge Denny successfully introduced the Ringneck Pheasant into Oregon when he shipped 10 cocks and 18 hens to his brother near Portland, Oregon. This was in 1882. Today Oregon and South Dakota have become sportmen's paradise.

destined to stay at home. Before the time of Christ Ringnecks were successfully introduced into the Roman world, by whom and when is lost in the dimness of ancient history. Like so many things Roman the Chinese pheasant was introduced wherever its legions were stationed.

Eventually the Romans came to the British Isles and not far behind them the Ringneck. It is said that it was Julius Caesar who first sent the Ringneck to the islands off the coast of Gaul. Over the ensuing centuries they proliferated, becoming more native than the original birds of Britain.

From the very beginning the Ringneck was a favorite of hunters. At first bow and arrow were used to hunt them, later, after the introduction of gunpowder, guns were used. Special dogs were bred for the express purpose of seeking them out and flushing them from their natural cover for the hunter's shot. The best known of these breeds was the Springer Spaniel, still used today as a hunting companion.

It was little wonder that the English, settling in the New World, felt a nostalgic yearning for their old sport of pheasant hunting. As early as 1730, attempts were made to establish the Ringneck on the estates of Virginia. Many birds were introduced but with no success; soon after their release they fell victims to predators and poachers leaving no trace behind.

Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, tried to establish the Ringneck pheasant on his estate in New Jersey but like those before him had no success. The Chink from Great Britain seemed unable to cope with the conditions of the New World. Other attempts were made with the same results, the released birds disappeared forever leaving behind nothing but the cost of bringing them over from Great Britain.

The first successful introduction of the Ringneck to the United States didn't take place until the close of the nineteenth century. Oddly enough the introduction wasn't the large estates of the east coast but the western state of Oregon.

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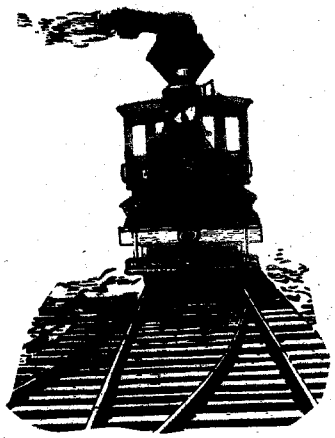

THE GLENDALE TRAIN ROBBERY

For three years after the disastrous Northfield raid, Jesse James and his brother, Frank, were in retirement. Then they staged the perfectly planned $40,000 robbery in Glendale, Missouri, and like most Jesse James jobs, it went off without a hitch!

By Carl W. Breihan

The electrifying news spread like wildfire through Kearney and Liberty, Missouri; the current of excitement threw every man, woman, and child into a thrilling state. The butcher boy almost dropped his basket of eggs when he heard the local postmaster tell his employer the news.

"Have you heard the news? The James boys are back!"

"What? Where? When? How?"

"Here, Silas, read it yourself," the newsbearer said, as he tossed a newspaper to the storekeeper, "I've got to spread the news."

There it was. The headlines blared out the news under date of October 8, 1879, announcing another terrible railway raid which had successfully been carried off by an armed band of robbers. Again it appeared that the forces of terror had taken over from the forces of law and order.

Since the abortive days of the Northfield raid, and the absence of Jesse and Frank James from their home State of Missouri, nothing much had occurred to whet the appetites of the ex-Quantrillians, by which they could speculate as to who did what. The 1876 fiasco in Minnesota had placed the Younger brothers behind prison bars at Stillwater, and had caused the western borders of Missouri to be unblessed by the presence of the dreaded James boys.

For three years Jesse and Frank pursued devious ways in the wilds of Texas and Mexico or had taken up residence in Tennessee with their families. Many Missourians had hoped that their exile would be permanent; others just waited for something exciting to happen.

It also seemed natural that these ex-guerillas should come back to their old haunts to execute their plans of crime. The eastern part of Jackson County, the western part of Lafayette, and down southward through Cass County, constituted the very center of the field of operation chosen by the old guerrilla leaders, Quantrill, Todd, Anderson, Pool, Clements and others during the Civil War. The Sni Hills and the heavy timberland bordering the Big and Little Blue Rivers, afforded them excellent hiding places when pursued by Federal forces, and from their retreats in the hills they had made concentrated forays upon the towns of Independence, Pleasant Hill, Lexington, Kansas City and many others.

From the photo collection of the author

Jesse James, after the fiasco at Northfield settled near Nashville, Tennessee and lived a quiet life, but after 3 years, the urge to return to the life of outlawry overcame the objections of his brother, Frank and on October 7, 1879 he led a gang in robbing the Chicago & Alton train at Glendale.

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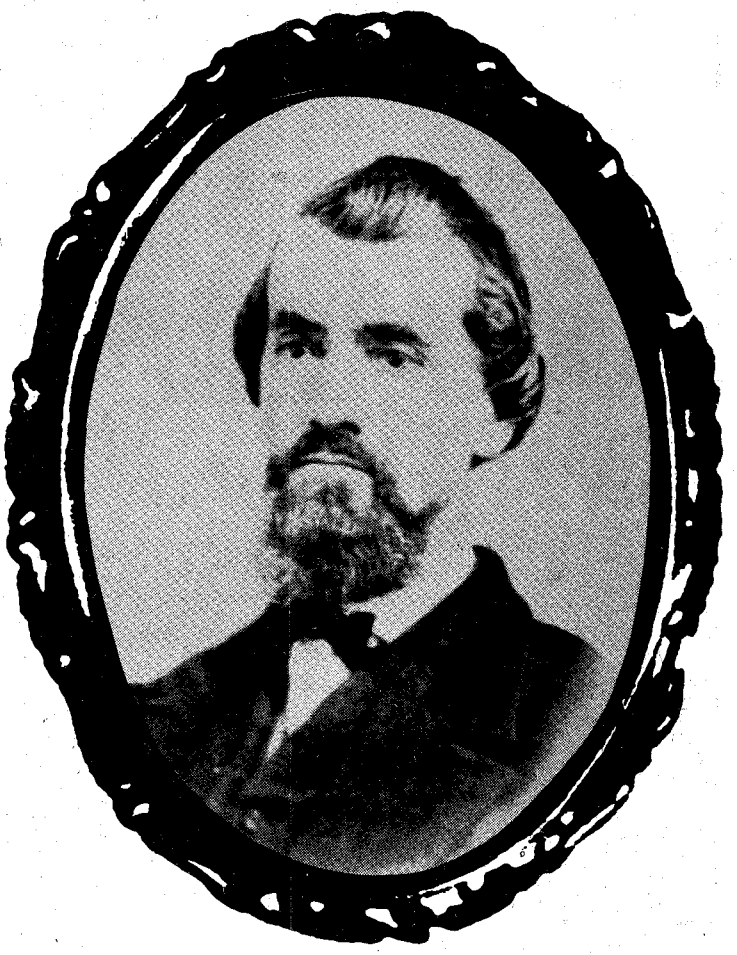
Besides, the outlaws knew every pathway over the hills and every crossing place along the streams, and since the war, nature had changed but little the forest-crowned hills and the deep, tangled underbrush or the sparkling rivers and streams. Another factor of safety for the outlaws was that around this area were the farms and dwellings of their friends, and warm sympathizers in their cause. People who assisted the James' and their friends said little about it in those hectic days, but later generations brag about "Jesse having slept here or there," or perhaps about possessing some memento the outlaw had given their family.

October 7, 1879 was a beautiful, sunny, warm day. The woods had not yet taken on their majestic burst of color, but nature was lovely in the rich ripeness of the summer's close. While the majority of Missouri's citizens went about their business of farming, clerking, or whatever course of life had been chosen, others planned a crime that would spring the tiny hamlet of Glendale into national prominence.

Glendale was a lonely wayside station in the western part of Lafayette County, Missouri, on the Kansas City branch of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. It was some twenty miles from Kansas City and wedged in between rugged and beautiful hills, and in the midst of a region where bloody and vicious deeds had been committed during the war by both Confederate and Union guerrilla forces. The name of Glendale itself was probably suggested by the lofty dark hills, torn into clefts and glens and dales, and such an area provided an excellent place of concealment for both men and horses. The outlaws had picked the best opportunity existing on the line between Kansas City and Chicago for their bold robbery.

Glendale, famous for its beauty and majestic surroundings, was not famous for an extensive population, the



Frank James was not present at the Glendale Train Robbery. In fact, he had tried hard to persuade Jesse not to return to Missouri and his outlaw ways after the debackle at Northfield. He remained at his home in Tennessee.

From the photo collection of the author

From the photo collection of the author

Mrs. Zerelda Samuels, mother of Frank and Jesse James. She unwittingly gave information as to their whereabouts to a police informer, George Shepherd, who then joined the gang with the intention of playing Judas.

population in male inhabitants at the time in question numbered six. In addition to the station house, the business in Glendale consisted of a post office and a general store, kept by the postmaster, Mr. Anderson, a genial Scotchman. There was also a small blacksmith shop or saloon, but it did not amount to much as a building.

It was a pleasant evening and when night fell, the store was lighted, the postmaster and four other men gathered in front of the store to discuss current events, leaving the sixth male inhabitant, Mr. McIntire, the station master, to mind the depot. Suddenly a stranger joined the circle of gossipers, tapping Mr. Anderson on the shoulder.

"I want you."

"What do you want?" asked the astonished postmaster.

The stranger did not reply, but stepped aside and said, "Here, boys."

In a minute half a dozen rough-looking men, muffled and masked, stood by the stranger's side, cocked pistols in their hands.

"Now, take care, make tracks out of this," said the leader.

"Where are we to go?" asked one of the prisoners.

"To the depot," was the brief reply, as the little company of amazed citizens filed away to the station. In the depot were the operator-agent, Mr. McIntire and W. E. Bridges, assistant auditor of the Chicago & Alton Line, who was having coffee with the agent's mother in a room above the depot.

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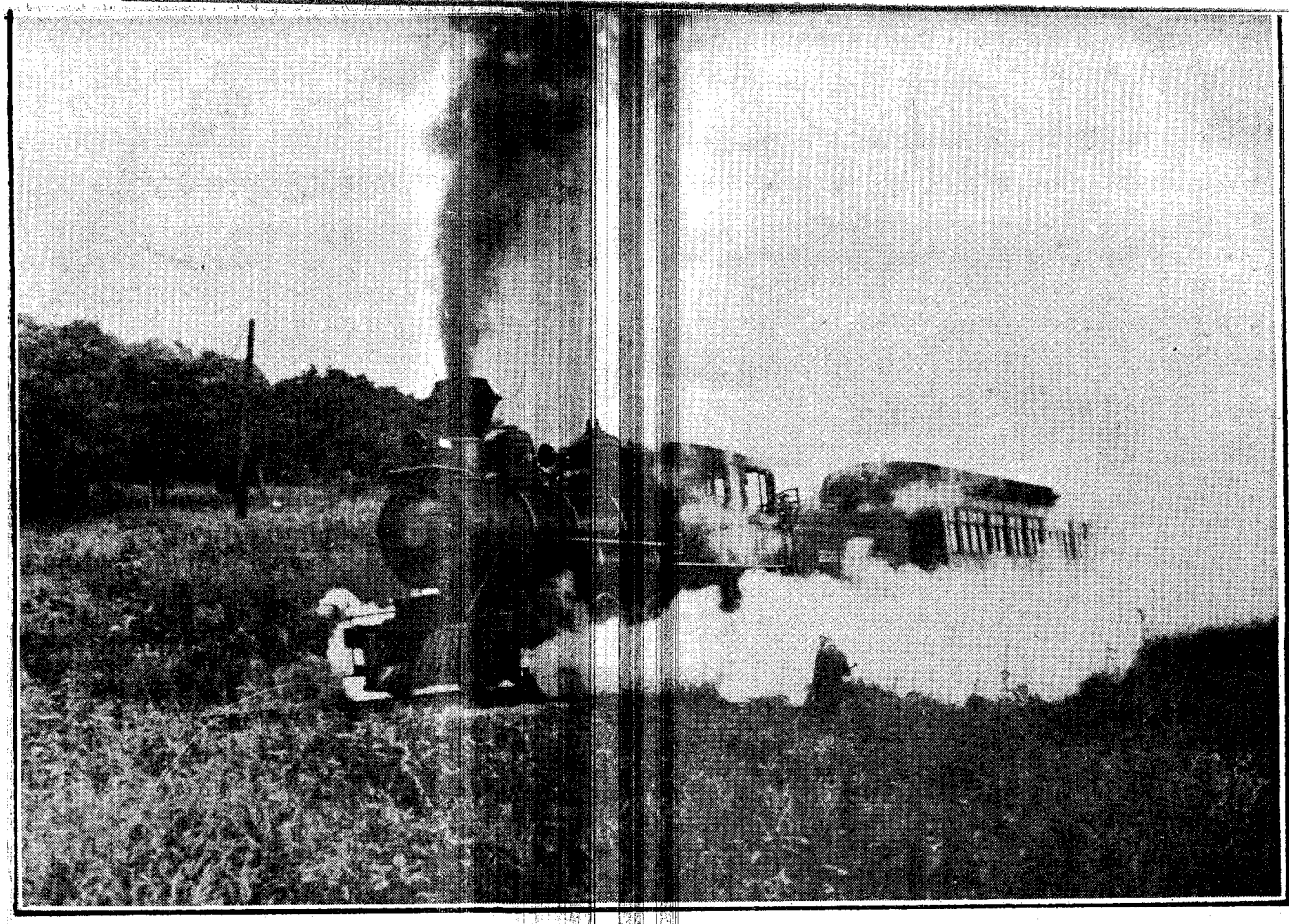

From the photo collection of the author

A train of the 1870's similar to that robbed by Jesse James at Glendale, Missouri on October 7, 1879. The robbery was the first after the Northfield raid.

The leader of the masked men, numbering about a dozen sauntering around the depot, told Mr. McIntire that he wanted to send a message to Chicago.

"All right."

But before the agent knew what was happening, a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder, and he was informed that he was a prisoner. At the same time another bandit tore the telegraph instrument from its moorings and threw it into the brush.

"Now," said the leader. "I want you to lower that green light."

"But," stammered the agent, "the train will stop if I do that."

"That's the idea, precisely what we want it to do, my buck, and the sooner you obey orders the better. I will give you a minute to lower the light," said the leader of the band, at the same time thrusting a cocked pistol in the face of the agent.

Mr. McIntire looked up into the face of the man holding the gun. He saw a cold, fixed stare, evidence enough to tell him that the man would carry out his threat without compunction if necessary. The order was obeyed and the light lowered, a sign which would cause the engineer of the oncoming train to stop. . .to make doubly sure it would stop, the robbers placed a heap of railroad ties across the tracks.

"All right, now, what's in the room above us?" asked the outlaw.

"My mother and Mr. Bridges, auditor for the road," said McIntire.

One of the robbers mounted the stairs and soon relieved Bridges of his money and his watch. Mrs. McIntire was assured nothing would happen to her son if he obeyed orders, and the bandit returned to the platform with Mr. Bridges in tow.

It was a little after seven o'clock. . the band of robbers had now been in Glendale an hour, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train. The prisoners in the station house were wondering about what would happen next, and especially anxious what was going to happen to them, not appreciating the fact that they were personally witnessing an epic event in history.

Then the distant rumbling of the train was heard; louder and louder it fell upon the ears of the listeners. The engineer saw the signal displayed; he sounded the whistle and ordered the brakes applied. The train stood still on the track, with the engine at the water tank.

At the moment the train stopped two of the masked men rushed to the cab of the engine and demanded the coal hammer.

"What do you want with it?" asked the engineer.

"Damn you, never mind. Hand it here quick or you'll never run another train."

The man obeyed in a hurry, handing the outlaw a heavy sledge hammer used for breaking lumps of coal. At this time, the conductor, Mr. John Greenman, sprang upon the platform, and was about to proceed to the station house to receive his new orders, as was expected by him on account of the green lights showing on the signal. Suddenly one of the robbers rushed up to him with a cocked revolver, quickly joined by another bandit, both of whom wore masks. The conductor was powerless to resist, and with mingled feelings of alarm and disgust was compelled to await the pleasure of these strange men whom he now knew to be holdup men.

Then a group of masked men, with the long-bearded man at their head, gathered at the door of the express car. One of the men with the sledge hammer then started to break down the door of the car, which had been locked from the inside by the messenger, William Grimes, at the first sign of danger. He had also taken the money from the safe and placed it in a satchel which he carried with him. He swung the safe door closed and was making for another door, but he was too late.

(continued on page 61)

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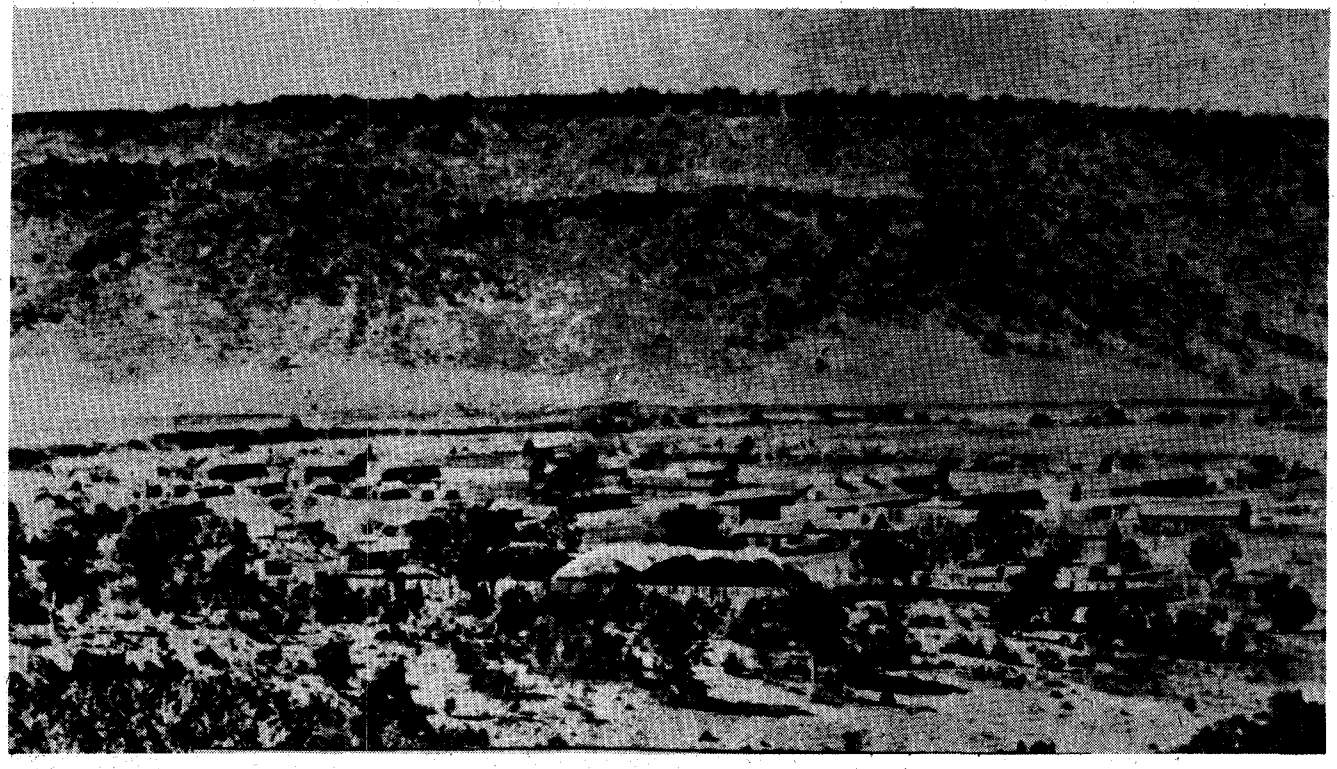
FORT APACHE, Guardian Of The Southwest

By Louise Cheney

Today, near Whitewater, Arizona, the site of Fort Apache is a reminder of the days when three companies of cavalry protected the settlers and maintained peace on the Southwestern Frontier. Fort Apache acquired that name after Cochise, the famous Apache chief, stayed here for a few weeks.

National Archives



View of Fort Apache in 1884. The fort was located near the present day town of Whitewater, Arizona.

In what was Coyoterro country near the present day town of Whitewater, Arizona, stood the proud Indian fighting garrison, Fort Apache. Established in 1870 as a protection for westward bound travelers and white settlers in that vicinity, in Arizona Territory, the post hastened westward migration and aided the settlement of Arizona by the whites.

The fort at its beginning experienced a multiplicity of names. It was in the spring of 1870 that Major John Green supervised the construction of a road into Coyoterro country and on May 16 of that year established an army post known as Fort Ord. On July 1 of that same year the Indians in the vicinity were issued their first beef rations from the post. On August 1, 1870 the name of the garrison was changed to Camp Mogollen after the nearby mountains of that name. Then on September 12 the camp experienced another change of name and that time it was designated Camp Thomas for General George W.

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Thomas, known as the "Rock of Chickamauga". Then in the late autumn Cochise, the great chieftain of the Chiricahuas, was invited to the post for a visit. He remained two weeks. On February 2, 1871 after his visit the name of the garrison was changed to Camp Apache to show the friendship between the white soldiers and the chief and the tribe.

In 1870 the first year of the post's establishment, General Stoneman paid a visit to the fort and reported it as having three small companies, I and M of the First Cavalry and B of the 21st Cavalry. At that time the officers and the soldiers were quartered in tents, the only houses there being used by the post trader and the quartermaster. The trader occupied a large house in which he had erected a brewery and was making the first lager beer ever manufactured in that region of Arizona Territory.

It was in September 1871 that Vincent Colyer came to Camp Apache. He established a reserve around the garrison and held a pow-wow with the Coyoterros on September 7 of that year. In August General Crook stopped at Camp Apache enroute to Forts Bowie and Whipple. He reported that the Apache chiefs, Chiquito and Pedro had started growing corn on their land.

General Oliver Otis Howard affectionately known as the "Christian General" stopped at Camp Apache in 1872 for the purpose of getting three Coyoterros to make a trip east with him on a peace mission. In August he returned on another peace mission. He found the Indians in a state of near rebellion over problems which had arisen over rations. He ordered the release of some of the Indian prisoners and placed Dr. Soule, the post surgeon as Indian agent, thus removing Major Dallas who had held that position.

That same year General Crook organized a band of scouts and placed Captain Randal in charge of them. Then in December 1872 Captain Randal was given command of the garrison of Camp Apache. The captain was with the 23rd Infantry.

It was also during 1872 that Wheeler led expeditions by way of Camp Apache via the basin of the Little Colorado, the Verde and the Salt Rivers.

In October 1874 Martha Summerhays with her husband, Lieutenant Jack Summerhays arrived at Camp Apache. Martha who was a bride at the time and who had just returned from Germany prior to her marriage later wrote of her army experiences in her book, VANISHED ARIZONA. Upon her arrival at the post she found that the officers' quarters were log cabins, built near the edge of the deep canyon through which the White River flows before its confluence with the Black River.

At the time of the Summerhays arrival the Fifth Cavalry was stationed at Camp Apache. Martha described the post as being pretty and picturesque, with large stables and government buildings and a sutler's store. The officers of the Fifth made the Summerhays welcome and entertained them. After a few days quarters were assigned to the young couple. These consisted of half a log cabin which afforded one room, a small square hall and a bare shed, detached from the house proper to be used as a kitchen. The other half of the cabin was occupied by the post surgeon. A cook stove and various articles for housekeeping were sent over to Martha from the Q.M. storehouse.

General Oliver Otis Howard, affectionately known as the "Christian General". He finally made peace with Cochise and brought some order to the southwest.

Arizona Historical Pioneer's Society

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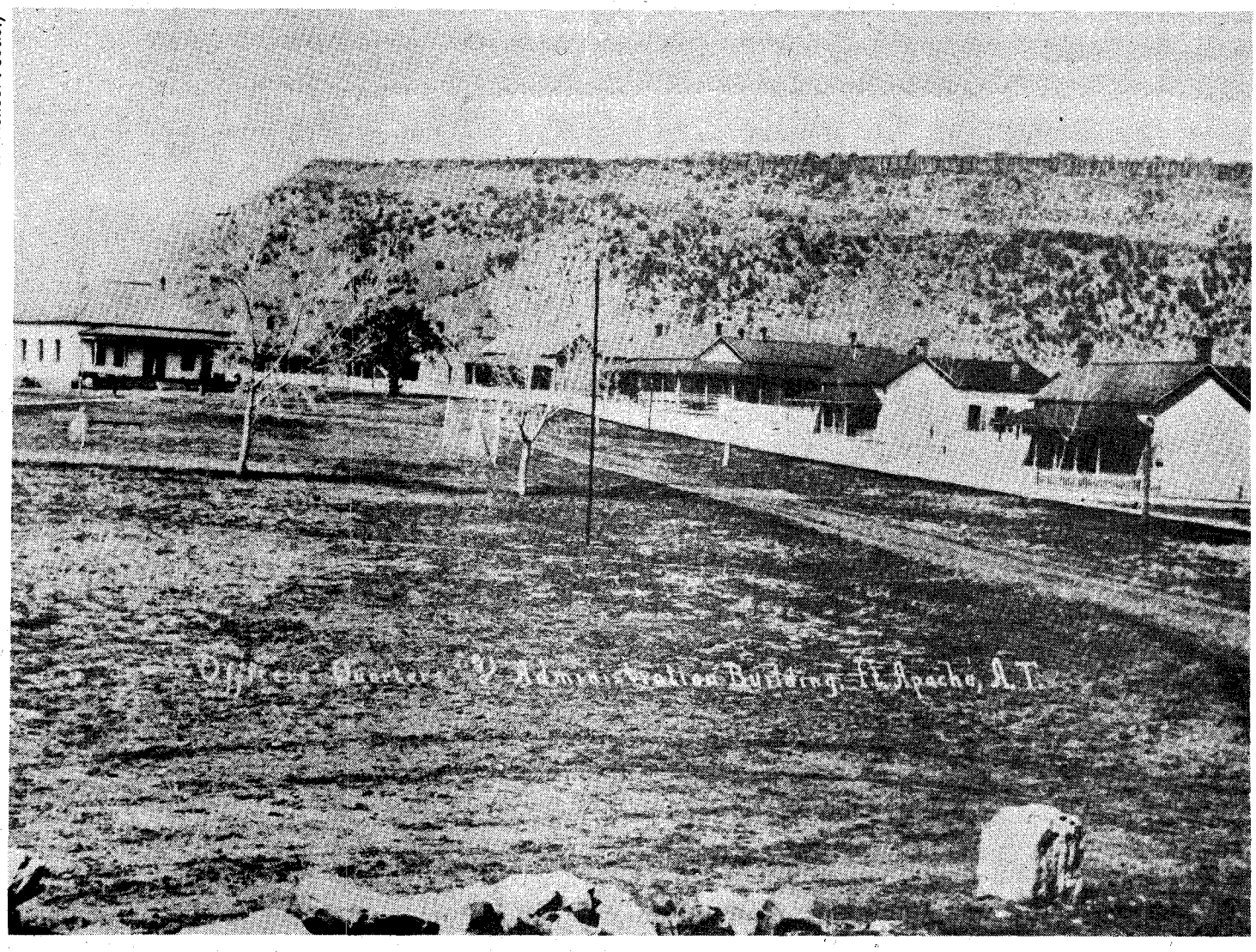
Arizona Historical Pioneer's Society



Administration Building at Fort Apache. The fort was established in 1870 as a protection for westward bound travelers and white settlers in its vicinity. In 1924 it was turned over to the Indian Service to be used as a school.

Martha learned that the soldiers roped some of the wild Texas cows that were kept in the government corrals and after tying them, milked them and that this milk was divided among the officers according to rank.

Martha also learned that the Indians who lived on the reservation near the post were the White Mountain Apaches, members of a fierce tribe who in years past had made vicious depredations among the whites. At the time of Mrs. Summerhays arrival at Camp Apache, the tribe was under the surveillance of the U. S. Government and was guarded by a garrison of cavalry and infantry from the post. They were divided into bands under the chiefs, Pedro, Diablo, Patone and Cibiano. Twice a week they showed up at the post to be issued rations and to be counted.

Often the wives of the officers would watch the ceremony. Large stakes were driven into the ground and at each stake a band chieftain would stand, then the others of his band would form in a line behind him. Martha estimated that about seventeen hundred Indians were on the reservation. The squaws would admire the white ladies garments and the warriors would admire the white ladies. Mrs. Summerhays described chief Diablo as being especially handsome.

At the time of the Summerhays residence at Camp Apache the tribe was quiet with only a few renegades taking off into the hills but Martha never trusted the redmen. Once or twice she saw squaws with disfigured faces and learned that it was the custom of the tribe to cut off the noses of the women who were unfaithful to their husbands.

Once Martha witnessed an Indian dance in a ravine near Camp Apache. The Red men were nude except for loin cloths, their bodies were hideously painted and on their knees and elbows were bunches of feathers. Jingling objects adorned their necks and arms. On their heads were perched huge frames resembling the branching horns of the elk. They twisted and turned grotesquely in front of a huge fire to the drumming of tom toms. Martha was frightened by their strident war whoops and the fierce appearance of the Indians, so much so that she left before the weird dance ended.

Major Worth, a bachelor at the post gave a party and invited the Apache chieftains while the Summerhays were stationed at the garrison. The military officers and their wives were on hand and of course the Indian chiefs and their assortment of wives which Martha called their harems. Chief Diablo fell madly in love with one officer's wife and asked her husband how many ponies he would sell her for. The party out in the wilds

(continued on page 71)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

EARLY INDIAN ASSOCIATIONS

In 1879, 1882, and 1901, organizations were formed to help the Indians with their rights, and also their industries.

On December 15, 1882, at the request of Mr. John Welsh, several men met in Philadelphia to organize a non-political, non-sectarian organization called the Indian Rights Association. The meeting was to consider the best method of producing public feeling and Congressional action that would secure civil rights and education for the Indian. It was hoped that in time this would lead to the admission of the Indian to citizenship.

At this time much of the country over which the Indian roamed was sparsely settled and there were still outbreaks, so little attention had been given the Indians and his rights or wrongs. When the settlers started moving westward, both good and bad, the Indians were pushed backward. Ignorance concerning the Indian and their affairs was widespread. As conditions became more crowded for the Indian it became evident that measures would have to be taken whereby the Indian could become more adapted to this new and strange way of life.

The work confronting Mr. Welsh and his associates was one of great undertaking. They first had to find ways and means of bringing the conditions of the Indian to the public. They must procure accurate knowledge of actual conditions confronting the Indian. This could be done only by frequent visits to the Indian country. Then the information could be brought to the public in order that sufficient pressure could be exerted on Congress and the Executive.

The Indian Rights Association then brought conditions of the Indian to the public through leaflets, pamphlets and public address, announcements were also made through the public press. All this won the respect and confidence of the public, but some Government officials felt it was a meddlesome and irresponsible organization. The Office of Indian Affairs, however, came to regard it as a friendly critic and welcomed its aid. The Association had a representative in Washington who cooperated with the Office of Indian Affairs in hopes of bringing to the Commissioner matters requiring adjustment, to scrutinize legislation relating to Indian affairs, and to inform Congress regarding the merits or demerits of pending bills.

Many of the laws enacted by Congress with the view of improving the conditions were prompted by the Indian Rights Association. Among them was one of a general nature statute. On February 8, 1887, a bill known as the "General severalty act," authorized allotments. Under this law the title to Indian lands was held by the Government, in most cases, for a period of twenty-five years, but in the meantime the allottee was subjected to the law in common with other citizens.

The courts were frequently appealed to by the Association, to secure justice for the Indian. One such case was the 'Lone Wolf' case which was appealed by the Association to the United States Supreme Court in the hope that the policy of recognizing the validity and sacredness of the Government's treaty obligations with the Indian tribes, followed since the adoption of the Constitution, would be upheld. The adverse decision in this case marked the beginning of a new era for the Indian. In this case, appeal was made to the Association, by the friends of Little Whirlwind, and Spotted Hawk of the Northern Cheyenne of Montana. Spotted Hawk was under sentence of death, and Little Whirlwind under sentence of life imprisonment, for the alleged murder of a sheep herder. The Association obtained counsel and presented the case on appeal to the supreme court of Montana. The effort of the Association resulted in securing the freedom of both young men. A confession by the person guilty of the crime charged them, fully exonerated them and showed the need for care to be taken to prevent more wrongs against the Indian, mostly because of prejudices.

The Association also exposed the wrongdoings of Government officials where many employees obtained their positions through political influence. The Association urged that the appointments of Indian agents be made purely on the grounds of efficiency. It was through the efforts of the Association that the civil service rules were extended to the Indian service.

They also urged the public interest in Indian schools. Many publications were printed by the Association telling of the needs of the Indian.

The Indian Industries League was a philanthropic organization, originally the Indian industries department of the National Indian Association, but was incorporated as an independent organization in 1901 at a meeting in Boston, Mass.

The object of the League was "to open individual opportunities" of work, or of education to be used for self-support, to individual Indians and to build up self-supporting industries in Indian communities.

As a department of the national organization the Indian Industries gained its first notice in 1892, when it held an exhibition of Indian beadwork and of classroom work in iron, tin, wood, leather, and lace at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston.

It was the belief of the League that the Indians should be assimilated into national life, and have the freedom to live and work where they wished, and for the abolishment of the Indian Reservations.

The National Indian Association was a society for improving the conditions of the Indian. It was started in Philadelphia in 1879. Mary L. Bonney and Amelia Stone Quinton petitioned the Government to prevent the encroachment by the whites on Indian land. Also to aid the Indian in taking an active part in the Nation. In 1880 another petition obtained 50,000 signatures and in 1881, a third was signed by 100,000 persons asking for all Indian common schools and industrial teaching lands in severalty, and for the full status of Indian citizenship.

The name was changed in 1883 to the Women's National Indian Association. In 1884 missionary work was added to the task of the Association where it established buildings and missions for the Indian. ●RW

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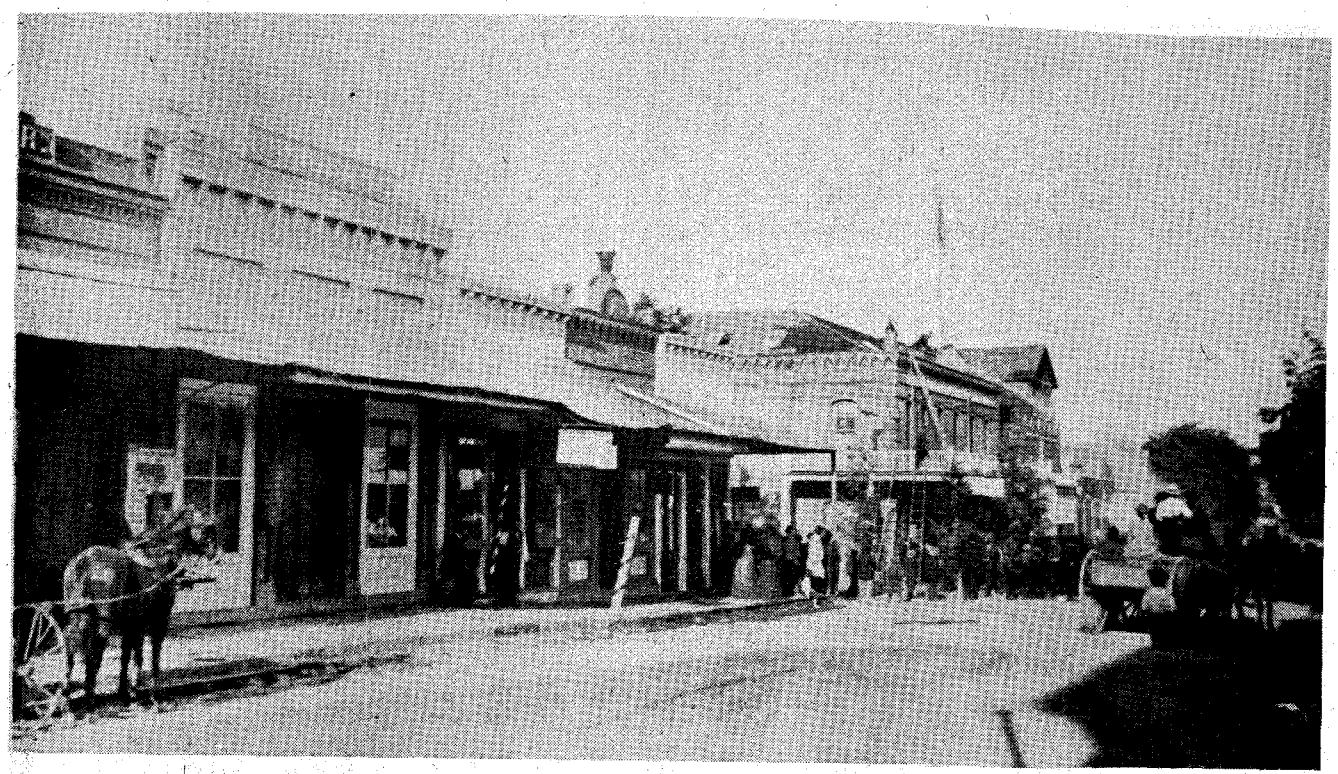
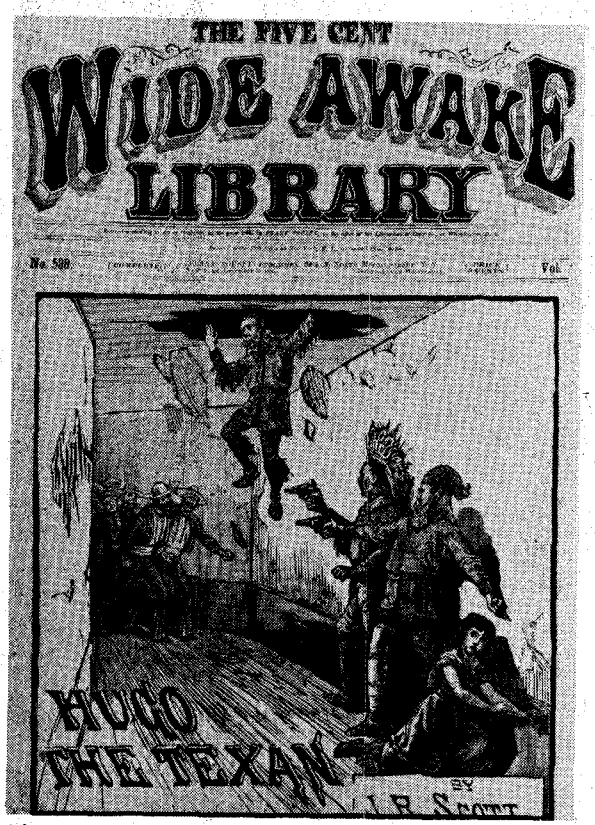


Main thoroughfare of Jacksonville, Oregon at the turn of the century. Gold was discovered on Jackson Creek in December 1851 and by the summer of 1852 the area was swarming with gold seekers and a town was staked out. The mining activity was interrupted when the Rogue River Indians went on the warpath in 1855. The town survived and is still a thriving community. During the tourist season it gets quite lively. It is located on route 238 just south of Medford, Oregon.



DIME NOVEL GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 27. WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY. One of the longest lived dime novel series lasting 1353 issues, beginning September 7, 1878 and ending January 7, 1898. Among the many subjects covered in the stories, the West was prominently featured. No. 588 pictured above is a tale of the Alamo.

LeBlanc dime novel collection

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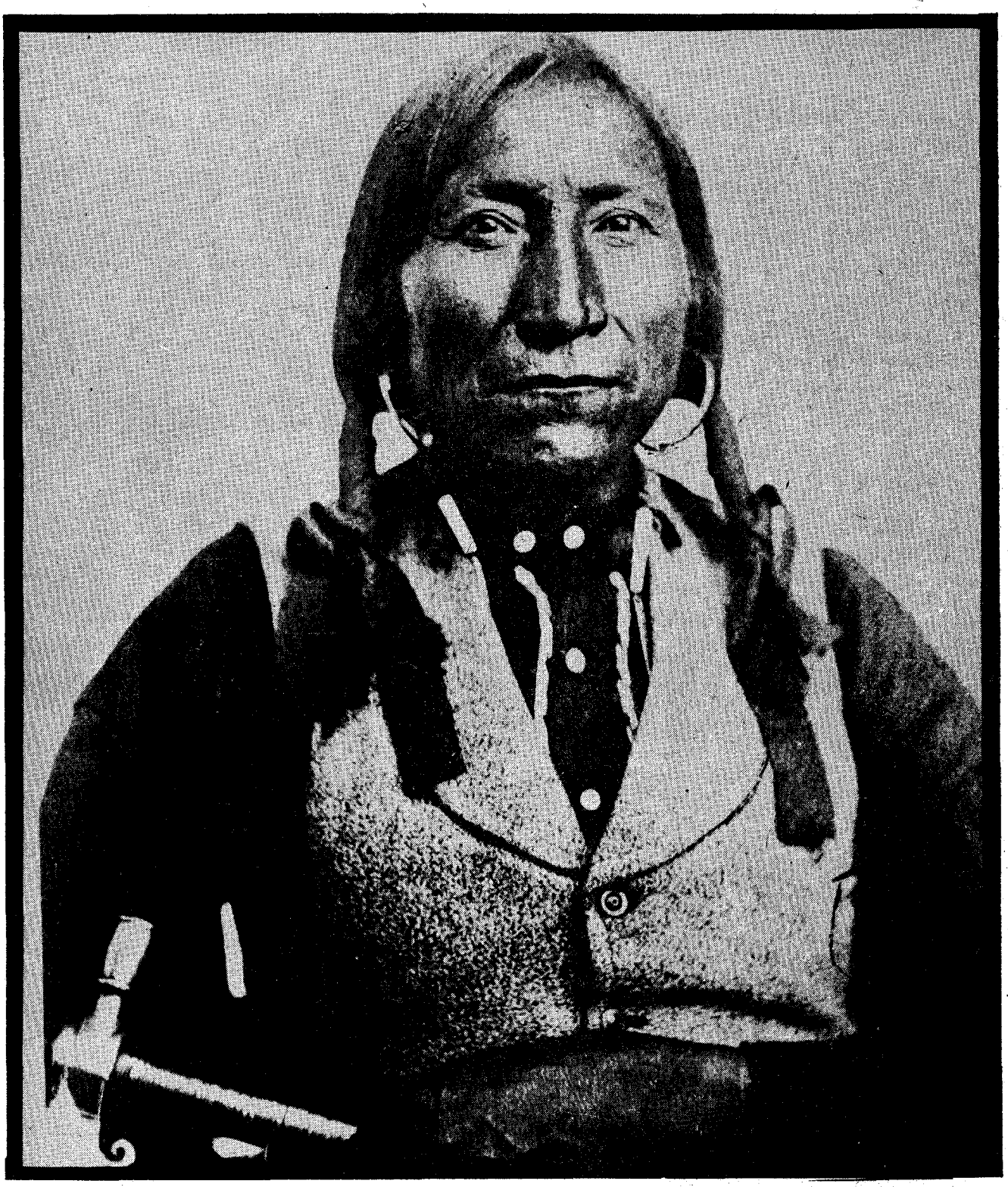

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 43. LONE WOLF. A Kiowa Chief, one of the nine signers of the treaty of Medicine Lodge, Kansas in 1867, in which the Kiowa agreed to be placed on a reservation. He later headed a delegation to Washington, D.C. in 1872. When his son was killed by Texans in 1873 he became embittered against the whites and led his tribe in the hostile outbreak of the following year. He, with a number of his tribe, surrendered in the spring of 1875 and he was sent to a military prison at Fort Marion, Florida. He remained there three years and died shortly after his return to his home in 1879.

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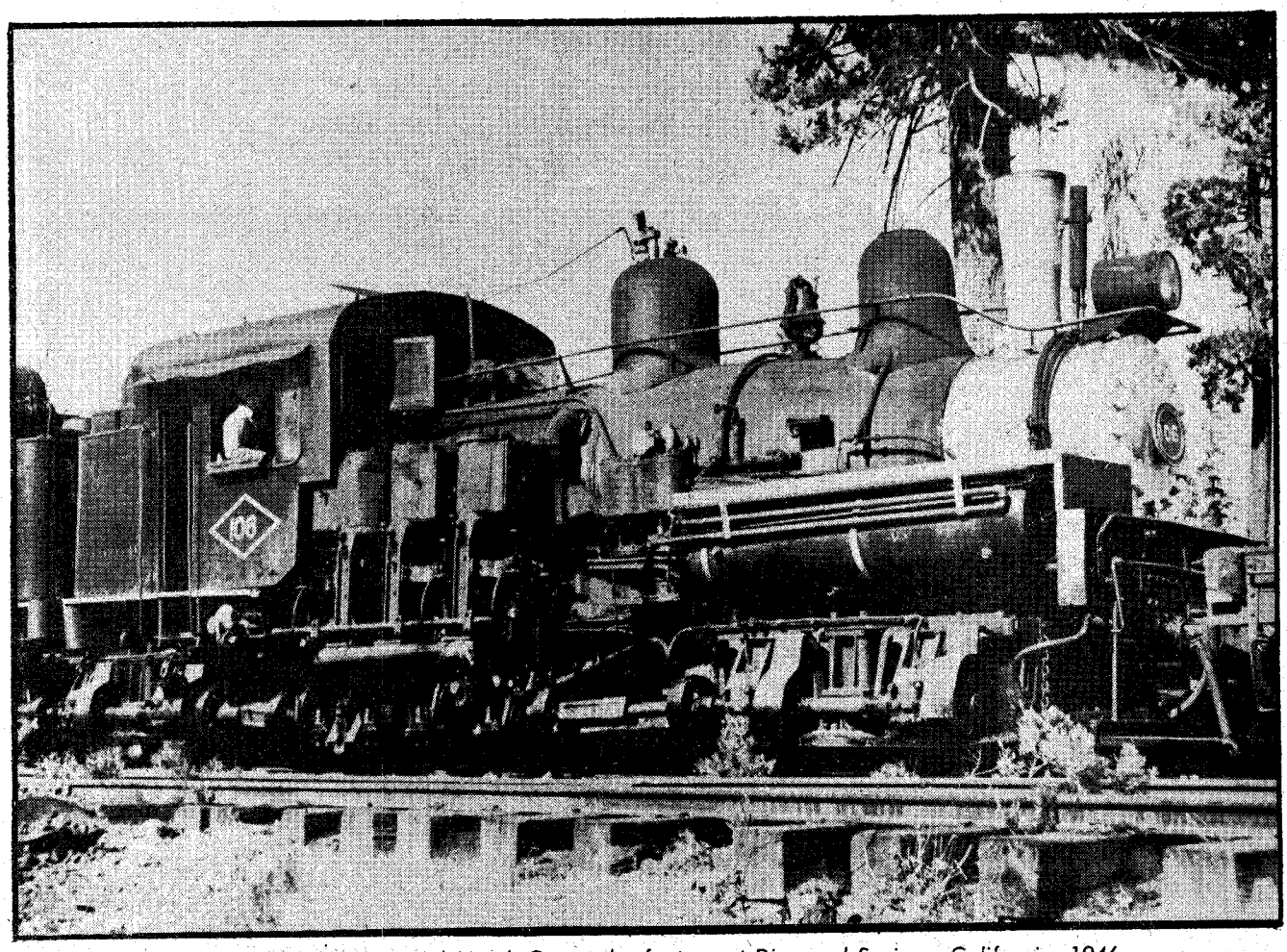

Shay #106 of the Diamond Match Co. at the factory at Diamond Springs, California, 1946.

LOGGING RAILROADS OF THE WEST

By Cy Martin

The loggers had to get their huge logs from the deep woods to the lumber mills and they built railroads where mountain goats wouldn't go and they used everything from horses to the weirdest locomotives in the world to haul their heavy loads.

It was the coming of the overland rails across the continent which vitalized the Western lumber industry, as thousands of settlers poured in and needed lumber for their housing. So did the businessmen and farmers who served these pioneers. Aside from the booming local demand, the lumber companies soon found their trade was not limited by the holds of the small coastal sailing schooners. The lumber was shipped by rail to distant markets, 3,000 miles east and Texas to the south.

Out in the woods, the stepped-up demand for timber brought on gradual improvements in logging techniques. The West's first lumber mills of the 1830's, 1840's and 1850's sent the handiest trees to the saws by gravity or water. The first advancement was when oxen or horses were used to drag the logs to the mill; the second was the flume. Exactly when steam came into the picture is

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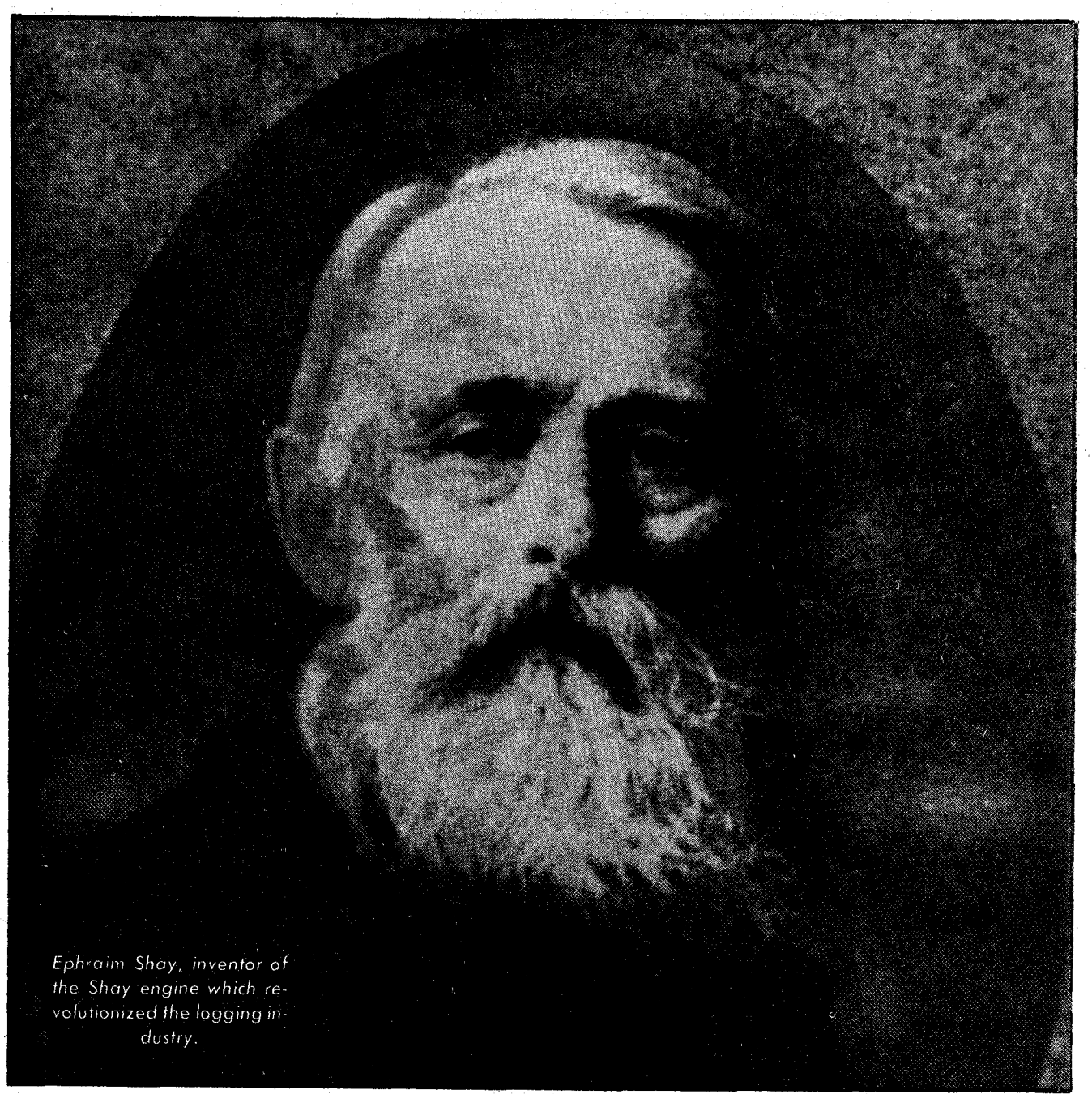

Ephraim Shay, inventor of the Shay engine which revolutionized the logging industry.

uncertain, but by the end of the Civil War seventy-one logging railroads operated in Michigan.

Out West, logging engines were used in Colorado in 1868, since the Denver Pacific needed ties and bridge timbers. In three years steam power and rails were penetrating the redwoods near Trinidad Head in California. By 1880 over two dozen railroads were chugging in the tall timber. In the beginning the two-horse power railroad flourished with its power supplied by horses, mules or oxen hitched in tandem. Donkey engines on wheels, modified steam tractors and every variety of home-made rig appeared on the logger's rails.

Finally the lovable woods tramp called something like "Betsy," "The Amazon," or "The Coffee Grinder" appeared. Any courtesies directed her way were inspired solely by her log-hauling ability, not on her speed or appearance. She was scorned as a frumpy caricature of the coldly efficient sleek steam engines of the crack passenger trains. Yet without her, the development of the West would have been delayed and the stories of the lumber camps much less colorful.

The chances were she was over twenty-one years of age and extremely second-hand. She usually changed hands three or more times and her ancestry was of no concern. She was a "she" because she wore an apron, binder, bonnet, cap, hood, collar, hose, muffler, jacket, sash, pumps, petticoat and a wrapper. Above all she ate more than twice her worth and wouldn't tell her age when over twenty.

Her tracks led from the cutting site to the nearest mill, log pond, or booming grounds. The railroad's mission was to deliver the logs down to the mill as quickly and cheaply as possible over an unbelievable assortment of obstacles placed in the way by Man and Nature. Slides, floods, earthquakes, storms, fire, snow and rain dealt their blows to the logger's flimsy efforts to railroad in the forest. Derailments, wrecks and explosions made logging railroading a most dangerous occupation. Wandering bears, deer, elk, and cattle on the right of way were common. Indians fired on the log trains and a little dynamite on the tracks was the trick of unfriendly strikers when driving home a point or two.

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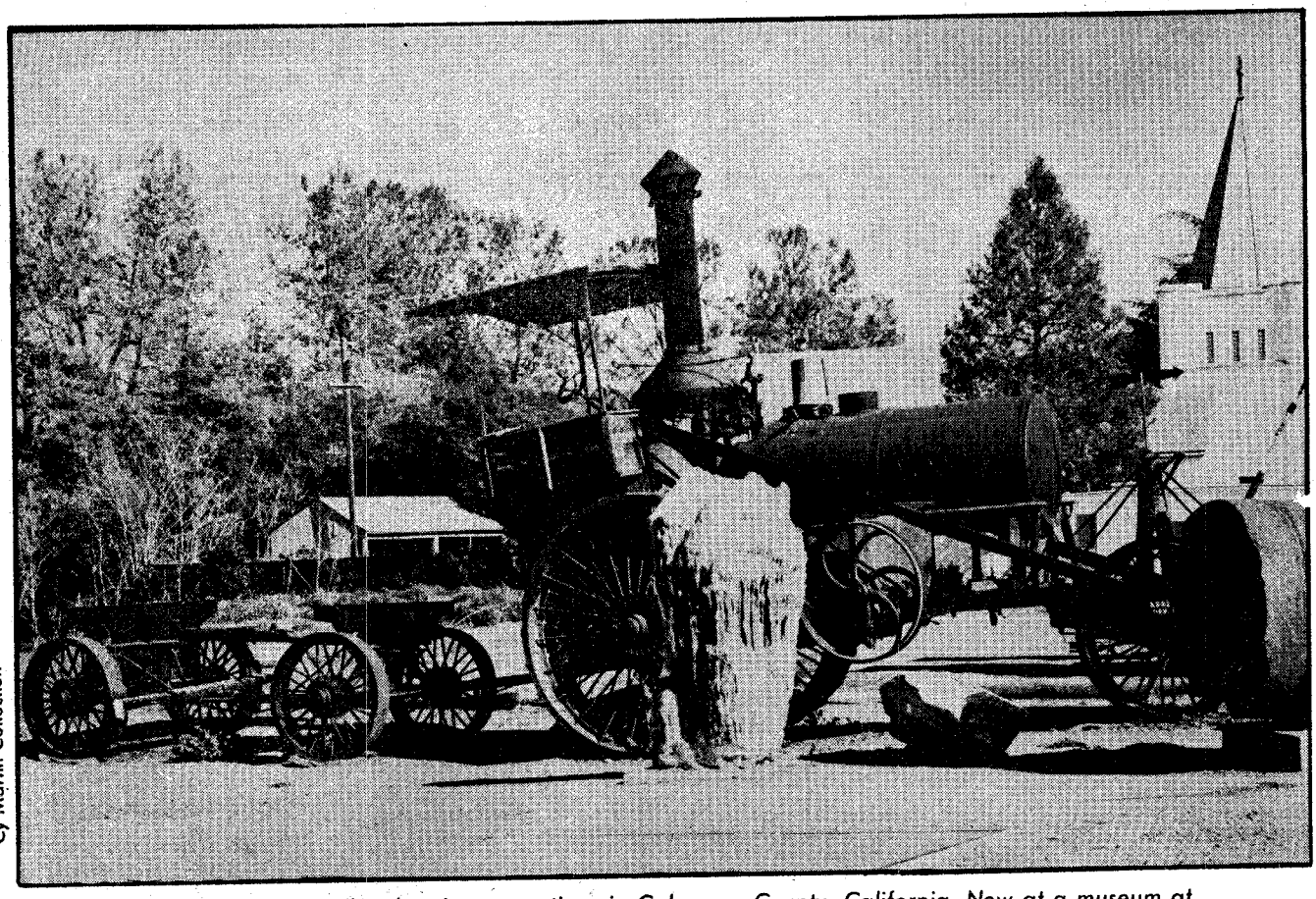

Cy Martin Collection

Steam tractor used in logging operations in Calaveras County, California. Now at a museum at Angel's Camp, California.

Across the creaking wooden trestles and up grades no sane engineer would attempt, she brought loaded log cars down to the mill day and night, the red hot glow of their screeching flat car wheels were visible a mile away on a dark night. The curves were so sharp that the factories of Baldwin, Heisler, Davenport and a dozen other builders were hard put to produce powerful engines which would stay on the logger's rails. Lumber, logs, iron and steel were used for rails and the gauge was anything from 21 inches to 9 feet. It all depended on the gauge of the second hand engines and rolling stock.

In nine decades, the logging locomotive proved to all there was no place too remote—no terrain unconquerable—no virgin forest safe from her wanderings in search of logs. Across desert and swamp, water, snow, and ice, she pursued the timber with female cunning and tenacity. Tunnels were avoided as too expensive. It was cheaper to go over the hill by switchbacks or incline. Any gap wider than ten feet called for a trestle instead of a fill. And most trestles were considered temporary and expected to fall down as the last train passed over it. Logs were convenient and cheap.

There were at least 3,000 locomotives used on as many railroads in the wild first century of Western logging. Most of them were ugly, noisy and certainly not the ladies they were originally built to be. She might have been the pampered queen of the mainline, but now she snorted through the forest on a diet of wood, coke, coal, kerosene, oil, briquettes, or borrowed steam-whichever was cheapest. The water for her boiler usually came from the nearest creek.

Still the old girl was the handiest piece of equipment in the woods. She could trail logs along the rails, load and unload logs from the flatcars, and act as her own yarder by dragging logs to the loading point with a cable. "Daisy," "Maggie," or "Pansy" was a heroine when she pumped water to put out a forest fire. But she lacked many things needed in the woods, especially pulling power for the steep spur line grades.

One who had observed the shortcomings at first hand was Ephraim E. Shay, a rugged, broad-shouldered logger of Haring, Michigan. He built a maple-railed tramway, using horses for power, and reduced the logging costs; but the cars would catch the horses going down grade and often kill them. Brakes were impractical, so he finally decided to try a light locomotive, and with the help of a local machine and repair shop built an engine.

Shay's first engine was built along conventional lines with the usual side rods. The pounding of its rods soon tore up the light wooden rails. Surprisingly enough, the loaded log cars which weighed twice as much as the locomotive did no damage to the wooden tracks. Shay decided if somehow he could relay power to trucks similar to the log car wheels, the track punishing of the side rod drivers would be lessened.

While the snow covered the Michigan woods in the winter of 1872, the bearded Shay worked on his idea, and in the following spring and for several subsequent seasons, Shay alternately used his little geared engine or improved on it. Only the cylinder remained of his original geared locomotive in 1879.

All of the work was done by Shay and the mill blacksmith and it was crude. But it hauled logs from anywhere and everywhere, saving a large amount of horse labor and so was extremely profitable. Shay's friends fussed at him for spending so much time and money on such a crazy idea. In fact, they really thought he was a little cracked, and at times, did not hesitate to say so.

Shay revolutionized the business of logging. His geared locomotive and the competing types it inspired made efficient log-hauling possible in

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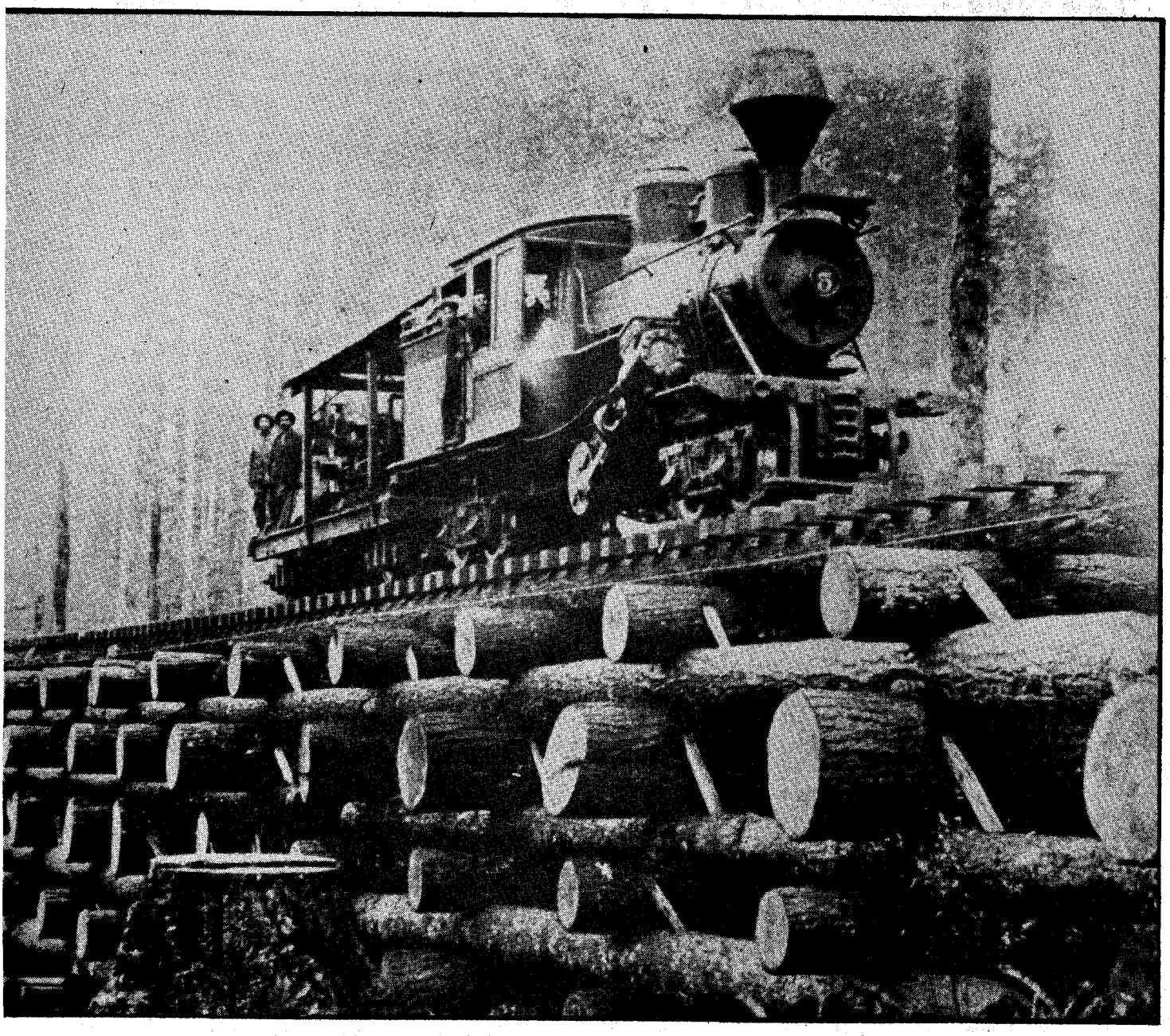
forests where rod locomotives dared not venture. Carnes and Agerter of the Lima Machine Works were watching Shay's experiment with interest. They built a couple of locomotives themselves, and in the late '70's produced a few parts for "Shay's Folly." Yet the proprietors of the Lima concern were aghast when they first saw the rolling monstrosity Shay was suggesting they manufacture.

The pilot model of the locomotive which was destined for fame consisted of a short railroad flatcar with a wooden water tank at one end, a wood bin at the other and an unsightly assortment of gears and other machinery surrounding an upright boiler in the middle. What was worse, the thing was lopsided, with the boiler on one side, and the gears and transmission machinery on the other.

One important feature was that Shay was making more money from its use and could get more for his timber than his neighboring mill men. His customers knew that rain and bad roads did not stop him from logging. The logic was finally evident to the Lima works and in 1880, the first factory-built Shay geared locomotive was sold to J. Alley Co. for $1,700. Three other Shays were built and sold that year.

All Shays were two-truck types until 1885, with geared power transmitted to four driving wheels on each truck. A three-truck model was added to the line and the upright boiler was modified to a boot shape with the flues running horizontal. The Shays were still limited to under 20 tons in weight—just about heavy enough to mash a finger. Or so scoffed the supporters of the pounding rod locomotives.

Other loggers tried other ideas and the all-time championship for being outlandish in the woods was claimed for the Fouts Grip Wheel. Like the earlier Walking Dudley which preceded it by a few years, the Grip Wheel employed a vertical steam engine mounted on a flat car. By means of a huge wheel, the awesome



Engine #5 of the Bradley Logging Company hauling a donkey engine over a log fill near Cathlemet, Washington.

Hardy Collection

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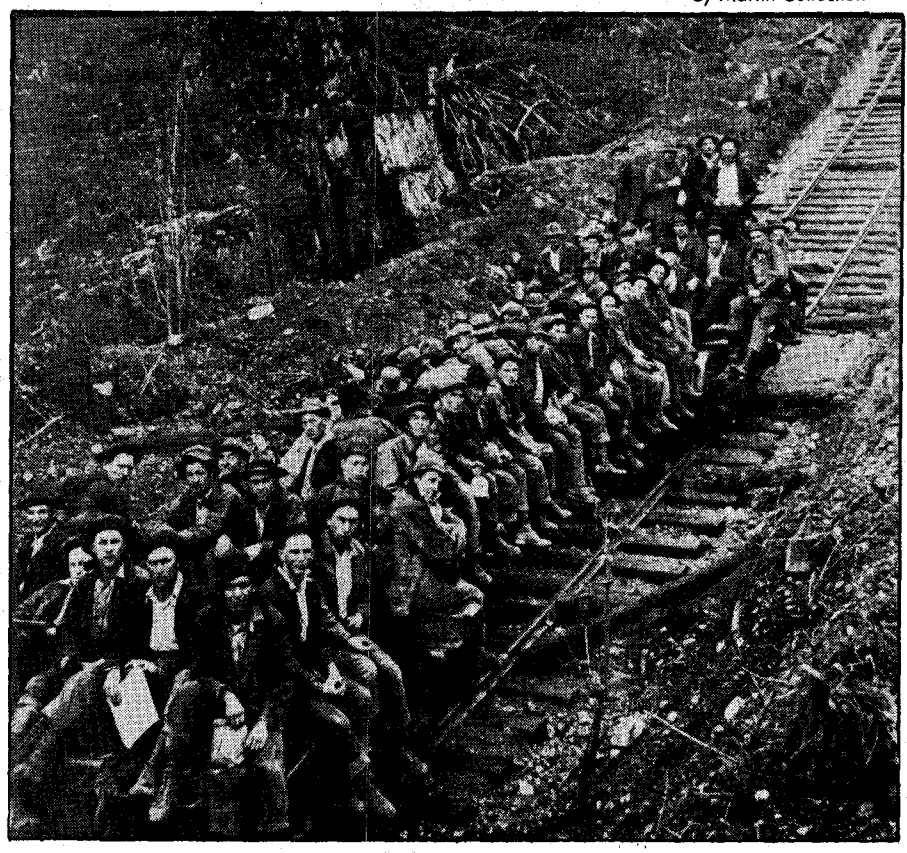
Cy Martin Collection



Riding to work in the lumber camps.

monster winched itself along a cable anchored at each end of the track. Henry Colvin of Oregon used a Fouts in 1898 and successfully trailed logs behind it on a grade of 28 per cent. But the Walking Dudleys and the Fouts were never popular.

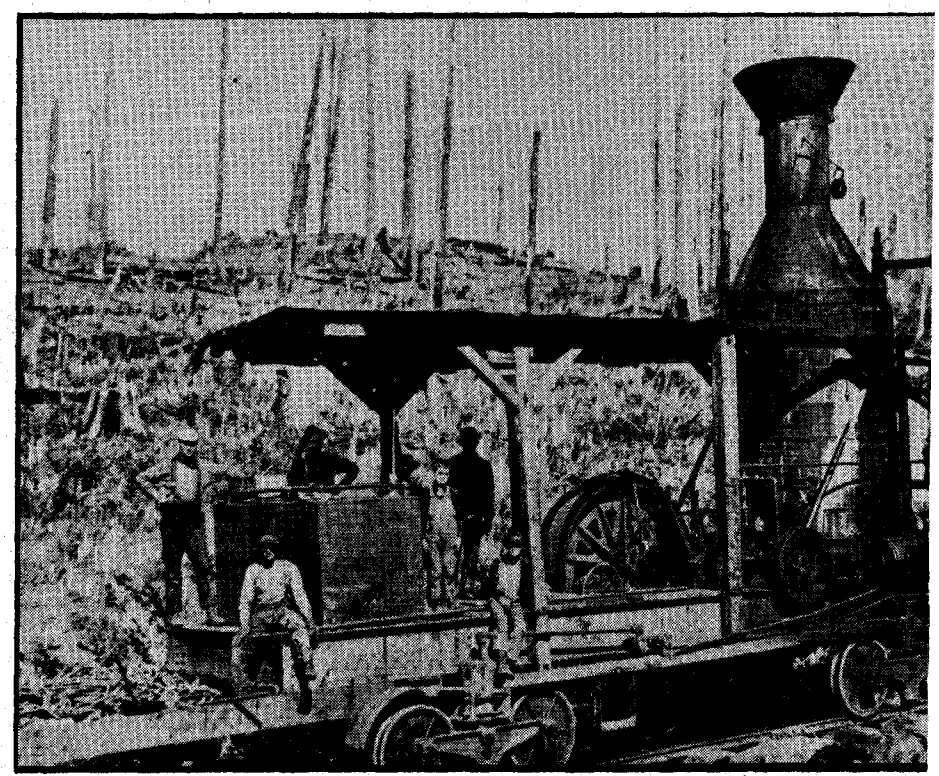
In 1888 another geared locomotive appeared. These were the early Climaxes and similar in appearance to the Shays, except the cylinders and driving machinery were centered. Later, the models looked more like conventional rod locomotives and on each side of the boiler was a cylinder mounted parallel with the tracks, but inclined toward the ground at about a 45 degree angle. The pistons drove a crankshaft running crosswise under the boiler and with a master gear, the power was transmitted to a longitudinal center shaft and through bevel gears to the wheels.

Charles Heisler produced his first locomotive at Erie, Pennsylvania and sold it in 1894. It claimed no improvements in looks over the Shay, but the Heisler advertisements of the day pointed out, "the load is equally distributed on the main frame instead of one-sided." Heisler hit the Shay at its weakest point—the lopsided Lima pounded the daylights out of the cylinder-side rails, leaving the boiler side of the tracks unharmed.

The two-cylinder Heisler's pair of pistons opposed each other in the form of a "V" and were located on each side of the boiler. Unlike the Shay and Climax, its gears ran in an oil bath within sealed housings. The number of gears was reduced by having only one axle in each truck geared to the main driveshaft. The power was transmitted to the other axle through side rods connecting the two pairs of truck wheels. A Heisler could start off up a 10 per cent grade with a load of 111 tons behind it.

These three, the Shays, Heislers, and Climaxes all had a steadier pull than any side rod model, derailed less often, and steamed freely and ate less fuel. Geared engines were quicker and more accurate in spotting cars and took less time in attaining road speed. They were able to negotiate the sharp curves, rough roadbeds and light rails with some degree of safety. Then, too, the cost of operating a geared locomotive was about $18 an hour, compared with $22 for a saddletank. All loggers agreed the noisy, gear-driven engines were superior to direct connected rod engines for most woods chores, but the argument over which is the best geared woods tramp will go on forever. When the last Shay steamwinder left the Lima works in 1945, it was the 2,761st sign of confidence in "Shay's Folly."

Another of the early problems faced by the logger was that of loading the huge logs on the railroad cars. Some of these arrived at the railhead weighing more than the locomotive itself. With only oxen, horses, or a puny little locomotive at their disposal, the loggers fell back on



Fouts grip-wheel locomotive winched itself along a cable trailing logs behind. This double flanged model was used by Henry Colvin at Marshland, Oregon in 1899.

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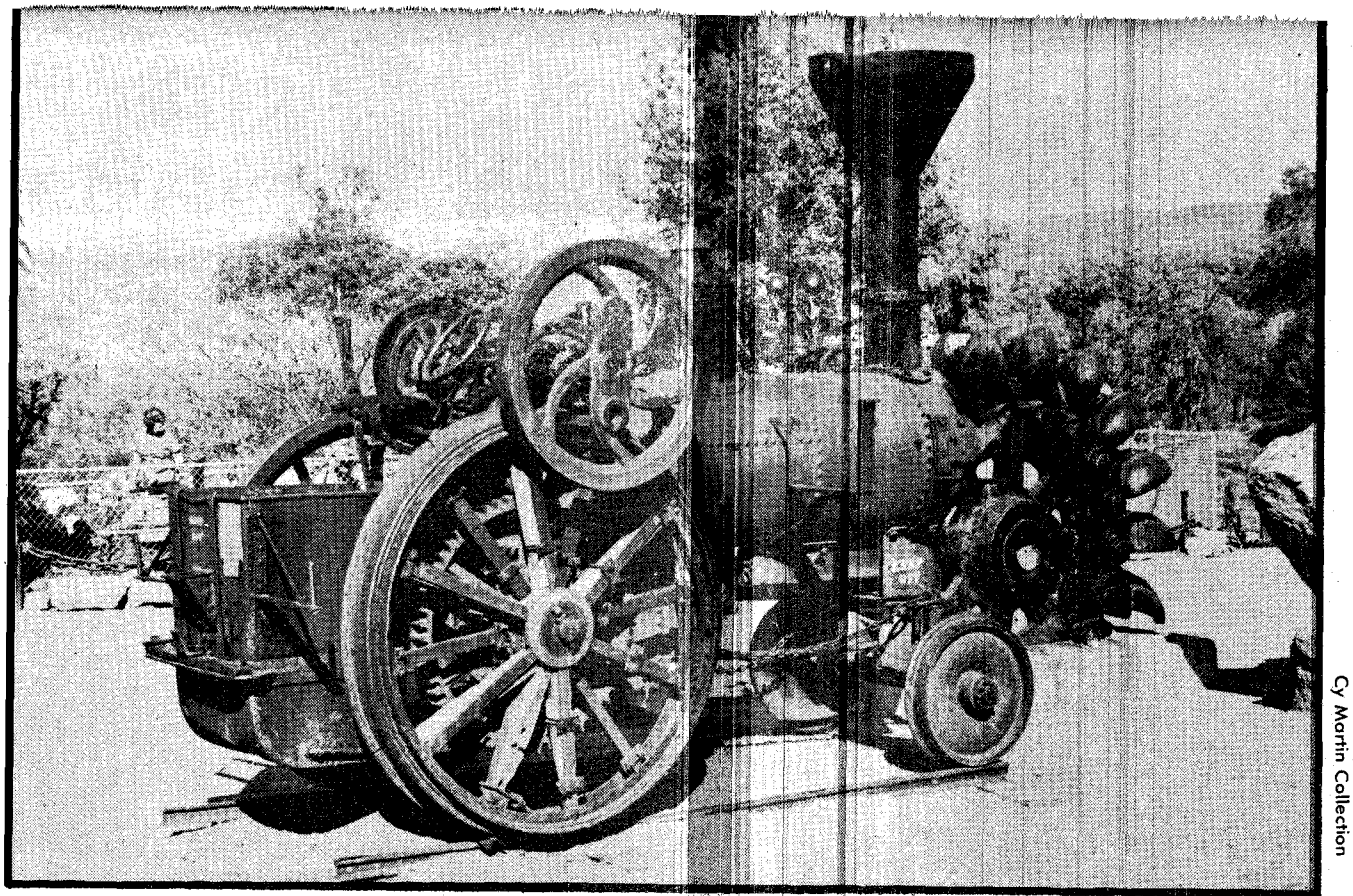
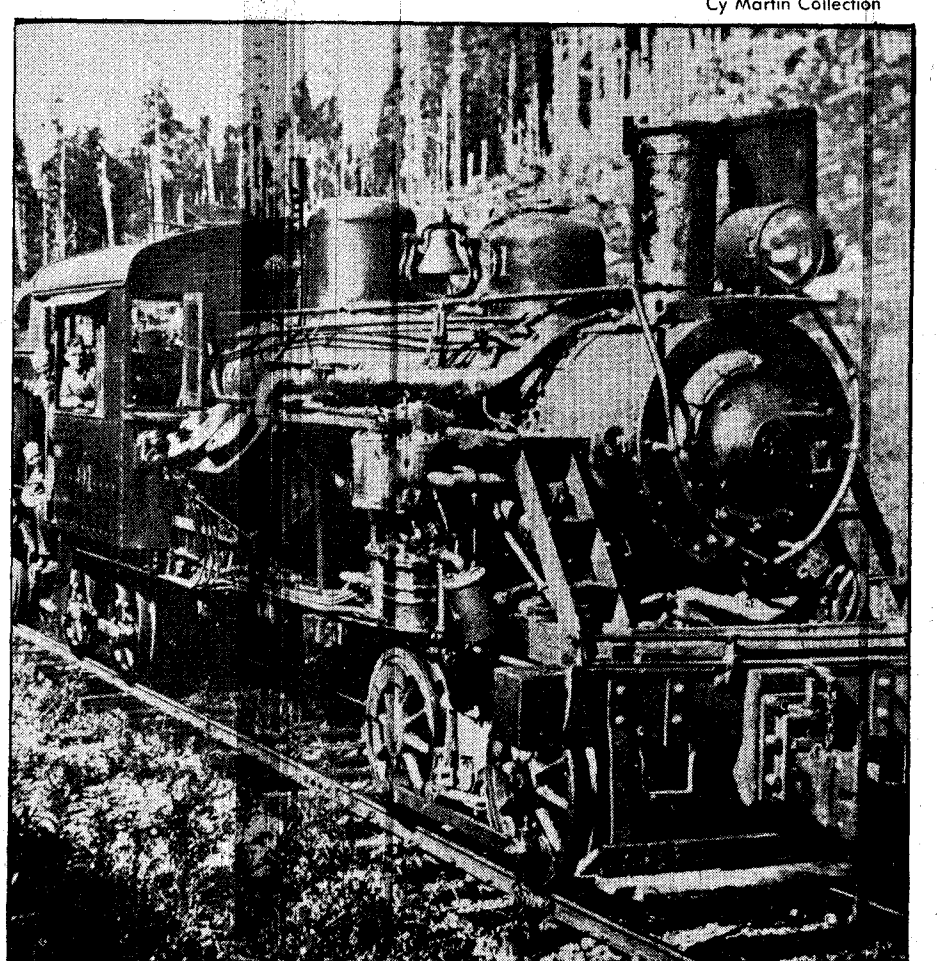


Cy Martin Collection

Steam tractor used in logging operations has been modified to run on rails. Now at Angel's Camp, California.

Cy Martin Collection



Heisler locomotive first used by West Fork Timber Co.

Mother Nature. They built their railroad tracks below the point where the skid road ended, letting gravity roll the logs onto the flat cars.

The skid road was the dirt path down which logs were dragged from the felling site by the horses or oxen. Its lower terminal was called the landing. A series of logs were implanted cross-wise to the incoming logs to ease the move onto the cars and often called a rollway. With the advent of the steam donkey engine in the 1880's the chore of handling logs was simpler. The donkey (so called because it was unworthy of being rated in horsepower) was patented by John Dolbeer of Eureka, California in 1882 and the portable steam engine soon was known as the Dolbeer donkey. The donkey was first used in unloading logs at the mill pond. But it was not long before it was out in the woods pulling logs down the skid road to the landing, and loading them on the cars.

At the other end of the line, the problem of unloading the cars was easier. Usually the logs would be dumped into the mill pond after the holding stakes, blocks or chains were removed. A tilted or canted track helped, and hand-operated jacks inched the logs off the cars toward their big splash.

Still other loggers decided to omit the bothersome refinements of

(continued on page 64)

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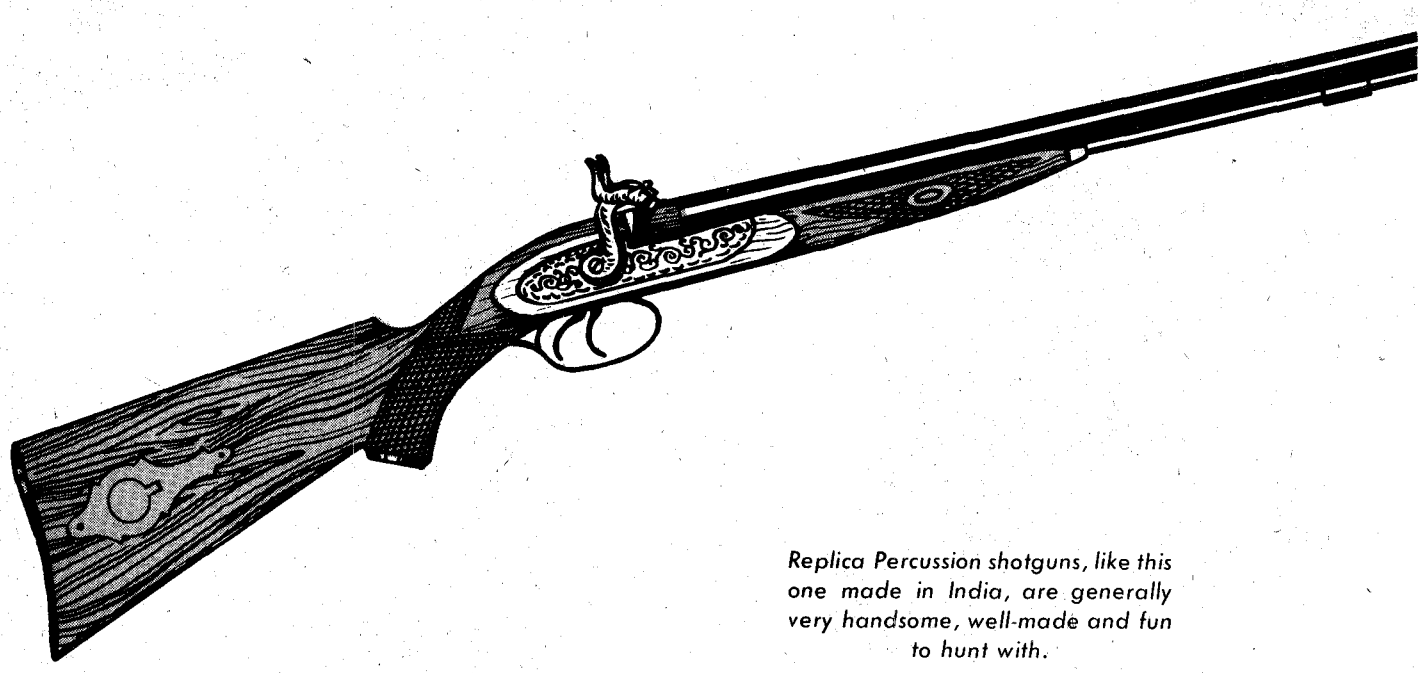
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



Replica Percussion shotguns, like this one made in India, are generally very handsome, well-made and fun to hunt with.

This department has been telling of the fantastic upsurge of interest in the muzzle loading sports among shooters, in recent years. This has become very evident in many countries besides our own. Canada, Australia, Great Britain, South Africa and others now have national associations made up of many local clubs, all dedicated to the exclusive use of muzzle loading firearms. The manufacture of shootable replicas has become big business. The low cost of shooting them, the more lenient legislation regarding them, the increasing interest in our historic traditions and the challenge of doing something just as our pioneer forefathers did it — these are some of the factors which are causing this phenomenon.

On the technical side, I have discussed the loading and shooting of flintlock and percussion rifles, and many minor problems which face the beginner who takes up this sport.

The muzzle loading shotgun was largely ignored in the first years of this sport's rebirth. It has only been in the last several years that the old scattergun has begun to take its rightful place beside the more glamorous firearms.

Most usually seen in the double barreled, percussion form, this venerable arm was for many generations the "family gun", the one kept loaded behind every kitchen door in case a hawk or fox got after the chickens. A plain old workhorse of a gun, perhaps, but it was always there when you needed it.

I am very glad that this scattergun is finally making a comeback. More and more sportsmen are discovering how nicely a good quality one comes up, how naturally it points, how well it is balanced. Many modern automatics are clubs by comparison.

At the Friendship, Indiana, national championship matches, expert trapshooters bust the speedy clays with muzzle loaders day after day. It continues well into the evenings, under flood lights. Many readers would be amazed to see the crowds of spectators who gather from the 50 states to watch the action. The "Quail Walk", with surprise targets under simulated hunting conditions, is another Friendship feature which will challenge any scattergun.

Just as with the rifles, good shootable original shotguns are becoming quite scarce. The demand for them increases every day. This gap is now being filled by new replica shotguns. Many of these are imported from such arms producers as Belgium and Italy. So far, all I have examined were good, sound guns which had been amply proof fired under their respective government's supervision. The average price at this writing is between $80 and $100, which is considerably less than most replica rifles. Considering the economical cost of shooting them, this gives a very good return on one's investment in terms of the amount of sport for each dollar spent!

Regarding the cost of their ammunition, this breaks down to slightly less than the cost of loading components for reloading modern shotshells, plus saving the cost of reloading tools. The difference between the cost of muzzle loading and that of factory-loaded shotshells, of course, is very much greater.

One of the most recent improvements in this sport has made loading a great deal faster and easier. This alleviates one of the remaining drawbacks of muzzle loading, and should attract thousands more to try their hand at it. It is especially helpful in hunting small

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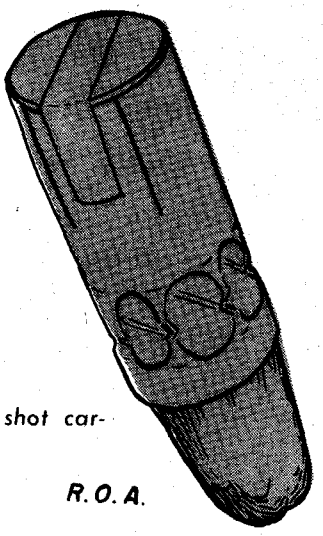
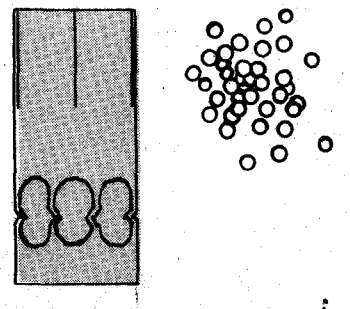
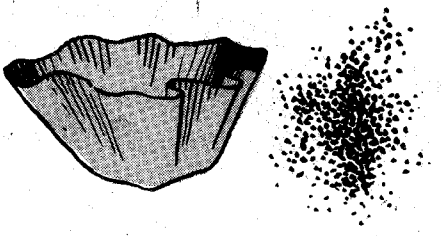
PERCUSSION SHOTGUNS MAKE A COMEBACK



The finished shot cartridge.

R. O. A.





Components for making a muzzle loading shot cartridge (see text).

Sketched by author

game and birds, where the shooting can get quite fast at times.

This story starts with an excellent but unusual replica shotgun, of which I was recently sent a sample gun for testing, evaluation and write-up.

This is a 12 gauge, double barrel, percussion shotgun of very good workmanship. Its lines are identical to those of the average breech loading double barrel gun, and at first glance it is often taken for one. It will serve as an example of what is available to today's shooters in this field.

Briefly, the barrels are made and proofed in Australia, then sent to India to make up into a gun. The Indian gunmakers lavish painstaking care upon each piece, for just several dollars a day. This makes it possible for an American distributor to sell a beautiful new double at a price within any shooter's reach, in this case $95. Metal parts are well-finished and blued, with fine scroll engraving at many places. The ramrod is blued steel, and tapered tubular for strength with light weight. The stock is genuine teakwood, with attractive figure, hand-checkering, pistol grip and cheek piece. There is a brass cap box in the stock, with spring cover (see drawing).

The gun was originally designed for use in northern India in hunting, and is used there even on sambur deer and Bengal tiger. For those people, a modern 12 gauge shell costs two days' pay. They use these percussion guns with either shot or solid ball.

The shotgun is being sold by General Trading Co., 116 Sycamore Circle, Clearfield, Utah 84015.

Now for the point of this story. Another unusual feature is that the bores are a TRUE 12 gauge in diameter. Some muzzle loader bores are completely different from modern standards, such as 11 gauge, 15 gauge, etc. Being a correct 12 gauge makes it possible to use modern rifled slugs or other components meant for breech loaders. This is especially helpful with shot charges, which may be fired with the new one-piece plastic shot cup wads used by reloaders of shotshells.

A pretty slick trick is to fill the plastic cup level full of shot of the desired size, and lightly tape a 12 gauge cardboard wad over the open end. To load, simply pour a measure of black powder down each barrel, slip one of those prepared shot charges into each muzzle and push them down. Put on caps and you are ready.

I went a step farther and nitrated some typist's onion skin paper. This was glued into the base of each plastic shot cup wad, containing a measured powder charge. Making up a supply the night before a hunt, this eliminates yet another step in loading. Just push one down each barrel and put on caps!

Never reload one fired barrel without uncapping the other barrel first.

Some average loads for percussion shotguns would be:

GAUGE	POWDER	SHOT
10	109	1½ oz.
12	89	1¼ oz.
16	75	1 oz.
20	68	⅞ oz.
28	55	¾ oz.

Next month we will go into the details of how muzzle loading handguns are loaded - from the single-shots of the early trappers to the percussion revolvers used by Bill Hickok. A few facts about their correct handling may come as a surprise.

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California Historical Society, San Francisco.

A road scene in California during the 1850's. Travelers of every description clogged the roads to the gold fields, all hoping to strike it rich.

Hawkins' Bar was big, bold, business-like, and rowdy. It had its full share of crime and murders like other Mother Lode mining towns of the turbulent and lawless gold rush era. Its importance matched that of Colonel Alden Jackson's Jacksonville and Chinese Camp. In 1850 it was listed as large as the biggest river bars of Morgan, Don Pedro, Texas, and Rodgers, but only dimly remembered by a few outstanding historians and "49ers" in their diaries.

Like a hot house plant it grew quickly, bloomed fully, then suddenly withered and died as the coarse gold of high quality ran out. Ted Vandam was no figment of the imagination, but was there at the start and remained over 25 years after the finish. He was a familiar figure to those in that area, and spent the rest of his life hunting the gold ore, hoping to make one important discovery so he could resurrect his first love—Hawkins' Bar!

One man's devotion to a mining camp in those days was rare and unusual when the slightest rumor of another "rich diggins" would cause even fortunate miners making $20 to $40 a day to abandon their claims and move on.

A Gold Miner's Saga Of

Horace Linden found his first glimpse of Hawkins' Bar one to his liking. The population of thirty included eight Chinamen and two women working the diggings, but more were on the way in large and small groups. Even the deer and grizzlies couldn't stand this influx of noisy, take-over creatures so they melted back into the denser recesses of the forests and hoped to avoid them as much as possible. These humans they sensed were such to be feared.

Linden soon became aware that he was biting his thin blonde mustache for the day's journey had driven him almost to distraction with a variety of minor vexations that had caused much frustration and irritation. Over the Tuolumne River a vivid flash of lightning began at long intervals, and then the war of elements began raging and crashing in fury.

He dreaded the coming night because almost every mining camp he had been to brought out the best in rats and other things when it rained heavily. Too, there was seven in his party that must be sardine-packed for shelter beneath a small community tent until larger quarters could be constructed. Also there was the miserable lice and fleas to contend with not to mention the colds, dysentery, and fatigue sickness that seemed to be everywhere. Cockroaches made life wretched for everyone, but his group had found some practical use for them, racing them and betting on their swiftness Sundays.

Linden thought about the bear and bull fight he had witnessed in San Francisco a few weeks ago, and the visions of the gory bout played havoc with him, sending queasy feelings to his stomach so he decided to think of something else. Before he came to Hawkins' Bar he met

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two fellow miners who were mysteriously fortified with special "Gold Magnets" to aid them in finding the yellow metal. The pair of gold seekers swore religiously that when they were near pay dirt that their "shock" units shocked their chests into the awareness of being over the rich places. This young argonaut chuckled quietly to himself expelling some of the weariness that had weighed on him most of the day.

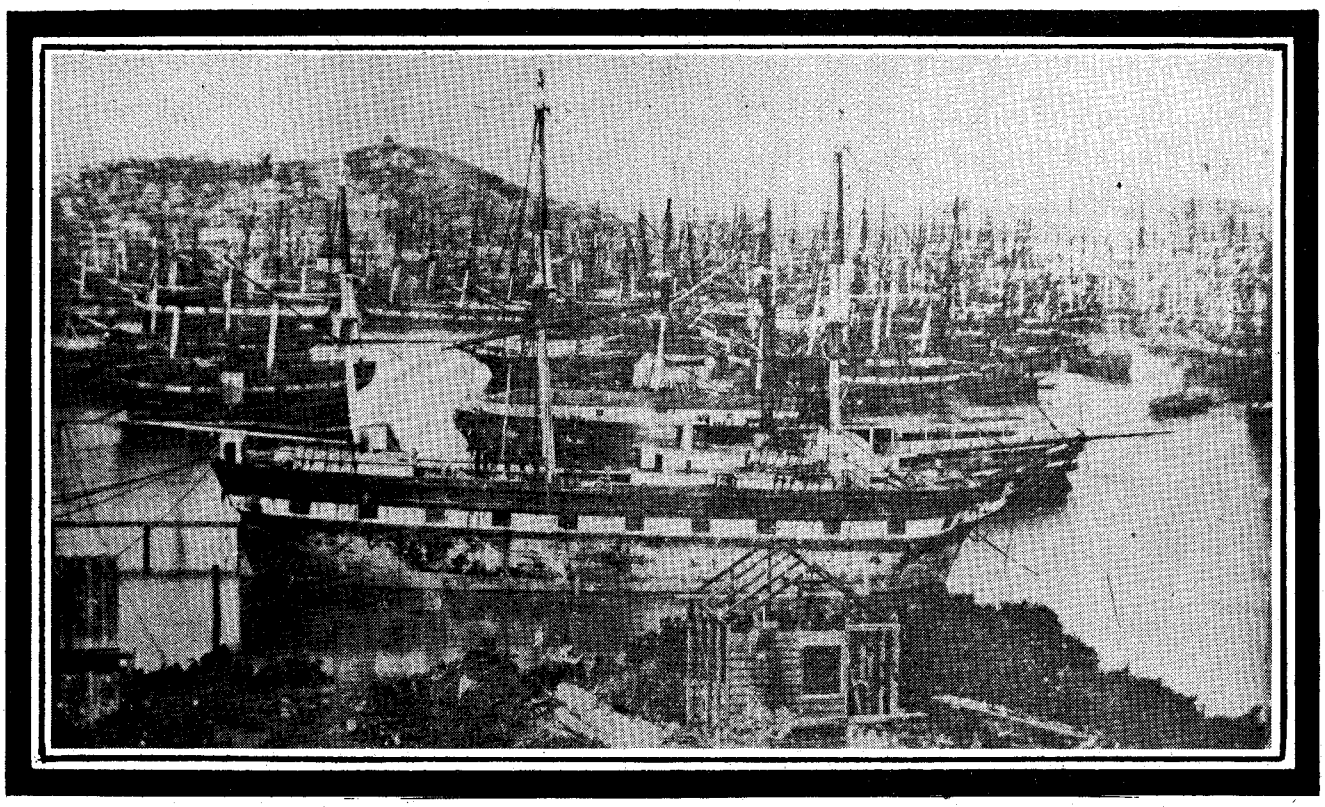
Linden and his six tired companions were a rather dejected sodden lot as they prepared their shelter for sleep in the driving rain. It meant no warm fire and the downing of cold rations again for all of them. Of the group of six gold seekers, Linden liked Ted Vandam the best. Vandam was a native of old New York and his nature was sound, buoyant, and undisturbed by morbid sensibility. Youthful but changeable he was happy as a lark one moment and deadly serious the next.

Linden's first night's sleep was a rough one. Nightmares of strain and disquiet eventually forced him awake earlier than usual. In the half-dim light of the morning he saw Vandam pointing his rifle at his body. For a split-second in sheer disbelief a wild thought scampered through his head that his best friend was going to murder him for his poke of gold dust. Then abruptly Linden became aware of the unnatural weight on his chest as he tensed to spring up and roll aside to escape the gunfire.

When his sleep-filled eyes began to focus clearly he automatically froze with terror, for perched on him in coiled sleep was a jumbo-sized rattlesnake absorbing his body heat. In another instant a blinding flash and roar filled the crowded sleeping place and he felt some of the reptile's bulk slip from him. When he dared look again he saw Vandam expertly flip the remains of the snake from him in one swift, sweeping motion of the rifle barrel. It took a few moments of deep, deliberate breathing before he could ease the panic of shock which had settled over him, completely capturing his entire nervous coordination.

After the excitement had died down Vandam told Linden gruffly and somewhat sternly not to thank him again. "You would have done the same for me. It's all over now and forgotten!" But Linden would have none of it. "Maybe so," he ejaculated warmly, "but I'll never forget how close I was to death and you saved me!" Vandam shrugged his shoulders indifferently in complete dismissal of the subject.

On close examination of the rattler with the shattered head Linden saw that it was the grandfather of the species bearing a great number of buttons or rattles. "Ugh!" he thought and shivered. The rain had stopped but the sky wore a leaden cast. The Tuolumne river was extremely swift with turbulence and depth. Linden's first pan of surface dirt gave up over five dollars worth of gold particles of the finest description. With the yellow magic dust bringing $16 an ounce generally, this start was enough to send his spirits up and beyond the gloomy weather hovering still threateningly. The next panful was a real joy to behold, and he was reluctant to stop panning and help his group build sluices from the stacked lumber and assist in doing all the necessary preparations to commence mining. Linden's party struck off claims and they began immediately the important business of separating the soil from the gold.



California Historical Society, San Francisco

Vessels in San Francisco harbor abandoned by their crews to try their luck in the gold fields.

HAWKINS' BAR

By
Clarence M. Fink

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That night the weather turned biting cold and a brief snowstorm laid a carpet of white over everything. While entering the hastily built lean-to hut Vandam slipped heavily in the loose earth and fell to his knees in the snow. He cursed softly and got to his feet with an effort. "This," he said breathing heavily, "reminds me of the time I got lost in the mountain area two years ago. For a while I thought I was a goner, but I do know how it feels to slowly freeze to death and the reason I didn't was due to pure 24 karat luck!"

Vandam was in one of his rare expansive moods so Linden did everything he could to have him tell of his personal experience. He was seldom one to talk about himself.

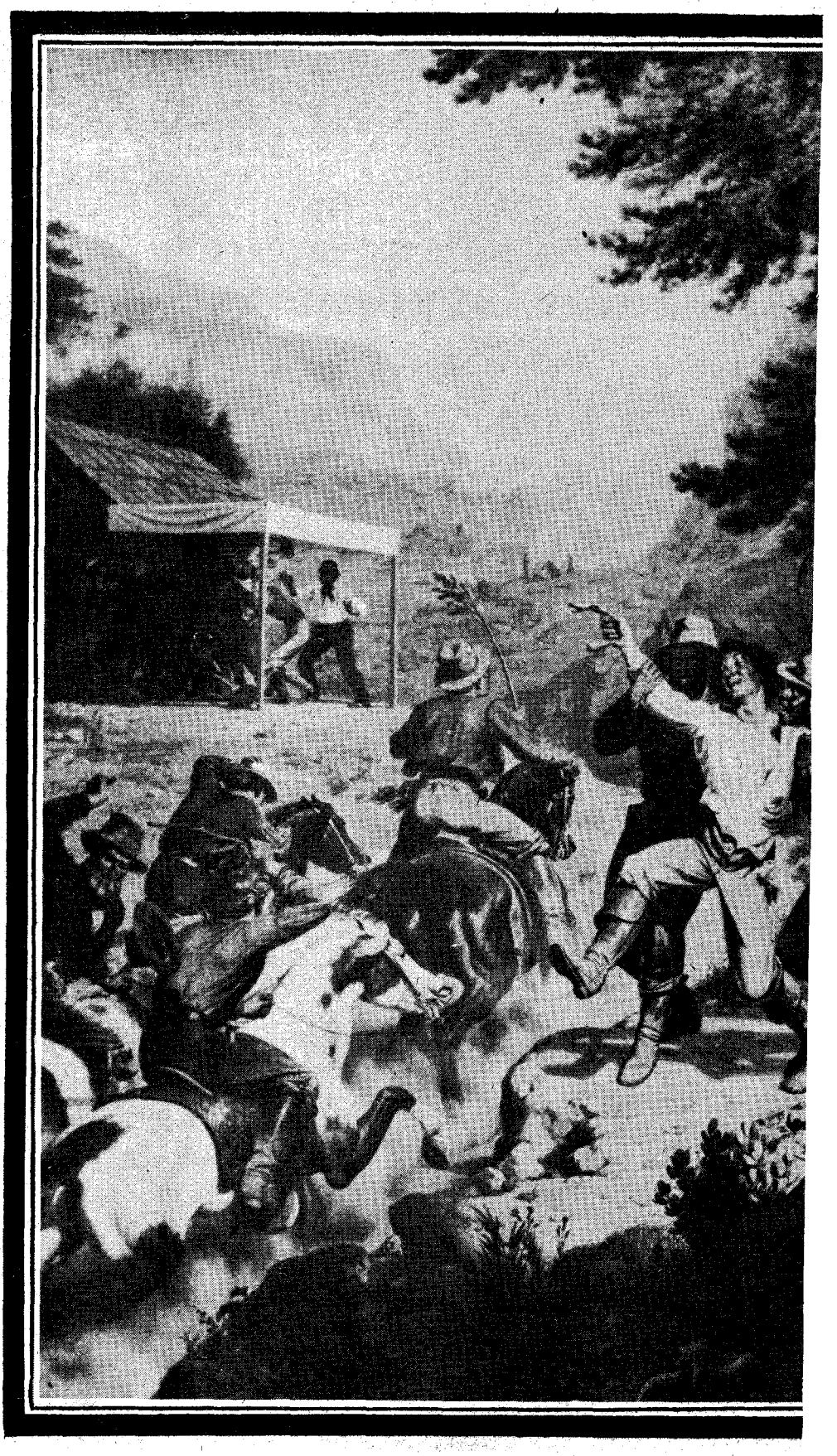
"I was three miles up the gulch looking after some prospect holes I had up there, and didn't start for home until quite late. I had no more than started when the snow began to fall, and in fifteen minutes the storm was in full fury. I knew the way well, but the snow fell so thick and fast that all the landmarks were soon blotted out, and it was utterly impossible to see more than twenty feet before one's face.

"After wandering blindly on for half an hour, the extremely rough and rocky nature of the path gave me warning that I had strayed far from the proper route. Up to this time I had forged persistently ahead, but there I stopped, my back to the gusty wind and tried to calmly consider the situation. Taking the extreme supposition that I had walked in exactly opposite direction from the right one, I could not be over five miles from home, but in the blinding storm I had no assurance whether I would be right in walking back or forward, right or left, but finally at random chose the first and continued my journey straight ahead.

"Up to this time I had felt no cold, but when I stopped to think, the warmth created by my actions died away and I began to feel severely the biting air. Besides this the temperature was plainly falling lower, and even my warm breath began to congeal in brittle icicles in my beard and on my scarf, just in front of my mouth.

"Still I walked briskly on but somehow my utmost exertions failed to keep me warm as before. Ten minutes later I began to feel stinging pains in my hands and feet, and the numbness that invariably follows extreme cold. It was about this time that I noticed that my eyes seemed swollen and the lids so heavy that I had difficulty in opening them.

"When they were closed a constant succession of brilliant lights flashed before me, and presently these lights began to appear when they were open. In every direction I seemed to see them — green, purple, red, blue and golden, until with difficulty. I could trace the outline of my hand as I held it before my face. If I staggered before, I reeled blindly now, and when I pressed my benumbed fingers to my face I found it covered with



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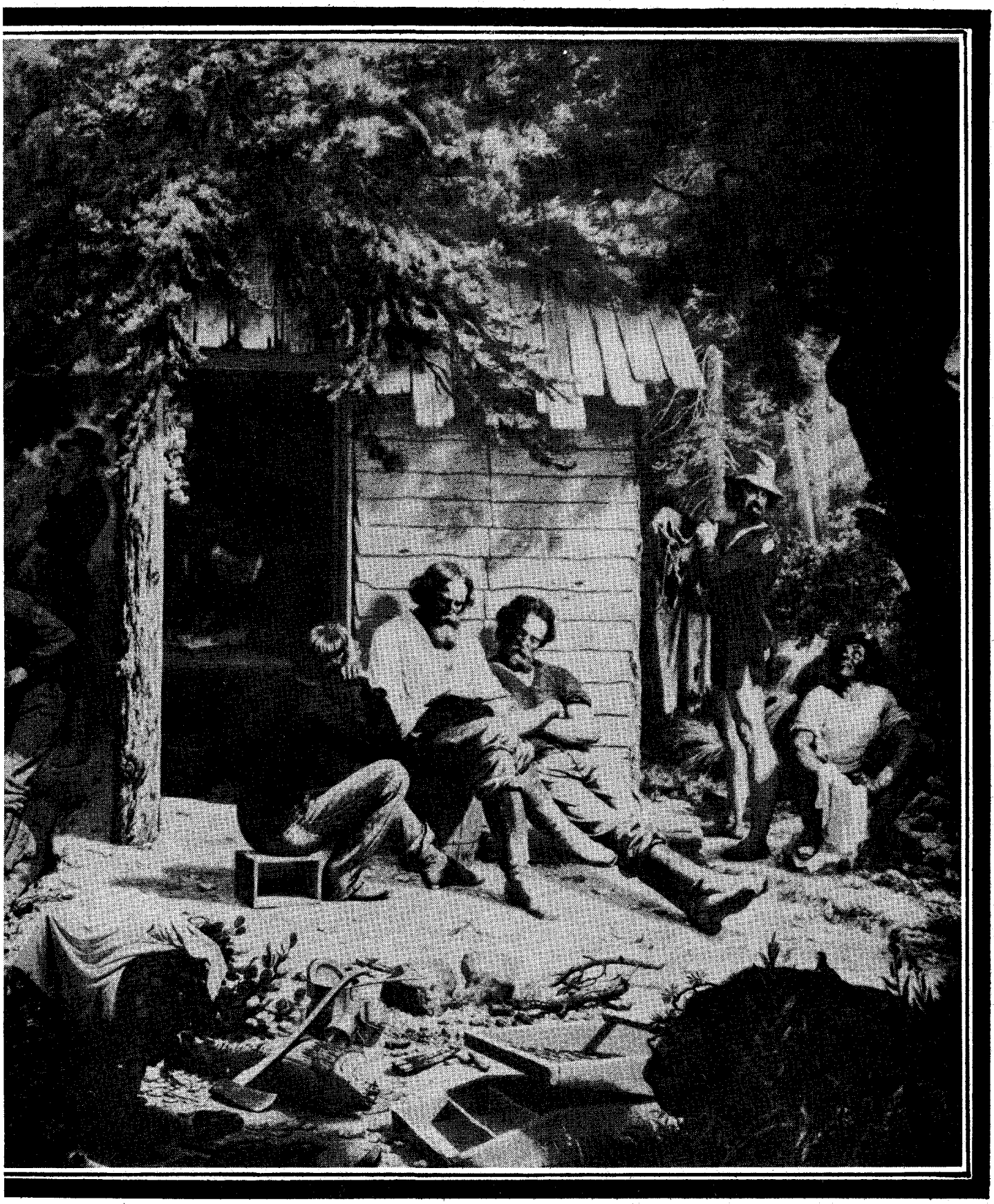

Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento, California

Sunday morning in the California "diggings" as painted by Charles Nahl.

frozen tears.

"By this time the pain in my limbs and feet had grown to the most intense agony. The prickling sensation felt at first was gone now, and in its place a long, steady, keen pain, as from a great open wound." Vandam paused long enough to light his pipe and add more wood to the fire. "At one time I groped my way to a little sheltered place beneath some rocks and pulled my mittens off in a vain attempt to warm my hands by friction.

"The flesh was livid and blue in

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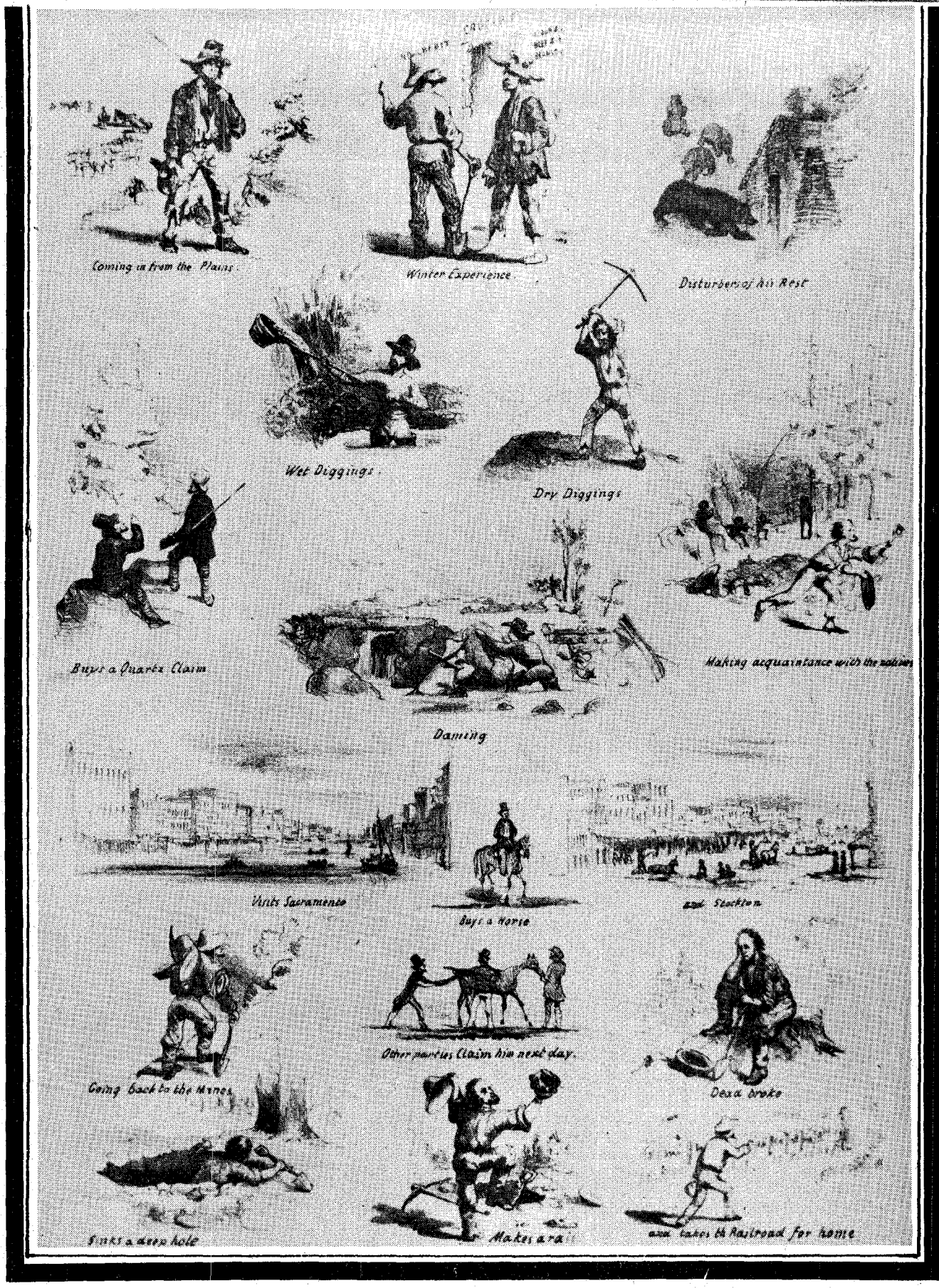

Contemporary lithograph depicting the rags to riches adventure of an argonaut. For every one who struck it rich, a hundred returned empty handed or stayed on to settle the land.

places, as if it had already begun to decompose. The nails were deep blue and quantities of blood seemed to have settled directly beneath them. Finding it impossible to create any warmth, I rose to my feet and walked on resolved to die if I must in a desperate struggle.

"The prismatic colors had now faded before my eyes to long parallel bars that seemed to stretch from the horizon. As I walked faster I noted too with joy that the pain in my feet was not nearly so intense as before. I attributed this to the rapid circula-

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tion of the blood, but was sadly deceived, for when I stooped down and touched my foot it responded no more to my fingers than a block of marble.

It was practically dead. Up to this time my mental sufferings equalled my physical, but with my stiffening body my mind seemed to grow dull and torpid too. Presently I felt no more pain and a heavy and drowsy sensation substituted itself. This grew stronger and I felt as though it would be heaven itself to sink down into one of the snowdrifts and go to sleep. A most delicious sense of lassitude and tired ease began to creep over me, and it seemed as if the warm breath of summer was playing in my face.

"I knew dimly and vaguely as one knows in a dream that I was freezing to death, but had no care or anxiety about it whatever. My hand outstretched struck against something. It was a door of a cabin, my own, although I did not know it, and falling in I rolled upon the floor. The next thing I remember was a sense of awful pain, and opening my eyes I could see people rubbing me with snow, and I screamed and begged them to stop. The pain grew keener and more intense, and it seemed as if my whole frame was being torn apart.

I felt the pain for days. The Doc said that another ten minutes would have found me a frozen corpse!"

Vandam's adventure with death was the next to last personal revelation that Linden was ever to hear from

California Historical Society, San Francisco

A Charles Nahl painting showing one of the hazards of mountain traveling. Here the couple is overtaken by a snow-storm.

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him. George Williams, one of the more talkative members of the group, let it be known quietly that Vandam's wife, small boy, mother, and two cousins were wiped out in a terrible house fire in New York awhile back. "It's best not to question him about it!" he suggested wisely, "It really upsets him!"

For awhile the talk of the camp centered on the two prominent female gold diggers. There was nothing delicate or weak about either one. Hawkins' Bar's first women argonauts, a Mrs. Baker and her sister Millie Marshal were both muscular and ambitious, and kept working energetically with shovels and rockers for about fifty days even though beset by hardships. Both presented a rough and wild appearance though unlike most of the men they washed regularly despite their beggarly looks. Millie, the younger of the two, risked her own life by dashing fearlessly into the swift Tuolumne and swimming strongly to rescue a wild-struggling, drowning miner who had slipped into deep water. After that she was the toast of Hawkins' Bar despite a constant and prevailing modesty concerning her daring feat. At the conclusion of their time they both had accumulated about $3,100, so they bid Linden and his party goodbye, packed their meager belongings and quietly left the diggings.

In the meantime the flow of all kinds of humanity began to pour relentlessly into Hawkins' Bar. Scores of these strangers were helpless wanderers in a state of woeful destitution because provisions were still very scarce and high-priced. Many of the unfortunates were the starry-eyed type seized with gold greed who had left the comforts of home without any practical, long range plans, and arrived in Mother Lode country without enough food to last them more than a few days. Some of the more gullible were lured westward by false stories from know-nothing sources and swallowed every word of fabrication as if it was the gospel truth. Very few equipped themselves to stand a winter in an uninhabited country. There was much begging, stealing, and starving along the banks of the Tuolumne waters.

Had this been the palmier river mining days of 1848 things might have been different. The miners then were the happy-go-lucky, generous breed because gold was a more plentiful and easier commodity to obtain. They probably would have fed and sheltered groups of these bewildered drifters and helped get them on their feet. But later in no time at all, California became overrun with scalawags of all kinds, con men pickpockets, and thieves who quickly and thoroughly soured the milk of human kindness of these hard working gold diggers, the ones who had invested much money and energy in their labors. To lose a wool shirt costing $50, a pair of boots anywhere from $25 to $150 each, a pick, pan, and shovel averaging $100 a set to a thief was no small thing. A stolen horse or mule could mean disaster to the owner. Packing food or equipment on outside transport fifty miles or more cost in the neighborhood of $100.

Throughout most new mining communities lynch law and mob violence were prevalent. Miners' vigilance committees began to police their own diggins, and Hawkins' Bar was no different. It is difficult to know however how many innocent people falsely accused of crimes met untimely ends at the hands of these organized argonauts, who sometimes didn't want the carrying out of justice interfering with the time element of their gold mining. "Get it over quick!" often prevailed without hearing any testimony.

Linden's older brother in San Francisco who had just returned from Cuteye Foster's Bar on the Yuba River and discovered where he was, wrote him a newsy letter the first he'd received in nine months. Well, and somewhat wealthy, and bubbling with enthusiasm Harold Linden wrote: "With my gold dust I may just settle down on a rancho and raise cattle. A steer in the gold fields brings $65, and the price is still rising due to the demand. Fresh butter is still mighty scarce, and milk, fruit, and vegetables are a real luxury. Cabbages sell for $2 each here ..... The Forbes' mine at Santa Clara employs a dozen men and it is said to produce 13,000 pounds of quicksilver in a month's time. Many claim that Grass Valley in Nevada county is rich in gold. I may take a look for myself if I get tired of loafing around and seeing the bright lights here, or lose too much money gambling.

"A barkeeper told me the story of how Mokelumne Hill got started. He said that in the summer of '48 the head man of a small group of miners ordered his gang to pull up stakes where they were, move out and head for another river area. A rumor spread like wildfire among the others that this man had discovered a new rich diggings so all the gold seekers for a mile or so in every direction picked up their tools and followed him like the Pied Piper. About 400 or more men he said, and there was gold there too.

"I hear that a Madam on Market Street is sending thirty prostitutes to the gold camps in wagons to keep the men happy. Hallelujah! Much quack elixir is being peddled about the streets here. The bottled stuff is sweetened alcoholic liquid combined with God only knows, enough to get a good jag on though.

"It's hard to learn anything reliable because of the many rumors buzzing about, but they tell a funny story about the burial of Alex Benson near Yankee Jim Camp up the middle fork of the American river. The poor departed was at graveside awaiting his last farewell when the minister stooped over for a handful of dirt for his "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust' delivery and straightened up exclaiming 'Gold! by damn, Gold!" The ground was lousy with the metal. The funeral gathering scattered like rabbits to stake their claims, and the deserted Mr. Benson had to wait four more hours for a makeshift grave in another place."

Horace Linden watched Hawkins' Bar become of age. Solid buildings sprouted up like a bed of mushrooms. Log cabins, barn-like stores with windows and swinging signs, along with still more tents. Linden's group shared the prosperity of the diggings with the hundreds of in-pouring humanity that made it an active town.

News that his father had fallen and crippled himself started him thinking seriously of returning to his home in the midwest. In a week Linden was packed and saying farewell to his friends. "I'll be back next year!" he told Vandam, little realizing that twenty-five years were to intervene before he came back on a sentimental journey. The young argonaut fell in love while at home, married, and raised a family before he headed West again.

TWENTY — FIVE YEARS LATER

Now in 1876 Linden stood on the place where they had camped the first night. Time and nature had conspired to sound the death knell for Hawkins' Bar. The bar was covered over with two feet of sand which probably came from a great flood. There was a jungle of chapparal growing everywhere over this river-

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deposited soil. All the long line of cabins had completely vanished except for one on the highest ground.

Linden directed his thoughts back to the past to the golden gleamings of Hawkins' Bar. In his mind's eye he could see again the activities of nearly a thousand inhabitants of this place, all scattered, dead, and many old, gray and grizzled, probably still speaking of the events here as though it was yesterday.

There, once more were the tents, cabins, saloons, stores, gamblers, shootings, elections, justice courts, the lawsuits and the billiards. He could still see pack trains coming and going, and the great wagons ladened with merchandise creaking down the steep hill with the solitary grave stones on its red sides. The mountains still looked grandly stern as they did before the crowds of people struggled, worried, and fought at their base for the bits of shining metal.

Finally Linden shook the cobwebs of the past from his head and climbed up to the lone cabin. Across from its only door ten yards away was the camp graveyard. Some of those lying there he knew hadn't died a natural death. He moved about and glanced idly over the names on the headstones, and his eyes glued to "George Williams," "Eric Nelson," and "Nels Nelson." Likable George and the two hot-headed brothers who he had been so close to in the old days. Though he kept an open mind on what he might find if anything on this trip, it was still a shock to find something like this a reality.

"Dead and gone!" Linden muttered aloud, "I wonder if . . ." Before he could finish the dull sounds of footsteps behind him caused him to turn quickly to confront a somewhat stooped, wrinkled, silver-haired old man carrying a miner's shovel, "Yes, I buried them," interjected the shabby stranger, "I was bound to see them laid to rest decently! I also read their burial service." There was something dimly familiar about the miner the way he held himself when speaking. Too, the man was staring at him piercingly, and then an eager smile of recognition flitted over his haggard features. "By the Great Horn Spoon!" he bellowed, "It's Linden, Horace Linden, it can't be, yet it is!" In another second Linden found himself in a tight embrace that reeked of rot-gut whiskey.

He was conscious of a wrench that was positively physical when he adjusted his thoughts to the man's words. Then the sudden realization who this man was hit him like a bomb. Vandam! But his old friend couldn't be this old and have white hair, or look this bad! For a moment he was held in speechless astonishment. But then he knew instantly that it was.

Vandam, with his arm locked into Linden's took him into his cabin and related the tragic deaths of their three long gone companions. "We went upstream early one morning to investigate a rumor of a new gold discovery. We were panning in an open place by the river, and I was separated from Williams, Nels, and Eric by about forty yards, when men with rifles suddenly opened up on us without warning. I saw all three of our friends go down together ripped with heavy slugs. I saw one of the killers briefly and took a snap shot aiming for his middle. I heard him cough as the bullet hit, making a brief strangling noise as he fell backwards letting his gun slide into the grass. Then I got nailed good!

"The blood jumped from my head where the grazing lead hit. I struggled a few steps, floundered in the sand without balance, and fell into the underbrush growing heavy by the bank. My mind cleared a bit so I had sense enough to crawl deeper and hide myself. When I opened my eyes I couldn't see, and had to fight panic. Then shortly I heard footsteps in the sand and played possum. Part of my sight started to come back, but still I could only see a shadowy figure that swam in a general blur. 'He must have fallen in the river and got swept away!" said my disappointed attacker to his bushwhacking killer companions."

"In a few minutes I heard horses' hoofs gallop away and it was as silent as a tomb. I felt my head and knew the blood was clotting, and in a little while I could see again and was normal enough to crawl out and walk. The dirty ambushers had taken my rifle and robbed the poor dead guys of their pokes of dust. Williams and the Nelson brothers never knew what hit them, God bless their souls! The one I shot bled pretty freely because he left plenty of blood on the ground before they took him away. I figured there were six killers all told by their footprints. As long as I live I'll never forget the voice of the man who tried to do me in. Maybe some day he'll come back here!"

Later on he told Linden that he liked the darkness and quiet of the night here and the lonely grandeur of this scenery. "Since I was crushed by a hillside boulder a few years back, the few people living in this territory regard me as crazy, and maybe they're right!" he offered quietly. There were times when talking to Vandam that Linden saw the animated light go out of Vandam's eyes, and he would lapse into brooding silence as if stricken with brain fever. Linden pitied him intensely, but still more when he would bring his hand down heavily on the table with a wild, unnatural laugh his voice ringing harsh and dry. "We'll get a bonanza yet Linden, you and I together!"

Vandam in certain moods would rage angrily as though he was mad at the whole world, and act as if it were still 1851 in this Mother Lode country. The present and past were intermingled in his vague reasoning and sometimes wild utterings, and his normal periods were of short duration.

The once wise and vigorous Vandam who scorned anything less than 50¢ a bucket pay dirt in the old days, was sublimely content now to grub away through the much worked over river banks for 75¢ a day. Just a penny a pailful at best. He seemed destined to "strike it rich" about every three years of patient searching, but wealth and Vandam soon parted company. The dissolving agency was whiskey.

Vandam had seen Hawkins' Bar at its zenith of prosperity, but stayed with it through its decay. He had seen the mining camp dwindle from hundreds of houses to a hundred. From a hundred to fifty, from fifty to ten. He witnessed store after store being shut up, the last trial before the last Hawkins' Bar magistrate. He had watched the stock of the only remaining storekeeper drop down to a few sacks of flour and a barrel of whiskey. Then the last merchant had folded up his cash book big with unpaid charges and stolen mournfully away. Even the last Chinaman gave it up as a lost cause. Then the last store was torn down.

A billiard table was left and it was too heavy to be dragged up the hill. It stood for years out of doors, the bed warping, the cushions rotting, and the tall weeds growing around it. Then the great winter flood of 1852 had wiped out every cabin and building in its path but Vandam's and miraculously left the exposed and cueless billiard table as a landmark. This aging and rusting symbol of Hawkins' Bar's better times seemed to be a solid object of comfort to Vandam by just being there.

(continued on page 70)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What in the cowboy lingo did the verb "neck" mean? F. L. Mason, Sharon, Mass.

A. In the book on Wyoming it gives this explanation: "To tie an unruly cow, or one with roving proclivities, to the neck of a more tractable animal."

Q. Did Dodge City have any other names as a town? Mrs. R. King, Watertown, New York.

A. When the buffalo hunters first put their tents on the side of the present town of Dodge City, it was called Buffalo City. That was before it was incorporated. Colonel Richard Dodge had much to do with the incorporation and so the town was named after him.

Q. There was a large amount of gold found in the Black Hills, as much as many of the big gold fields, yet there never seemed to be any rush to the field. Can you explain that? Carlton Killow, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A. It wasn't until nearly thirty years after gold was discovered in the Black Hills that any gold hunters went there. Father Peter John DeSmet, S. J., knew about the presence of gold there even before 1848. He warned the Sioux to keep it a secret or the white men would take over the country. The British huntsman, Sir St. George Gore, found gold a few years later, but being fabulously rich and not caring for gold, agreed to keep the secret of the Sioux. Even in 1874 Custer's men, although they found traces of gold in the Black Hills, didn't suspect the mother lode there. But in 1878 Professor Walter P. Jenny, government geologist, let the secret out and the great rush to the Black Hills started.

Q. What did the expression, "Salty Dog" mean in the Old West? Thelma Smith, Whittier, California.

A. It had several meanings. It was sometimes used by cowboys to denote an egotist, a man who believed he could shoot better, ride better, or rustle cattle more successfully. It also was applied for being ornery about everything. The old time cowboy called bacon "dogs," and when it was salty, it was "Salty Dog."

Q. A friend claims that the real name of the Rocky Mountains was "Shining Mountains." Is that true? Billy Cockran, Macon, Georgia.

A. Your friend is right. The Spaniards gave those mountains the name, "Shining Mountains," because of the reflection of the sun on the snow and when there wasn't snow, there were crystal rocks. As late as the latter part of the 19th century, mountain men and old timers called these mountains, "Shining Mountains." The name "Rocky Mountains" came with the discovery of gold in Colorado.

Q. Is it true that Wild Bill Hickok was run out of Cheyenne, Wyoming, as an undesirable? Ellen Wilkins, Findlay, Ohio.

A. All the evidence establishes that Wild Bill Hickok when he arrived in Cheyenne was a broken man, suffering from eye trouble. A Cheyenne newspaper described him as a "worthless bummer and loafer." He was drinking heavily and boasted of his wild escapades. He was ordered out of Cheyenne because of the vagrant act.

Q. Could you tell us where the so-called "Hole in the Wall" is and what other outlaws besides the Wild Bunch used it? George Dankan, Manchester, Indiana.

A. The Hole-in-the-Wall country was in central Wyoming near the headwaters of the Powder River. It was a wild country of deep canyons and gulches. It became the hide-out for rustlers of all types and gangs after the great blizzards and starvation hit the Wyoming range and caused many cowboys to take up cattle stealing because of lack of work. This was the hide-out for the Wild Bunch and Sasebe gangs. There were many other outlaws and rustlers who used the Hole-in-the-Wall country as a hide-out.

Q. Are there any accurate figures on the number of buffalos slaughtered by the white men in the old West? Hal Rogers, Orlando, Florida.

A. Any figures given would have to be an estimate. Colonel Richard Dodge in his book, "The Plains of the Great West", gives the number of hides shipped by the Santa Fe and other Western railroads for the years 1872, 1873 and 1874 as 1, 378,359. As these are railroad statistics they are probably fairly correct, but it does not count the buffalo killed by hunters and trappers for food and the hides were not sold. Also while this covers the three years of the great slaughters, an equal number of buffalo were killed in the late 1860's, 1870 and 1871, and until the buffalo disappeared in the 1880's.

Q. Was there any connection between the death of Kit Carson's wife and his death? Where are they buried? Joseph Stevens, Denver, Colorado.

A. Kit Carson's wife died suddenly on April 27, 1868. She, Kit and the children were living at L. A. Allen's ranch at Baggsville, Colorado. Mrs. Carson suffered from a lung infection but her condition was not believed serious. Kit Carson had a heart condition, but his friends said that the shock of his wife's death killed any desire he had to live and he died a month later. He was buried beside his wife in the Allen Garden, but in October of that year Allen and W. K. Irwin had the bodies moved to Taos, New Mexico, where they are buried today.

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LOST TREASURES

By E. S. LeGaye

CHIMNEY ROCK GOLD CACHE

About one hundred and twenty years ago, Ute Indians dumped about seven hundred pounds of raw gold somewhere near Chimney Rock in Archuleta County, Colorado. A lot of people have looked in vain for the gold and, since they didn't find it, it must still be there!

1. NAME OF TREASURE: Chimney Rock Gold Cache
2. LOCATION: Chimney Rock or Piedra, Archuleta County, Colorado
3. DESCRIPTION: Gold bullion
4. AUTHENTICATION: Well known local legend
5. TIME: 1851-1852
6. VALUE: $300,000 - $350,000

How would you like to find a cache of raw gold bullion ___perhaps as much as seven hundred wonderful pounds of it?

According to stories told some three-quarters of a century ago by the Ute Indians of the San Juan basin country and by a white drifter by the name of "Slim" Carven, it's there to be found, all right . . . exactly where Old Washington, a Ute Indian, claimed that certain members of his tribe had dumped it, in the fall of 1852. He said that the gold was *". . . .alla, donde se junta El Francees con La Piedra, poco serca!"* (over there, where the Stollsteimer runs into the Piedra, nearby!)

The bones of four unnamed miners who were killed by angry Ute braves lie mouldering nearby, close to this gold. Because it has apparently never been found — and it has been sought!— who can deny the possibility that those men have been more successful at guarding their gold in death than they were in life! Yes, there is always at least the possibility that their uneasy spirits linger nearby, keeping ceaseless vigil over their golden treasure . . . much as the spirits of Spanish and Mexican "patrones" (men killed and buried with treasure) were for centuries said to safeguard the valuables they were entrusted to protect!

The average motorist who drives Colorado Route 151 between its intersection with U.S. 160 and the small village of Arboles, near the Colorado-New Mexico border, has no idea that during one point on his trip along Stollsteimer Creek, he probably drives within one-half mile of enough California gold to put him on easy street for life!

This story is unique in the fact that its details were revealed by two different sources — at different times— and, while the points of view differed, the basic details were essentially the same for each source:

1.) The Ute Indians of the lower San Juan basin first told their version to old Mexican friends; then, slowly, and hesitantly, they began to tell it to a few carefully-selected white men with whom the Indians involved had become friendly in the fading years of their lives. The very able researcher and writer, Temple H. Cornelius, was one of those select few... and it is from his writings that the most authentic versions seem to have sprung.

2) Some years later, Slim Carven returned to the San Juans ... to tell Sam Cooper and others his version. There can be no doubt that both versions are one and the same story!

Let's begin with the Indian's side of the story.

With a mixture of signs, Spanish and Ute, the aged Indian known to the whites as Old Washington related with clarity and obvious sincerity the following account:

One day in the autumn, when the days were growing short, and the Indians were busy gathering their winter's food supplies, five white men were observed entering the Ute's lands from the west. They were riding horses and leading a string of heavily-laden pack-mules, heading toward the east. For many of the Utes, these were the first white men they had ever seen ... and what they saw wasn't reassuring! Four were big, surly-looking men, with long, shaggy hair and heavy black beards; the fifth man was smaller, more agile, with light hair and with no trace of a beard. This one was dubbed "Naked-face" by the watchful Indians.

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At the time the white men came onto their lands, the Utes were scattered all through the southern San Juans ... living in small, temporary hunting and food-preparation camps which were set up in convenient spots. Generally, the men ranged the area surrounding the camps during the day, hunting for game; the women gathered nuts, acorns and certain roots, dressed and dried the meat, tanned the hides and cooked. These were busy times for all.

By chance, some days after entering the San Juan, the five white men unexpectedly rode into one of these temporary hunting camps. When the squaws and children looked up and saw the fierce, dangerous-looking men, they became frightened and ran into the nearby underbrush to hide. Old Washington said,*"Those white men did a very bad thing! They stopped, stole some food, and then set the camp on fire and it all burned up. Evil white men, when there were only women and children — no braves to fight back— why would they be so bad? White men can be so mean!"*

Old Washington then said that if the white men had only taken some food, the Indians wouldn't have bothered them. But the fact that they burned the camp and thereby destroyed much that was important to the Indian's winter survival—needs made the Indians mad. (Killing mad, as it turned out!)

It was late in the afternoon when the Indian men returned that day ... to view with consternation the destruction of their camp and food supplies. They listened to the frightened women's stories of the white men's actions ... and then tracked them far enough to be certain they had gone on down the canyon toward the Piedra. By that time it had grown too dark for reprisal action.

Runners were sent to the main Ute camp on upper Fossett Creek and other small, outlying camps ... to tell of what had happened and to request a council. When the men had assembled, a war powwow was held, and the decision to track down and kill the whites was reached. It was also decided to avoid killing the horses and mules, and to keep whatever guns, saddles, camp gear, etc., could be salvaged from the raid on the white men's camp. It seemed, after all, to be no more than a fair exchange for the loss of their own possessions at the burned out camp!

Old Washington said, "*Quando salio el lucero, partimos!*" (morning star arose), we were on our way ... and arrived at the white men's camp just about daybreak. They quietly crept along behind a bank close to the camp until they were within easy striking distance. *Foolish white men!"* Old Washington continued, *"They were up but still sleepy, not on guard, and did not know we were there!"* The four black-bearded men were in camp; the other man, "Naked-face", was about two hundred yards away, bringing in the horses and mules. To avoid chancing harm to the stock, the Indians decided to attack at once.

The Indians struck with the suddenness and deadliness of a massive bolt of lightning ... shooting and screaming out their war-cries as they lunged toward the stunned whites. In a few minutes, it was over... all except for "Naked-face". He was seen running away into the brush shortly after the attack started... but the Utes were more concerned with rounding up the frightened, runaway horses and mules than with running him down and killing him.

Old Washington continued: *"We went through the white men's things but didn't find anything of ours except for the meat and bread. So they hadn't burned up our camp to cover up thievery. They must have done it just to be mean!"*

The Utes kept everything they found in the white men's camp except for ten leather pouches containing gold bars. Since they had no use for it, they carried the bullion about a hundred feet to a little gully and dropped it, *"...con ti saco, en la sanja"* (in its sacks, in the gully). According to Old Washington's description, the gully was just a short ravine that rainwater had cut across the bank, so narrow that the pouches fit into the bottom very tightly, and was only a few feet deep. *"We left the gold there and the storm waters washed dirt over it and covered it up. It is still there, I know, because I go by often. Many men have hunted for that spot. No han escarvado en el proprio lugar!"* (they haven't dug in the right place!)

And now we come to the white man's version, as told by Slim Carven— the escaped "Naked-face" — to a Colorado rancher named Sam Cooper, and to Cooper's friends, about 1890.

Carven had driften into the lower San Juan basin earlier in the year and had gone to work for Cooper as a general helper ... apparently not as a paid employee, but more as a guest paying his way. He was at that time in his early or mid-sixties, but he appeared to be no more than forty; by some quirk of genetics, he was completely beardless, a natural "Naked-face".

One day, he surprised Cooper and a couple of other men who were at the ranch with the remark, *"I made a trip through this country nigh onto forty years ago!"* When pressed for details, this is the story he told:

He and four other white men had left California in about 1852, bound for the States by way of Santa Fe and the Santa Fe Trail. They rode good horses and had a string of seven pack-mules ... five of which were loaded down with two leather pouches each. The pouches were packed with California gold bullion!

When his listeners questioned him about the amount of gold, and about the manner in which the five men had gotten hold of it, he is reported to have replied, *"... between 650 and 700 pounds! We got the stuff - never mind how - and we headed for home through this country to avoid having inquisitive company along the way. We was sort of unsocial, about that particular time!"*

Carven said that they had forded the Colorado near present-day Moab, Utah, then traveled eastward in a sweeping arc that took them by the foot of the high mountains, the LaSals, LaPlatas and San Juans ... and along the trough that lies between the mountains and the sedimentary tablelands now known as Mesa Verde. They crossed the Las Animas River a bit below present-day Durango. From there, they headed almost due eastward across Florida Mesa and the Los Pinos River valley; they crossed the Los Pinos not far from the Cooper ranch. They continued on toward the east, aiming for a notch or gap that they could see ahead in the rolling hills now known as the Ignacio Mountains ... which forms the divide between the Los Pinos on the west, and the Piedra on the east.

In ascending the western slopes of the Ignacios, they followed a little canyon to the top of the divide, crossed over, and soon ran squarely into a small Indian encampment ... perhaps four or five tepees set close together in a little park-like area. Carven told his listeners that they were as startled as the Indians. He said that there were no men in camp, only women and children who had scattered into the brush like a covey of quail. He added, *"They didn't need to run. We wasn't going to do them no harm! The last thing in the world we wanted right then was trouble."*

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They started to ride on by . . . but the smell of meat cooking on the campfires stopped them.

They had been moving so steadily they hadn't taken time to hunt. Consequently, they were on short rations . . . and hungry. Since there was plenty of meat on the fires, they reasoned that the Indians wouldn't object if they took some . . . especially with no one present to say no! They took both meat and bread, then quickly began moving out of the Indian's camp. In mounting his horse, Carven somehow spooked the animal and it shied away, knocking over one of the tepees. Carven said, *"Wouldn't have amounted to nothing, setting up that tepee again, but the boys were already nearly out of sight around a turn . . . so I didn't take time to fix it. I figured the Indian women wouldn't pay any attention to doing a little chore like that."*

What Carven didn't know — and perhaps never knew — is that the fallen tepee had landed on a small campfire. It was this accident that destroyed the entire camp . . . and brought the wrath of the Utes down upon them.

On the way down the eastern slopes of the Ignacios, they followed a stream most of the way. From time to time they caught glimpses of a strange, huge formation of tall, slender rocks that jutted up from a large hill . . . totally unlike any other formation they had seen in the entire country. They worked their way on down the Piedra, arriving there in the late afternoon . . . and began looking for a suitable place to camp for the night. After a while, they found what they sought, *". . .a beautiful valley, with lots of grass . . . . . just like a meadow!"*

They made camp on an open flat or bench. There was a large bank of earth or gravel behind the flat, at the rear of the camp, and oak brush skirted the area . . . which made the job of herding their stock easier. They feasted hungrily on the stolen Indian venison and bread . . . blissfully ignorant of the appalling price they were soon to pay for it!

Carven went on to say that the Indians had attacked them early the next morning, just about daylight . . . and that his partners had been slain in cold blood, before they could get out their guns to defend themselves. He said the only reason he escaped his partners' fate was because, at the moment the attack started, he was some hundreds of yards distant, driving the horses and mules toward the camp. The sudden racket of the attack stampeded the animals, and, in the confusion, Carven sprinted for cover some hundred or so feet away.

Just before he reached the brush cover, he stumbled over a large rock which thrust up out of the ground a foot or more . . . gashing his shin badly. As he fell, his pistol flew out of its holster and landed well out in the open area. In spite of his fear of being caught by the Indians, he had taken time to recover it. By the time he was screened by the oak brush, the attack on the camp was all over; it was obvious there was nothing he could do to help his partners . . . and equally obvious that he couldn't counter-attack by himself. He was nearly defenseless, his only possessions were the clothes on his back, the pistol and a few cartridges; he did the only thing left for him to do. He ran eastward as fast as he could, as long as he could! In spite of the handicaps and dangers, he made it to civilization in New Mexico.

Carven said that when he reached Santa Fe . . . or later, in the States, he didn't open his mouth even a peep about what had happened. He figured that by then he'd had his share of trouble. More than his share, in fact! All he wanted at that time was peace . . . and the chance to live in peace.

He is said to have asked Cooper and his other listeners, plaintively, *"Why in the world do you suppose those Indians got so mad about a little thing like an upset tepee and some missing grub?"* Had he or his listeners known at that time the Ute's side of the story, they wouldn't have thought the Indian reaction so strange. But, even though the Ute's story was well-known to the old-time Mexican residents of the region, none of the whites had yet heard it.

Carven's listeners told him that the peculiar formations of rocks he had seen during his descent from the divide on the Ignacious was well known to them. It was called Chimney Rock, and was located some fifteen or twenty miles to the east.

A day or two later, Carven asked Cooper to go over to his old campsite with him; perhaps he had some faint hopes of chancing onto the long-lost riches that had once been part his! Due to the press of work, the rancher had to decline ... an action he had good cause to regret, in later years.

When Carven returned that night, he told Cooper that he had located Chimney Rock easily and, soon after, the fateful campsite. He was sure that there could be no mistake, because he also found the odd rock upthrust upon which he had gashed his shin during his mad dash for safety, some forty years before. Carven didn't know it but he was probably within 100 feet of his gold, when he was standing by the old campsite! He also said something I believe to be important: *".....there's no mistake about them being the same rocks (Chimney Rock) I saw forty years ago! We camped down at the point of the ridge them rocks is on."*

Carven soon drifted on ... as men of his restless nature are yet prone to do. No one ever heard from him or of him again; it was as though he had dropped off the face of the earth!

Shortly before the turn of the century, relations between the white and Mexican residents of the region began to improve. Both sides found the other to be human after all, and friendships began to develop. It was after this that the white people began to hear from their new Mexican friends the stories told by the Utes . . . about the attack on a white man's camp and the dumping of the gold bars, a half-century earlier. Sam Cooper tried his best to locate Slim Carven . . . because then it would be an easy matter to find that gold! It was his failure to find him that made Cooper regret so bitterly the fact that he hadn't gone with Carven when he had the chance!

For some years, the people of the area sought this gold . . .but the shovels and steel probe-rods used in those days simply were not equal to the task of finding the cache. As far as I can tell, there has never been even a rumor that anyone has succeeded in finding it!

What do I believe about this story?

In the first place: Due to the similarity of the two versions, it is both plausible and probable.

In the second place: I believe it all did happen, much as told here, and further, I doubt that the gold has ever been found.

In the third place: I believe that the probable route across the Ignacios and location of the fateful campsite most commonly accepted by those who have sought this gold are basically wrong.

How would I go about finding this gold?

In the first place: The clues are broad enough that the possible sites cover a good bit of Archuleta County. Finding *"El proprio lugar"* is not going to be quite the same thing as looking at a map, getting two

(continued on page 73)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WESTERN LOCOMOTIVES

Dear Sirs:

Being an ex-Railroad man I found Cy Martin's story on Western locomotives in the January issue of Real West rather interesting. I notice the engine on Page 19 is listed as a "Decapod" 2-10-0. Take a close look and you will see it is a 4-10-0. These were later rebult into 4-8-2's and with larger drivers converted to 2-10-2's and 4-8-4's. The "Uncle Dick" of the New Mexico and South Pacific on Page 21 is not only a "Consolidation" type engine, it is also a "Saddle Tank" type, which has the water jacket draped over the boiler. The "Cyrus K. Halliday is also a Consolidation type. The "Governor Stanford" is either an American or Atlantic 4-4-0 type and all four engines pictured on pages 20 and 21 have a "Diamond Stack" and the headlights resembles what was called a "Locolite" headlight. The U.P. "Big Boy" and the "Challenger" types were almost identical, but the "Big Boy" is the most powerful of this type engine. It burned coal and used two automatic stokers and probably had a Belpaire firebox, as this was one of the best ever made. This engine is now among a large collection of steam locomotives owned by Nelson Blount at his "Steamtown at Bellows Falls, Vermont. It was called the most powerful locomotive in the world, but I believe the Australian "Garrett" was more powerful. I'm a collector of steam locomotive photos and worked 18 years as a "Gandy Dancer" plus a brief period as a fireman on a steam derrick and right today if I hear a steam whistle (which I rarely do) I'm ready to drop my work and follow that steam engine all the way to the Pearly Gates. Steam power is making a comeback in the U.S. for rail excursions, steam powered autos, miniature steam railroads and restoration of farm machinery.

Walt Thayer,
Box 75
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

WANTS MAGAZINES WITH HARRY WEBB ARTICLES

Dear Editor and readers:

I need help badly. I am getting together all the articles that were written by Harry Webb. I live near New Castle, Colorado where he was born and lived until he was six years old. The county library has been established there now and I think it would be fitting to have a binder filled with magazines containing his articles and stories. I have everything he wrote back through April, 1970. I especially want the issue with the first half of his article about his life with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. I know I may get a deluge of magazines but I don't know any other way to get them. Thanks a lot.

Yours truly,

Carl A. Osborn,
Box 507
Rifle, Colorado 81650

WANTS TO JOIN WESTERN CLUB

Dear Sirs:

I purchased the August edition of your magazine in a paper shop in my village and as I am greatly interested in the American West, I found the magazine very helpful and also entertaining. Unfortunately the only literature we have here in England that tells of the West are massive volumes about six inches thick, and of course American comic cuts. So I was wondering, are there any clubs I could join to find out more about the West, from cowboy dress, guns, to Indians and their languages. How could I receive your magazine every month?

Yours Sincerely,

Leslee Miles, 37 West Town Pr.,
Brislington, Bristol 4, England

Subscriptions are available at $10.00 for twelve issues. Back issues are available at $1.00 each. These prices apply to England and other European countries.

Gentlemen:

It is not the intent of my organization to demean, nor criticize, but it is our intent to point out errors in the history of the western expansion of this nation. Factual history should be written as such — not as a generalization which adds misconceptions to history which are overwhelming now without additions.

In Mr. Boucher's, THE BLOODY HAYFIELD FIGHT, which appears in REAL WEST Volume XV, Number 100, January, 1972 issue, there are many errors— too many in fact. These show a decided lack of research.

1. Colonel Carrington had orders, before leaving the States, to establish two new forts on the Bozeman Trail, and, refurbish old Fort Connor which was renamed Reno. Fort Connor was built in 1864.
2. The drawing of the Hayfield *Fort-Corral* is incorrect, as is the drawing of old Fort C. F. Smith.
3. The dimensions of the Hayfield Fort-Corral is incorrect as stated by Mr. Boucher. It was 100′ by 120′, and, was barricaded with logs on the inside affording ample protection for firing from a prone or kneeling position.
4. There were only four tents in the enclosure — three squad tents for the troops and one for Lt. Sternberg. The sleeping quarters for the civilian haying crew were four wagon boxes with canvas tops.
5. Luther P. Bradley's rank was Lt. Colonel, not full Colonel.
6. Bradley, with Companies "H" and "I" of the 27th U.S. Infantry *escorted* a Wells-Fargo supply train to Fort C. F. Smith. The supply train did *not* arrive later as so stated.
7. The total complement of white men involved in the Hayfield Fight is also incorrect. There were nine civilians, and nine troopers under the command of Lt. Sternberg. The reason for such a small force was because Sternberg detailed ten of his men to accompany the hay wagons to Fort C. F. Smith just after daylight on the morning of the attack.
8. Finally, Lt. Sternberg's correct name was SIGISMUND — not Sigmund as so stated. A common error made by many who have never checked the official records in the National Archives.

All the above corrections are recorded in official files and can be found if time is taken to dig them out.

Authentication of the above corrections, and others not listed, can, and will, be furnished upon request.

Sincerely yours,

Rex Bundy,
President,
Western Historical Research Associates
Route 1,
Box 192
Corvallis, Montana 59828

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SHIPS

(continued from page 23)

tines of slaughtered animals were tossed into streets and yards... sending out a smell that I have never experienced before. . . . This is the most abhorrent place that man ever lived in. If they have not a sweeping pestilence it will not be for want of material to provide it."

Another doctor J. D. B. Stillman wrote that one out of five died within six months of reaching California.

And still they came.

California desperately needed supplies to meet the needs of so many people and they had to be sent by ship even as more thousands of gold hunters clamored for berths on ships sailing for the gold fields. New ships were needed and faster ones too. That's when the shipbuilders of New England began to design and build the fastest ships in the world—the California Clippers. These ships were lean and taller than any previous ship with immense sails that would squeeze the last ounce of breeze from the sky. Their bows were sharply pointed to "clip" through the waves and their hulls were reinforced with bands of iron. When 160 clippers were built from 1850-60 the American Merchant Marine became the finest in the world

These ships became the greyhounds of the sea racing to set new records every time they sailed. When the first clipper set a record of 120 days, the Eastern shipyards frantically began to build more. Soon money was being bet on each ship and their time reported in the papers like thoroughbreds. It was indeed like a horse race. The record was cut to 112 days; 105; 98. Every clipper sailing tried to break the record until *Flying Cloud* in 1851 pushed it to 89 days and two hours which was never broken.

There were river steamers too, to take the gold miners right off the ocean vessels down the Sacramento or San Joaquin rivers to the gold fields. At first only sloops and schooners sailed the rivers, but when the slick paddlewheeler *Senator* came in from New York she sailed the river in ten hours instead of three days.

When the Civil War broke out no one paid much attention to the clippers. In fact, their days were numbered now. California was growing mountains of wheat which Europe wanted badly. But the clippers were ill-fitted for such a job. Grain was heavy and it could tip a ship by shifting or burst it by swelling when wet.

It was the shipbuilders of Maine who in the 1870's designed the powerful grain ships called the "down-Easters," made of heavy planking and compartments to prevent the shifting of cargo. She was a three-master and square rigged, not too much unlike a clipper.

They were fast enough too, making the trip from California to England in 120-140 days. Within a month 100 ships might be loading grain in San Francisco. From 1870 to 1890 these heavy ships dominated the trade making San Francisco the third most important port in the world, and the world's fastest growing city.

But these ships too were in the race with Progress. Shipbuilders were already experimenting with a new model.

England and Scottish shipyards were not putting out iron ships called "lime-juicers" (because of the English habit of giving the crew limes to prevent scurvy). These ships had hulls built of steel plates only an inch thick leaving more space for cargo. Their great advantage was: no fire, no worm-eaten hulls and no leaks. She dominated the wheat trade.

Not that the down-Easter went out of business. Americans who settled in California wanted wooden houses not Mexican adobe huts. That meant lumber and lots of it. North of San Francisco there were lots of trees and the huge Sequoias in Oregon and Washington. So the lumber camps opened up and the boards were transported by the ready and able down-Easter.

But newer and specialized ships were needed for the lumber trade too, and California began to build its own. Shipyards opened right on the beaches near the lumber camps all along the coast to build the powerful lumber ships to carry the wood south. Actually, Matthew Turner in his California shipyards launched more vessels (228) than any other shipbuilder in the history of North America.

These lumber ships were built specifically to sail close to the shore. They used fore-and-aft rigging instead of square making them easier to handle when entering the small coast openings. Because they were loaded off shore they were sometimes called "outside porters". Chutes or slides were built from the high cliffs to where the ship anchored and the lumber slid down the chute to the ship. Sometimes wires were stretched from a shore tower and lumber shuttled down it to the schooner. Captains had to navigate their ships carefully near the treacherous shores. When the wind came up or the currents changed they had to scuttle back out to sea to avoid being smashed on the rocks.

Whalers too had their influence on California. A whaling expedition out of New England to the Pacific usually took three years and whalers needed a stopover to resupply and patch up. Although Hawaii was their favorite resting spot, California soon usurped the position.

Whaling ships had been anchoring in San Francisco for a quarter century before the Gold Rush. In fact, more whalers than Boston trading ships stopped here to resupply with the "purest water in the world" and fresh meat from the Spanish ranches. The *Charles W. Morgan* now on display in Mystic, Conn., which had hunted the whales for 60 years; spent 17 of those years going back and forth from San Francisco.

In those days there was good whaling right off the coast of Monterey, California, where the gray whale rode the surf close to shore trying to scratch off the small sea animals that clung to his back. Whale boats had only to put off from the beaches to catch the whale and bring him in to boil out the blubber in huge kettles on shore. As many as 50 whaleboats might be in the hunt at one time.

When the whales became scarce the whalers turned towards the Arctic, Japanese and Peruvian waters. By 1855 over 500 whaling vessels used California harbors and by 1900 San Francisco became the largest whaling center in the world.

As the West grew, its need for mail service expanded and it was the ship again that brought it in. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company used paddle wheel steamers to carry the mail between Panama and Oregon and all along the western coast. Soon the ships were carrying mail clear to China.

Steam and powered ships finally took over the shipping chores and many of California's early ships can only be seen now in museums or picture books. But these ships played a mighty big part in opening up the West. ●RW

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A DEN OF SNAKES

by M. P. Lehman

Bud Stephens was a horse thief who had wore out his welcome in Texas. He enticed a pretty teen-age girl to run off with him and they came to the Chickasaw Nation where they settled in the Arbuckle Mountains. Near-by lived Martin "Bully" Joseph and Henry Loftus. These two soon built up an insane desire to possess the comely young woman.

On that fateful day, April 20, 1880, Joseph asked Stephens to help him steal some horses. This, of course, was like offering candy to a child. Stephens rose to the bait. He took his 'wife' and joined Joseph in the horse stealing expedition. But, unknown to Stephens, this was just a ruse on Joseph's part to separate the young 'wife' from her 'husband'.

While Joseph and Stephens fashioned a rope corral around a clump of trees Loftus slipped up and shot Stephens killing him instantly. They left his body for the buzzards and wild animals.

Joseph went back and told the girl that Stephens had fallen from his horse and injured himself and wanted her to come to him. Unsuspecting, the young woman mounted behind Joseph. They were soon joined by Loftus. The girl became suspicious because it was taking so long to reach her 'husband'. She asked when they would get to him.

Joseph told her they were there now and dismounted. He threw her to the ground where both he and Loftus ravished her. Afterwards, as she sat crying into her apron, Joseph shot and killed her. The two then carried her body to a deep hole in the earth and threw it in. With no qualms over what they had done they went merrily on their way thinking all their tracks were covered.

But, as the old saying goes, "Murder will out". While under the influence of some mountain moonshine Loftus bragged about their foul deed. This caused hard feelings between Joseph and Loftus and Loftus was killed.

Some of his relatives went to the area he had described and made a search. They not only found where the girl's body had been thrown but they also found what was left of Stephens.

Deputy United States Marshal J. H. Mershon was notified and a thorough investigation was made. This resulted in the arrest of Martin Joseph.

It was a simple matter for the lawmen to recover the bones of Stephens but the recovery of the girl's remains was something else.

The hole into which her body had been thrown was pointed out to the marshal. Shining a lantern down into the hole the marshal could see numerous snakes crawling and writhing around down there. One posseman, braver than the others, volunteered to bring up the bones and a rope was passed under his armpits and secured. He was then lowered into the hole. As soon as his feet touched the bottom he lost his nerve. It seemed to him there were millions of the slimy reptiles hissing and swaying from the numerous crevices in the walls. He gave out with a mighty yell and called for them to get him out of there.

But once out of the snake pit his nerve returned and he took a lantern and told the others to lower away. The lantern blinded the snakes and he placed his revolver to the head of a large rattler and sent him to his maker.

The loud report caused the other snakes to slither back into their dens and the officer was able to gather the girl's bones and bits of clothing and put them in a sack which was taken to Fort Smith. There Judge Issac Parker sentenced Joseph to be hanged.

Before his execution Joseph made a full confession. ●RW

GULLY WASHERS

(continued from page 20)

Goldfield was in total darkness as the power had gone off during the worst of the downpour. Tonopah, 22 miles away, had been alerted of the disaster, but because of the high waters was unable to reach Goldfield until a later hour. Tonopah, too, had a small flood the same day, but no lives were lost and property damage was negligible. Water there only ran about 10 inches deep through the main street.

After the damage was evaluated, the County Commissioners authorized Sheriff Ingalis to hire a substantial number of men to patrol the area for several days so there would be no looting. Nothing much of value was picked up, however, and no more bodies were found.

The most recent cloudburst in Nevada occurred at Galena Creek about 14 miles from Reno in July 1956. This popular picnic ground and camping area was completely destroyed when an immense sheet of water rushed down from the mountains above the camp carrying immense boulders and several automobiles down with it. Four people lost their lives in this calamity — three of them being members of one family. Two of the victims were completely buried under tons of silt, mud, rocks and debris, and it was almost three weeks before their bodies were found.

Sometimes many, many years elapse before such a peculiar combination of winds and clouds cause a serious flood, but one never knows when a carastrophe will occur.

For this reason it is a good idea to be careful when camping or traveling in desert country. It is wise not to camp in low places at the mouth of a canyon or in a gully, ravine, or out on a flat. Try to find a high place which can be considered relatively safe, for a sudden torrential rainfall sweeps everything and everyone before and nothing is safe. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Thompson & West *History of Nevada* and following newspapers:

Goldfield News
Reese River Reveille
Humboldt Register
Reno Evening Gazette
Tonopah Times=Bonanza

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GLENDALE TRAIN ROBBERY

(continued from page 31)

"Damn you, give me the key to the safe!" demanded one of the men.

"I will not, take it if you want it," replied the courageous messenger.

In a moment the faithful Grimes lay senseless on the floor from a blow from the butt of a revolver. The safe was ransacked, the money in the satchel was taken, and the great train robbery at Glendale was over. The bandits had netted between $35,000 and $40,000 in a robbery which had not exceeded ten minutes in execution. The train was then ordered to proceed after the prisoners had been released from the temporary prison.

Before leaving, the leader of the gang gave Mr. Bridges a dispatch to send to the Kansas City *Journal* from the next station. It was dated Blue Springs, Missouri, and read: "We are the boys who are hard to handle, and we will make it hot for the boys who try to take us." The dispatch was signed with the names of Frank and Jesse James, Jack Bishop, Jim Connors, Cool Carter and three others.

What the worth of the dispatch was no one could tell, but everyone believed that Frank and Jesse James had been members of the band. It was never denied that where Frank was excellent in planning, Jesse was equally excellent in execution. Many sources stated the following six men were involved in the Glendale affair: Jesse James, Edward Miller, Robert Woodson Hite, William Ryan, James Andrew Liddil, and Daniel Tucker Bassham; others placed Jim Cummins in it as well, and those "in the know" emphatically claimed that Frank James was in Tennessee when the Glendale robbery occurred. There is ample evidence from various sources to show that Frank tried hard to persuade Jesse not to return to Missouri, or to the active practice of outlawry after three years of comparative peace.

Tucker Bassham, the simple lad of Jackson County, soon appeared to have too much money for one in his circumstances, for Jesse had given him a thousand dollars for holding the getaway horses. This money Bassham buried near his home. Major James Liggett, marshal of Kansas City, was quick to realize that Bassham had taken some part in the holdup, but he deferred an arrest in the hope that Bassham might lead him to other members of the band. When it seemed that this hope would not materialize, Deputy Marshal Keshlaer and Langhorne arrested Tucker Bassham on June 30, 1880, and lodged him in the Kansas City jail. He was brought to trial on November 6th and pleaded guilty. Bassham was convicted and sentenced to ten years in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, but later he was pardoned for giving testimony against Bill Ryan.

Tucker Bassham's confession appeared in the November 7, 1880, issue of the Kansas City *Journal.*

"On Monday night preceding the robbery, two neighbors of mine came to me and said they had put up a job to rob a train, and wanted me to go along with them. I told them I didn't want nothing to do with robbing no train, and wouldn't have nothing to do with it nohow; but they kept on persuading and finally went away, saying they would come back in the morning and that I must go with them. They said a very rich train was coming down on the C. & A. and that we could make a big haul, perhaps $100,000. Well, that kinda persuaded me, but still I didn't like to go. They finally told me that Jesse James was arranging the things and it was sure to be a success.

"Well, then they left. My wife kept pestering me to know what was going on and what they wanted, but I didn't let on to her. I kept thinking about it all night. Of course, I'd often heard of Jesse James, and kinda had confidence in him, then I was pretty poor, there wasn't much crops on my place and winter coming on, and I tell you it looked pretty nice to get a little money just then, no matter where it came from. 'Sides, I thought to myself, if I don't go it'll be done just the same anyhow, they'll be down on me and ten to one I'll be more likely to get arrested if I ain't there as if I am.

"Well, I kept thinking it over and in the morning they came to the house early and ate breakfast, and then went out and loafed around the timber and in the cornfield all day so nobody would see them. In the evening they came in and we ate supper and they gave me a pistol, and we all got on our horses and rode off together. We soon met another man on the road, and when we got to Seaver's schoolhouse, about a mile and a half from my house, they give a kind of a whistle for a signal, and two men came out of the timber and rode up. I was introduced to one of them as Jesse James. This was the first time I had ever seen Jesse James in my life. The other was Ed Miller of Clay County."

Bassham said that Jesse James then gave him a shotgun and furnished each man with a mask, and that they all then rode on in silence toward Glendale. No instructions were given to any one man. When they arrived at Glendale, they noticed light in the store, and Bassham was ordered by Jesse James to go in and capture the inmates and bring them over to the station. On looking in the windows he found the usual group of loiterers had left the store and lounged over to the depot to wait for the train to come in. He then went on over to the depot and found the people in the waiting room guarded by one of the men. Jesse James then told him to walk up and down the platform, as the train approached, and fire off his shotgun in the air as fast as he could. The telegraph operator was forced at the point of a pistol, to lower the green light and thus signal the train to stop. Jesse James then asked him if there were any loose ties there that they could lay across the track, and he said he didn't know of any. The men then went and found some and laid them across the track to obstruct the train if it should take the alarm and not stop for the light. Meanwhile the train approached; Bassham walked up and down the platform firing off his gun; Jesse James and one of the men jumped into the express car, and Miller jumped on the engine in the manner with which all are familiar.

As soon as it was over, Jesse James fired off his pistol, which was the signal for all to leave, and they jumped on their horses and rode rapidly for about half a mile, till they came to a deserted log cabin. Here they alighted and entered. Someone produced a small pocket lantern and somebody else struck a match. Jesse James threw the booty down on a rude table in the middle of the room, divided it out, and shoved each man a pile as they stood around the table. Bassham's share was in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. Jesse then said: "Now, each of you fellows go home and stay there. Go to work in the morning and keep your mouths shut, and nobody will ever be the wiser. This county will be full of men in the morning hunting for me and you."

Major Liggett now set to work to discover the robbers. He saw no way of accomplishing his purpose by straightforward means, so he

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resolved to employ strategy. The major decided that perhaps the man who would help him was George Shepherd, former guerrilla, former bank robber and former friend of Jesse James. He knew that Shepherd was working at Jesse Noland's dry goods store in Kansas City, so he sent for him and made him a proposition.

Shepherd liked the idea of helping capture Jesse James. He was promised a false newspaper clipping showing that he was believed to be connected with the Glendale robbery and, therefore wanted by the police. He was supposed to use this clipping as a means of gaining Jesse's confidence. Then, when the opportunity presented itself, he was to kill Jesse James... for which he would be given half the reward money, as well as $50 a month until the job was done.

Several weeks after the Glendale affair Shepherd set out on this mission. The circulated reports that the James family was at odds with him seem not to have been true, for he certainly was received warmly at the Samuel residence in Kearney. Shepherd told Dr. Samuel and his wife that he was suspected of complicity in the Glendale holdup and, while he had no part in it, he was forced to flee on account of his previous record. Finally he said he wanted to join Jesse and his gang. They believed him, and Dr. Samuel advised him to ride to a certain point on the main highway, where he would meet Jesse and some of his men.

Shepherd repeated his story to Jesse, and of course Jesse said he was glad to see him. The party of outlaws returned to the Samuel home and spent the night there. The next day they went to the home of Benjamin Marr, some twenty miles from Kansas City. There plans were laid to rob the Empire City bank. Shepherd had only a small weapon and a very poor horse, so he excused himself and said he wanted to get better guns. Jesse agreed it was the wise thing to do and told him to meet the band on the third night following at a spot in Jackson County known as Six Mile.

Shepherd hurried back to Kansas City, where he imparted this information to Major Liggett. The major provided Shepherd with a good horse and several Smith & Wesson revolvers of heavy calibre. Shepherd reached the Six Mile area and was informed by Benjamin Marr that Jesse and his men had gone to Rogue's Island and expected him to hurry over there. At the outlaw camp he found Jesse James, Jim Cummins, Ed Miller and another man not named.

On November 1, 1879 the outlaws rode to the vicinity of Empire City, all set for the robbery. Late in the afternoon it was agreed that Shepherd should ride into town to get the lay of the land and the exact location of the bank building. It was after dark when Shepherd arrived in town, and he was astonished to see a number of lights burning in the bank. Closer inspection revealed that a dozen men inside were all armed with double-barreled shotguns. Apparently Major Liggett had already gotten to Empire City, or else he had telegraphed the warning of the proposed robbery to the bank officials. officials.

Shepherd remained in town all night, since Jesse James had instructed him to do so; then he returned at nine in the morning to find the camp deserted. Familiar guerrilla signs told him that the outlaws had moved to another location, so he followed them several miles down the road, where they were all hidden in the brush slightly drunk. Shepherd became alarmed, for he knew that they had not had any liquor when he left them, and he supposed one or all of them must have gone into town for it. To add to his fears that his plot against them may have been discovered, Cummins remarked that the bank they were supposed to attack was heavily guarded and wondered why. Shepherd began to sweat, but then Jesse James said casually that Cummins had gone into Galena to get whiskey and even there had heard rumors of the impending Empire Bank raid.

Shepherd suggested that the best thing for them to do was get out of there.

They all agreed, and rode south, Ed Miller about a hundred yards to the right, Cummins and the other man the same distance to the left, Jesse James and Shepherd in the center. Thirteen miles south of Galena, Shepherd drew rein to slow up a bit, allowing Jesse to advance several yards. Instantly Shepherd drew one of the heavy revolvers and fired one shot. Jesse James pitched from the saddle to the ground and lay as if dead.

Shepherd reported that he viewed the body for a brief instant but did not fire another shot since the outlaw did not move. Jim Cummins and the unnamed man rushed at Shepherd, pistols drawn. Shepherd's animal was a splendid one, and before long he had outdistanced the one man, but Cummins kept on the trail. They were both firing at each other, and Shepherd received a slight wound in the left leg below the knee. He then wheeled his horse, took deliberate aim at Cummins, and fired, bringing Cummins to a halt. Shepherd rode into Galena, where he was placed under the care of a doctor, remaining there three weeks. He told Major Liggett that he was certain he had killed Jesse James and badly wounded Cummins.

Jim Cummins later stated that Shepherd never fired a shot at Short Creek, especially not at Jesse James. According to him, when Shepherd returned from Empire City he was slightly under the influence of liquor, and since Cummins had already ascertained that the bank was guarded, he and Miller distrusted Shepherd and wanted to kill him. They fired on him as he was riding into camp, and he fled.

Other reports claimed that Cummins had received a serious wound in the right side, which fractured the sixth rib and damaged the intercostal artery. Some fragments of clothing, driven into the wound, arrested the flow of blood from the artery, or else the wound probably would have proved fatal. The surgeon, who furnished these facts, stated he had been the doctor who performed the operation on Cummins, placing a ligature on the artery.

It seems almost impossible that Shepherd, if he fired at Jesse James, would have missed his target. Shepherd had been a guerrilla through the war and a bank robber after, and was well acquainted with the knowledge of firearms; also he was a crack shot. He stated that his shot struck Jesse on the side of his left ear. Mrs. Samuel, Jesse's mother, stated that she believed him dead, or affected to believe so to put people off the track. In later years she stated the wound had been an ugly one, and threatened to be fatal, and that her son had been laid up for a long time due to it. It will also be remembered that Jesse was not heard from for almost a full year; subsequent facts clearly disproved Shepherd's claim that he had killed the famous outlaw.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Kansas City *Journal*
Author's Own years of James-Younger Research
The Day Jesse James Was Killed by C. W. Breihan

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ANIMALS

(continued from page 28)

These pheasants weren't brought from Great Britain but from their ancestral home in China. The man responsible for their introduction wasn't a biologist nor even an outdoorsman but the consulate general to China, Judge Owen Nickerson Denny.

Judge Denny was a lawyer who, like so many in his profession, gravitated to the world of politics and became a devoted worker for his party. The reward for his distinguished service was an appointment to the U.S. Consulate in China.

The good judge was a hard worker and was eventually given the post of consul general. With this position also went the prestige of money and power. The new consul general and his wife, Gertrude, lived in lavish quarters in old Shanghai. There were numerous servants and a wonderful cook of great culinary accomplishments. One of his specialties was roast wild pheasant with rice, truly a gourmet's delight.

This native of China was the very same species found in Great Britain that so many men had attempted, and failed, to transplant to the New World. Judge Denny knew nothing of the past history of those failures; he was sure of one thing, however, the beautiful Chinese pheasant would make a wonderful addition to the game birds of his native Oregon. He would send some of them to his brother for stocking the country about his estate.

In January 1881, Judge Denny wrote a friend, A.H. Morgan, that he had been collecting several species of grouse found in China for the purpose of shipping them to Oregon where he hoped they would thrive and become the nucleus of large flocks which sportsmen would someday hunt-

Later, on the ship *Otago,* he shipped 60 Chinese Ringnecks, 11 Mongolian sand grouse and 7 (all he could obtain before the ship sailed) Chefoo partridges. He also sent bamboo, which he thought would prosper in Oregon, as well as a species of peach. The birds, however, were never properly handled and they arrived in very poor condition and though they were released nothing was ever heard of them again. It is said that the bamboo thrived and the descendants of those first shoots still grow in Oregon.

Judge Denny wasn't a man to be easily discouraged and soon set out to capture more wild pheasants for shipment to Oregon. This time, however, he would take no idle chances that his birds would arrive in an unsatisfactory condition. He made up his mind that his pheasants would arrive in Portland in better health than when they sailed from China.

Judge Denny chose the *Isle of Bute,* a much faster ship than the *Otago,* on which to ship his birds. This was to be the most unusual cargo arrangements the waterfront had ever seen.

Judge Denny hired a score of coolies to erect a twenty foot square cage of bamboo poles amidships. The cage was completely enclosed. A scowload of sand and gravel was brought out to the ship and dumped on the deck inside the cage. Around the perimeter of the cage he directed his helpers to place pots of native plants which gave it a most natural appearance. The consul general then had his men bring aboard large quantities of grains and charcoal.

The crew watched in amused good humor wondering, perhaps, if the judge was shipping home a rare snow leopard or tiger from the wild, mountains of western China. But then why the grain and charcoal? Their puzzlement ended just before the ship sailed. As they watched in awe the judge directed his coolies to bring aboard several baskets containing creatures of some kind. The baskets were brought to the bamboo enclosure where the covers were removed.

What a thrill it must have been to those old salts as ten beautiful Ringneck cocks flew majestically across the enclosure to quickly disappear among the potted plants. Then the other baskets were opened to release the drabber hens, eighteen of them.

The *Isle of Bute* arrived in Portland on March 13, 1882. There was no fanfare, no publicity when the new immigrants arrived. Unlike the first shipment of pheasants they arrived in fine health and when Judge Denny's brother, John, arrived to pick up the strange cargo he was more enthusiastic than ever over the project. He would release the birds behind the old Denny home on Peterson Butte as instructed by his brother. The judge hoped the people of the area would protect the pheasants out of friendship for him.

The judge and Mrs. Denny returned to Portland in 1884, just two years after the pheasants had been released. If they had any doubts about the success of their project (after so many failures in the East) they could now rest easy. The birds had already expanded and their population growth was so rapid they now occupied niches in other counties. The Dennys were overjoyed; their dream of supplying a new game bird for the sportsmen of Oregon was a reality.

The Denny pheasant, as it came to be called by Oregonians, was so prolific that within a decade the state declared an open season on them; the very first in the United States. It is estimated that some 50,000 birds were taken that first year. Since that time Oregon, Washington and California hunters have taken millions of birds.

Today you will find the Chinese, "Chink" as it is affectionately called by sportsmen, in most of the western states. It is not only adaptable to the humid regions of western Washington and Oregon but to the drier sections east of the Cascade Mountains. Its greatest population growth has been in the grain growing sections of Oregon and Washington.

To more fully understand the success of the Ringneck in its adopted country one must look at its natural history. The Ringneck is highly adaptable to many different types of terrain being equally at home in the desert type climates of southern California to the humid counties of western Oregon and California. One may find the "Chink" at sea level or elevations of as much as 8,000 feet.

The male of the species, as in many other birds, is the flashy dresser, sporting a long sweeping tail, a beautiful irridescent head with a white ring about the neck which has given it the name "Ringneck."

The female in contrast is drab and blends with the dry grasses of the terrain she frequents. She is very well camouflaged, a protection during nesting time against her natural enemies.

During the mating season, as early as February, the cock will stake a claim to a certain territory and will fight any male within this boundary. A Ringneck cock fight is something to behold. They fight until the weaker of the two gives up and flees the area. The winner, as is the case with many wild creatures, then proceeds to mate with every female in his territory.

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It is this trait, perhaps, that has allowed the Ringneck to proliferate in such numbers. Every hen within the cock's territory is certain to become fertilized assuring a new generation of numerous chicks.

While the female sits upon her nest the male struts about his territory never again paying attention to his late lady love. He crows, feeds and drives other males away, all the while seeking new conquests to add to his harem.

The chicks are precocious, ready to shift for themselves almost as soon as they are hatched. Within an hour they are running about looking for insects to devour. The chicks remain with their mother until nearly grown. Some, of course, fall victim to foxes, skunks, hawks and the mowing machines of the farmer since the Ringneck is prone to build her nest in hayfields or grain fields. By fall the young have moulted and have their adult feathers and weighing as much as adults they are prime targets for the hunter's gun.

In other states, especially the central states, game hunting for market so depleted the native birds and animals that it soon was apparent to the various state game departments that some sort of stocking would have to be attempted if sportsmen were to have any kind of hunting at all. They looked on Oregon's success with envious eyes.

In South Dakota it was individuals interested in stocking the Ringneck that helped establish it there. Several attempts met with failure and then in 1898, Dr. A. Zetlitz had several pairs of pheasants shipped to his home in Sioux Falls from Illinois. Dr. Zetlitz maintained his Ringnecks in cages, along with other exotic birds, at home. From the very first he hoped to turn the surplus birds loose around the surrounding countryside. This he did and the Chinese Ringneck began proliferating and spreading out.

Other individuals, as well as the state game department, turned loose some 7,000 birds in all. By 1917, there was no longer any need for stocking as the Ringneck had adopted South Dakota with a vengeance. In 1919, the first open season was held and thousands of birds were taken. In another decade the hunting was so good that South Dakota was attracting national attention as the pheasant capitol of the world. One department of game officials estimated that in the twenty years from 1919 to 1940 there were some 20,000,000 Ringnecks legally killed by sportsmen. That was estimated to be the equivalent to 3,000 carloads of beef.

The total investment made by South Dakota to bring the Ringneck to her fields and pastures was a trifling $20,000. Little enough to pay for becoming the pheasant capitol of the world. The legislature even voted the Ringneck as the state bird in appreciation.

Other state game departments, hoping for the success of South Dakota, spent huge sums of money on the stocking of the Ringneck as well as other game birds. Some states met with moderate success, most failed to establish bird colonies at all.

The introduction of exotics, however, can have dire aspects as well as the success stories of Oregon or South Dakota. Take the Starling or the English Sparrow for instance. How many farmers have cussed the people who were responsible for the introduction of these pests? Still, the success of Judge Denny will be remembered wherever sportsmen hunt this beautiful bird, the "Chink."

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

A Field Guide to Western Birds by Roger Tory Peterson, Houghton Mifflin Company
The Alien Animals, by George Laycock, the Natural History Press.
The Oregon State Historical Society Quarterly

LOGGING RAILROADS

(continued from page 43)

loading and unloading and merely trailed the logs along between the rails behind the locomotive. Skid grease, planks and notched ties eased the bouncing trip of the logs, which were snubbed at the leading end. Gradually the donkey engine became more powerful and the primitive gin poles were replaced by powered booms and spar trees. Even larger steam engines on log skids or rail cars took over the skidding, yarding, and loading of the giant logs. Steam was now the real woods boss and the lumber industry puffed and chugged its way along during two World Wars.

Most of the woods tramps were given names as well as numbers. Women's names were common there was "Tillie", "Belle," "Betsy Jane," "Peggy," "Molly-O" "Pansy" and "Old Huldah." Some loggers attempted dignity with names such as "Advance," "Defender," "Excelsior", "Hercules," and "Trojan". The names their crews and passengers called the locomotives are not printable, for expletives in the woods are choice. It may be assumed the fancy lettered names were not widely used. There was even honor attached to having one's name bestowed on a locomotive and a few operators named their steamers after themselves. Often they were sorry, since epithets given the locomotive and the boss became interchangeable.

Place names were a source of locomotive titles, such as "Santa Cruz" and "Mexico" which reflected the geographical sweep of Western logging. The operators never impressed anyone with the fancy names, for the locomotives were usually rolling junkpiles. "Old Blue," "Gypsy," and "The Coffee Pot" realistically steamed into the logging camps.

To the credit of the logging railroads, the roster of official names included "Cyclone," "The Jackrabbit," "Blizzard," "Coffee Grinder," "The Grasshopper," "The Ant," "The Rattler," and "The Chippy," before it was too late. Now the colorful steaming woods tramps are replaced by the rubber-tired monsters created by the genius of Henry Ford and Rudolf Diesel. Trucks have taken over and the sound of a steam whistle in the tall timber is just a memory.

●RW

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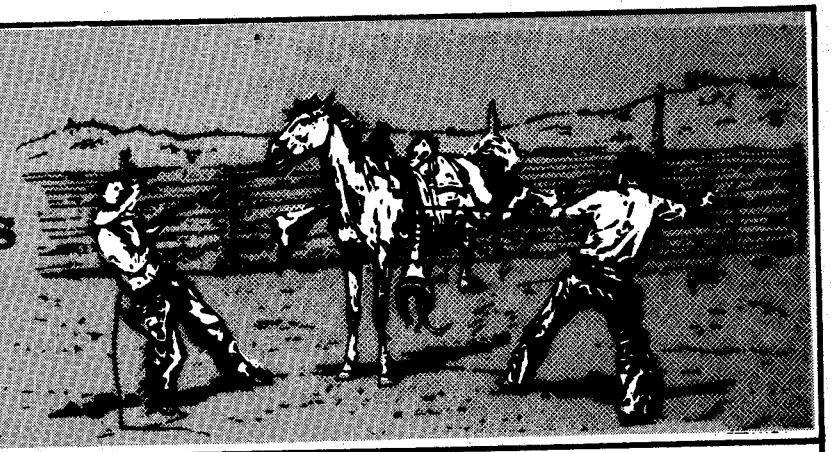
The Editor's Corral



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

INDIANS BEING CHRISTIANIZED

There are now 13,000 Dakota Indians under missionary influence.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 9, 1871

JUDGE IS FINED IN SAN FRANCISCO

Judge Lake of San Francisco, has been fined $300 for tickling a reporter with his little pistol. Of this, $50 was for the assault, and $250 for being a judge.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 27, 1872

BRIGHAM YOUNG AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER

Brigham Young is represented to be in the jolliest possible humor, notwithstanding his approaching trial for murder. He says he has no anxiety whatever as to the result, and his confidence seems to be shared by the leading Mormons.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 27, 1872

BUFFALO BILL RECEIVES GIFT

Buffalo Bill has received a magnificent diamond breastpin from the visiting Grand Duke Alexis.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 17, 1872

HEAVY SNOWSTORMS BLOCKADES PACIFIC RAILWAY

Another heavy snowstorm is reported in the Far West, blockading again the Pacific Railway trains on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Very well; they must take it as it comes. But this winter's experience on the Central Pacific route will be apt to hurry up the Northern Pacific road, along which, from the depression in the Rocky Mountains in that quarter, and in consequence of the warm winds from the Pacific, there is comparatively light snow fall; and it will be apt to hurry up the Southern Pacific road, which turns the flank of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and along which there is never any obstruction from snow. And the fact is, we want all three of these Pacific roads; and when they are all in operation, the way and the through traffic will give work enough for all, and they will assist rather than injure each other in building up all the country between the lines.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 17, 1872

DRUGS WERE A PROBLEM IN NEVADA

Nevada prohibits opium-smoking, and provides a penalty of $1,000 or an imprisonment for two years, for each offense.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 21, 1879

GENERAL MILES TAKES OFF AFTER SITTING BULL

General Nelson A. Miles has received orders to organize and put in motion as soon as possible a strong column for the purpose of driving back across the line of the Northern Missouri the detachment of Sitting Bull's camp that have left Canada to hunt buffalo.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 5, 1879

EXPLOSION AT BODIE

Eight persons were killed and forty wounded by an explosion of five tons of giant powder at Bodie, California, July 10th.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 26, 1879

KIOWAS AT LARGE

The Kiowa Indians are at large in great numbers in Western Texas, and there is much alarm among the stock men.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 26, 1879

HEAVY EMIGRATION TO THE FAR WEST

The tide of emigration to the Far West has greatly increased the railroad traffic, and this, with the immense movement of produce to the seaboard, have added to the earnings of the companies, and stimulated the building of new lines in different directions. Within twelve months there will be in operation another road to the Pacific below the snow line. In less than three years we shall have four trunk lines to the Pacific, and the people of Asia and Australia will be in close business relations with us.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 26, 1879

DELAYED CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The Kansas Legislature proposes a law that no one shall be hanged until one year after conviction.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 16, 1872

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PIERRE LAVERDURE

(continued from page 17)

took a course south by southwest following the directions of one of the men, a Crow, who had traveled the route previously. This man had told the others of a secluded valley where game was plentiful and ideal for a winter camp. And before the first snow, they were encamped on a tributary of the Little Missouri River near the Blue Mud Hills in what is now Montana.

That winter was one of overabundance. Hundreds of buffalo tongues hung by rawhide thongs below the smoke-holes in each tepee, drying and acquiring a flavor now unknown. Meat festooned the trees surrounding the camp. Tepees were crowded with parfleches of pemmican, and the women tanned more hides than the families could use.

Pierre, who knew the value of furs and robes due to his Hudson's Bay Company experiences, convinced the other men of the ease with which they could obtain all the white man's wonders by garnering the beaver of the surrounding watercourses. So that winter they marked the outlets of hundreds of beaver lodges. And when the ice went out in the spring, the men returned to the beaver lodges, drove stakes in the beaver's escape routes, ripped the tops off the lodges, and clubbed the inhabitants to death. Instead of returning to the Blue Many beaver escaped, but the men garnered hundreds of pelts before the coming of the Green Grass Moon.

With the coming of green grass, the small camp headed north to the Yellowstone River to intercept any trading parties traveling up river. Scarcely three weeks after their arrival, they contacted a trading party of the Missouri Fur Company, and traded all their beaver pelts and other furs, but could not get rid of the majority of their buffalo robes. The traders considered these too bulky and heavy to transport. So Pierre decided to cache all the robes, plus a supply of powder and lead, and the old rifle given him by his father as he had traded his share of the beaver pelts for a new Hawkens.

Mud Hills, Pierre and his small band followed the traders up river. At the mouth of the Big Horn River, the traders established a temporary trading post, but Pierre and his followers went on. And near the present site of Bozeman, Montana, they encountered a large party of Gros Ventre (Atsina), who were still smarting from a brush with the Crows. The Gros Ventre fell on the little party, and Pierre, who was bringing up the rear, was the only one to escape.

He fled back down river to the protection of the trading post. When he left there a few days later, he stole one of the fastest of the traders' horses, and headed directly to the cache, loaded supplies and the extra rifle on his newly acquired horse and headed south. He made his way to a Crow encampment and spent the following year in their company and in that interval took a Crow wife. And in the fall of 1819, Pierre and his family joined a party of traders returning overland to St. Louis.

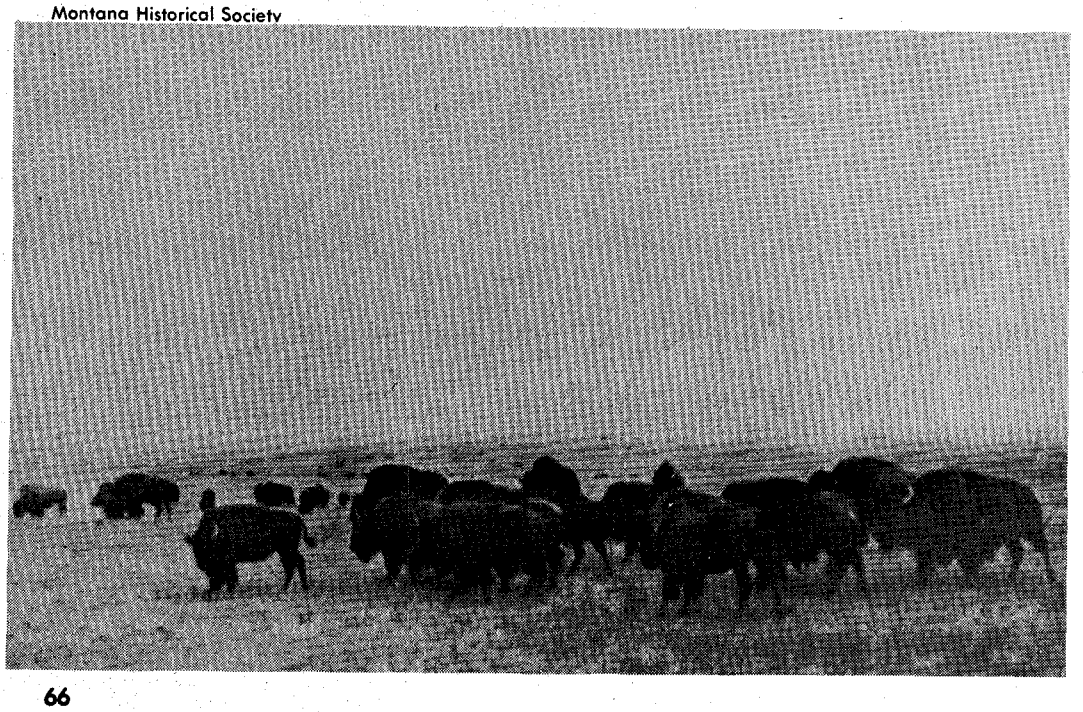
Pierre was astonished by his first glimpse of St. Louis. The waterfront, warehouses, and Mississippi River steamboats fascinated him, but his wife was frightened by the town. After living on the outskirts for a time, she persuaded him to move the family tepee some distance to the west. But Pierre's fascination with the town kept him there most of the time with just frequent trips to his home. One such trip found his Crow wife and new-born son gone, along with all equipment. The only evidence of their being was the trampled camp site, and a few discarded Crow moccasins.

Pierre lived the balance of the winter in a squalid cabin near the waterfront with two French-Canadian boatmen. He found this to be even more confining and filthy than the Mandan village had ever been, so even before spring he was making preparations to return up river. And it was during these preparations that Pierre met the girl that would be his next wife.

He found her behind the plank counter of a tiny shop that catered to the boatmen, trappers, and hunters. The stock was the cheapest available, but was all some could afford, and Pierre's funds were running low.

The girl lived with her mother, a rum-soaked harridan of questionable antecedents, in two squalid rooms behind the shop. She was thought to be the bastard daughter of Jacques Claymorgan, who, at one time, had controlled the largest of the

Montana Historical Society



Buffalo herd in northern Montana around 1880. In 1883, three years later, all the buffalo of this herd had been killed by hide hunters.

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fur trade monopolies granted under Spanish rule. He was also noted for keeping a Negro harem within the limits of St. Louis, and had bragged he was the bachelor father of four children.

The acquisition of this wife was not as easy as had been Pierre's previous ones, and it was not the prominence of the girl's father that caused the difficulty, it was the girl herself. She was beautiful, but a hell-cat, and, an expert with a knife. This made no difference to Pierre, he was in love for the first time, and he knew what he wanted. The trouble was, so did Felippia, and when he asked her to go up river with him, she took after him with her knife and ran him out of the shop.

This setback to his romance did not stop his preparations for his journey. Instead of a one-man pirogue, he acquired a larger one, and made sure there were enough supplies for two.

A few days after his spat with Felippia, he met her on the waterfront not far from where his pirogue was tied. His approach this time was simple. After she had passed him, with her nose in the air, he bashed her on the head with a chunk of wood, took her knife, tied her securely, loaded her in the pirogue, and paddled up river as fast as possible.

The first part of the trip was hectic for Pierre. Felippia deliberately tried to tip the pirogue over and at night, when her bonds were loosened, she would run. Pierre put up with this for four days, then cut himself a stout pole, and beat her until she promised to behave. After this things went better, and their rate of travel increased with two on the paddles. Camp at night was more congenial, but Pierre did not return Felippia's knife. Not until they were in his home village did Pierre return the knife he had taken in St. Louis.

Felippia took to the life of the village as though born to it, and for five months things were good. Then she found out that Pierre was thinking of bringing another woman into their lodge, and she slashed him from cheekbone to jawline.

Pierre "lodge-poled" her good this time, being careful not to hit the swelling that indicated her first pregnancy. For days, she could scarcely hobble around the village, and as the days passed her resentment grew, and in the sixth month of her pregnancy, Felippia disappeared.

Perhaps it was the incident that occurred that day that convinced her the Mandan village was no place for a town girl. She, along with numerous other women, were in a plum thicket gathering the ripe fruit when another woman, also pregnant, discovered a skunk. This animal was a food prize to pregnant Indian women, so she grabbed it by the tail and beat it on the ground until the animal was dead. She informed Felippia that she was going to eat it regardless of the stench, and offered to share it with her. Felippia lost her dinner and the plums she had been eating, and, Pierre lost another wife.

In 1821 a Missouri Fur Company party arrived at the Mandan village on their way to establish a trading post on the Yellowstone River. They were also going to explore the fur possibilities of the Missouri River above the mouth of the Yellowstone, and Pierre was hired to guide this smaller party.

Near the mouth of the Milk River, in what is now Montana, the party participated in a battle between the Piegans and the Sioux. Pierre, with the hatred he bore the Sioux, insisted his party take the part of the Piegans, and the twelve guns of the white men took a frightful toll of Sioux warriors. This broke up the fight, and Pierre and his friends were greeted as brothers by the Piegan regardless of the fact they were the hated "Long Knives", as the Americans were known to the Blackfoot Confederacy.

When this party returned to the mouth of the Yellowstone, Pierre remained with the Piegans. With them he traveled to the Marias River, then on to Two Medicine River, and finally went north with them to a Hudson's Bay post in what is now Alberta. Here he renewed old acquaintances, and traveled with a fur brigade to Lake Winnepeg.

At the fur post on Lake Winnepeg, he met the brother of his first wife, and returned with him to a Cree camp in the Cypress Hills in what is now Saskatchewan. Here he lived for a number of years, taking another wife and losing her through childbirth.

During the smallpox epidemic in 1836-37, Pierre was far to the west, in the very edge of the Rocky Mountains, living once more with the Piegans. This was a small encampment of only ten lodges, and one of the very few in the Piegan country that did not suffer losses while the epidemic ran its course. It was at this camp that Pierre took his last wife, Green Snake Woman, a maid of fourteen winters and the only one of his Indian wives whose name is known.

Through the years this little band did all their trading with the Hudson's Bay Company in the north, and never visited an American trading post. But in 1864, the peace of the little camp was disrupted by the news of a great influx of white men. Many white men had come into the country since the arrival of the first steamboat at Fort Benton in 1860, but this was a swarm.

Pierre had told his family about St. Louis, and to satisfy their curiosity, he took them south to show them some of the wonders of the white man's world.

They visited the town of Fort Benton and marveled at its size, and were told of other towns farther south where the greatest concentration of white men had occurred. So the little family traveled on and finally arrived at the bustling town of Virginia City, Montana Territory.

Pierre could scarcely believe his eyes at the size of the town that had grown in the Piegan country. He was also astonished at the sight of white men scrabbling feverishly in the small creek that ran through the valley. Especially so, when he found it was the yellow metal they sought, the same metal he had seen shining on the bottoms of numerous streams across this land.

For the next six years, Pierre became a miner. This in the sense that he, too, searched for gold. He and his family traveled the country gleaning small bags of gold from various streams. With this gold they had all the luxuries of the white man's goods, plus the bounties of Nature that are lavished on those who know her ways. But by 1870, the white men had spread to every creek that Pierre had visited.

Shortly before her death in 1872, Pierre's wife drew a map on buckskin and gave it to him. This map was only mentioned once, and that was when Pierre told his white friend, William "Bow" Bowman, that he had had a map of a fabulous gold source but had lost it. This was in 1893, when Pierre was one hundred years old, and not too much attention was given to his stories. But, not long after his wife's death, Pierre disappeared for three months leaving his children in the care of an old woman in a camp on the Marias River. And when he returned for them, his affluence was noted by many.

He became a real wanderer in his old age. Much more so than previously because he was a Bois Brule, one of

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ERNIE CASHEL

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To McLeod the set-up looked ominously like murder and robbery. He made a careful search of the house, corrals and barn and both banks of the nearby river. Not a clue presented itself. Constable MacLeod left the bewildered Thomas at the ranch and rode off to question Belt's scattered neighbors. None of them could offer any information as to the rancher's whereabouts. One man said that he "thought" he had heard two horses passing his cabin at midnight "about a week ago". MacLeod pushed on.

At a distant ranch, the Constable located Belt's saddle in the possession of a cowhand. The man said he had bought it from a young American riding a dark-bay and leading a fine cream-colored horse. The American was alone and had ridden on westward without staying the night.

December blew in cold and stormy in Alberta, with the temperature plummeting below zero. Somewhere on the storm-swept plains Cashel was holed-up like a prairie dog. Despite the hot lead he had received from the ranch-hand, Constable MacLeod couldn't break the case. The weeks slid by and Christmas and New Year's came and passed without sign of the fugitive or his supposed victim. Constable Pennecuick was now working on the case, the same brilliant sleuth who had trapped the infamous "triple killer of the Yukon", George O'Brien, and sent him to the gallows a year and a half before.

Anybody but a bulldog like Pennecuick would have chucked the fruitless man-hunt until spring made travel less rigorous. The constable-detective went on doggedly scouring Alberta from one end to the other, questioning cowboys, Indians, half-breeeds, farmers and townsmen, searching for a cocky kid suspected of murder.

About this time in the long, frustrating man-hunt a young newspaper reporter asked Constable Pennecuick if he really expected to capture Cashel at all.

The detective impaled the brash young man with a steely stare. "*I* don't *expect* anything. The *Force* will nail Cashel sooner or later when he makes a wrong move. His kind always do; they were born to be hanged!"

In mid-January, at a "breed" village near Jumping Pond, Pennecuick received his first break. The half-breeds had an interesting story to relate to the visiting constable. Shortly before Christmas a handsome young man driving a mismatched team attached to a two-wheeled rig had arrived at the village in the midst of a raging snowstorm and asked shelter for the duration of the storm. Queried at to his name and business, the youth smiled his winning smile and declared that he was an "American tourist" named "Nick Carter."

"Nick Carter" settled down for a lengthy stay at the village and quickly made a great hit with everybody— especially the girls. The good-looking lad sang American cowboy songs in a pleasing tenor voice and shook a merry hoof at all the dances. Oh, he was a gay one, was the young American— the kind of youth everyone delighted in doing favors for! Needing woolen underwear and ammunition for his rifle and revolver, the youth had commissioned an obliging half-breed to buy these items for him at the nearby Hudson's Bay trading post. He had paid for his purchases with an American $50 bill. Next morning, "Nick Carter" had driven off to the west without even lingering to bid farewell to his numerous lady-friends. The jealous young men of the village were glad to see him leave.

How long ago was that? A week before *M'sieur le* Constable's arrival at the village.

The long-cold trail was heating up. Pennecuick recovered the $50 bill from the HBC trader, and learned that Cashel had swapped Belt's corduroy coat and vest for a flashy red-and-white *capote*. On the lining of the coat, Pennecuick discovered a dark stain resembling blood.

Westward Pennecuick trailed the fugitive, but caught up with his quarry just too late to make the arrest himself. Pennecuick's fellow officer, Constable Blyth, ran down the murder suspect in the frontier village of Anthracite. Hiding out in a rooming house, Cashel made one quick move for his six-gun and found himself looking down the barrel of Blyth's service revolver. Beaten to the draw, Ernie laughed his easy laugh and raised his hands. Blyth put the cuffs on his man and escorted him to Calgary Jail. Pennecuick returned to the Belt ranch to renew his hunt for the missing owner. Although the circumstantial evidence of murder was strong, the detective doubted that the Crown could make a murder charge stick without the body of the victim to substantiate it.

Throughout the rest of the winter and on into the spring, Pennecuick went over Belt's house and land foot by foot hunting a clue to the mystery of his whereabouts. Nothing showed. As soon as the ice left Red Deer River, the constable hired men and boats and supervised dragging operations of miles of river above and below the ranch. No results.

Back in Calgary, Ernie Cashel went to trial and drew a three-year penitentiary sentence for theft, forgery and escape from an officer. Cashel recieved the verdict with a sneer and a flippant wisecrack to the effect that he "could do *that* stretch standing on my head!"

Ernie was safely behind prison bars, but Pennecuick was far from being satisfied with that. In a painstaking search that for sheer stubbornness and thoroughness equaled his monumental work in the O'Brien case, the constable continued hunting the missing rancher Rufus Belt. Through May, June and well into July the indomitable detecitve worked on, re-dragging the river from bank to bank, combing the tangled brush along its shores.

Recalling that George O'Brien had disposed of the bodies of his victims in the Yukon River, Pennecuick still clung to his belief that Cashel had similarly utilized the Red Deer to hide the murdered body of the kindly rancher who had befriended him. On July 23, 1903, the hunch paid off. The body of Rufus Belt was found at the mouth of a creek 20 miles below his ranch where the spring high water had deposited him. The elderly man had been shot through the heart. Identity of the partially decomposed corpse was established beyond doubt by a deformed toe on the left foot and an iron clamp on the heel of the left boot.

Cashel was brought back from Stony Mountain Penitentiary to stand trial for murder. This time the arrogant boy outlaw didn't wisecrack when the dread guilty sentence was pronounced: "Ernest Cashel, you are hereby sentenced to hang by your neck until you are dead, dead, *dead!* May God have mercy on your soul!"

Cashel's family, back in Wyoming, was informed of his trial and the resultant death sentence. John Cashel, a brother of the condemned youth, came to Calgary at once. John, a serious young man with all of

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Ernie's charm and none of his cold cynicism, appeared dazed at his kid brother's impending doom. The warden at the prison humanely gave him a break, allowing him to talk to Ernie daily for a ten-minute period.

A terrific blizzard hit Calgary five days before the murderer's scheduled execution at dawn on December 15. John Cashel arrived at the prison shortly after 6 o'clock on the evening of December 10th for his final visit with Ernie. The guard on duty in the corridor watched sympathetically as John leaned weeping against the bars of Ernie's cell. The condemned boy reached through the bars to put his arms around John, and begged him not to cry. It was indeed a heart-rending scene, and the burly police officer averted his eyes and loudly blew his nose as the devoted brothers made their last farewells.

Twenty minutes later, after John had left the prison, the death-watch was relieved. Cashel was ordered into the corridor while the prison Superintendent and the officer on duty searched his cell according to the daily custom. Finding everything in order, the officers stepped into the corridor and invited Ernie to return to his cell. Both hands shoved deep into his jacket pockets, the young killer grinned broadly at them and refused to move.

"Come on, young fellow— hop it!" snapped the Super in exasperation. He took one stride toward Cashel— and stopped short in stunned surprise. Ernie's hands had whipped from his pockets— a snubnose revolver in each.

"Steady, boys," he warned pleasantly. "Unbuckle your gun-belts and drop 'em. No tricks or I'll drop *you!*"

For a tense moment the Super hesitated, weighing his chances of bluffing the murderer or shooting it out with him. Cashel read his desperate thought.

"I said *drop* it, pal," he smiled thinly, "not *pull* it!"

The Super dropped it like a hot potato.

"That's better," approved Ernie. "Now both of you step into my little nest here and I'll lock you up nice and cozy for the night."

The Super stood motionless, sweating profusely, still groping mentally for something, anything, to turn the tables.

Cashel's easy smile left his boyish face like a light blinking out. Deliberately, he cocked both guns. "Make up your minds *fast!*" I can't hang any higher for three killings than for one."

Both officers stepped inside the cell. Ernie, smiling again, demanded the door-key and locked them in. Nonchalantly the killer hobbled down the corridor to the guard-room office, stepping short and carefully in his legirons. Within seconds he returned herding the desk officer before him. Relieving him of the keys to the legirons and to the outer door, Ernie locked the desk man in with his fellow officers. Shedding his cumbersome fetters, the killer bade his erstwhile captors a cheery goodnight and walked boldly out into the storm.

The raging blizzard that swept Calgary that bitter December night was a gentle zephyr compared to the fierce storm of newspaper criticism that rocked all Canada next day. The prison Superintendent and his two guards were placed under arrest pending future investigation and the Mounted Police gritted their collective teeth and set about capturing elusive Ernie Cashel for the third time.

Again the job proved tough. Loyal John Cashel, well loaded with food, revolver cartridges, warm gloves, jacket, new shoepacks and a fur cap, had been picked up on his way to the prison within minutes of Ernie's escape but flatly refused to talk. Somehow the brothers had messed up their timetable, and John landed in a cell as a result of their confusion. Later he received a prison sentence for his part in engineering Ernie's escape.

Five days passed without a sign of the fugitive killer. December 15 arrived, the date set for the execution, and with it belated news of Ernie. The murderer sneaked into an outlying ranch-house while the owner was in town, stole an outfit of warm clothes and left his own torn and dirty rags piled atop a taunting note signed with his name.

One hundred angry Policemen accepted Cashel's insolent challenge to hunt him down. For days and weeks it seemed that they would have been just about as successful trailing a ghost.

Christmas Day brought fresh news of Ernie— a note mailed to the prison chaplain, the Reverend George Kerby, with the courteous request that he turn it over to the District Commissioner of the Mounted Police. The note was a little gem of calculated impudence.

"How are you making it, Mounted Police?" gibed Ernie. "I'm still in good shape and expect to remain so in spite of you Mounties. If you do get me, it won't be alive. Just tell Mr. Radcliff (the hangman) to go back to Ottawa and take his rope with him.

((Signed) Mysterious Man)

P.S. I'm going to stay in Calgary for some time yet."

The handwriting was unmistakably that of Ernie Cashel despite the silly signature.

$1,000 reward was now posted for the daring boy killer. Superintendent Sanders took personal command of the force detachments working out of Calgary on the hunt for the murderer. For nearly three weeks Sanders men combed the town and surrounding countryside for miles around without results. No doubt about it—Ernie Cashel from across the border was the slickest fugitive the mounties had trailed since their long search for the tricky Indian killer, Almighty Voice, back in 1896 and '97.

On January 12 Cashel dropped in on a farmer living a few miles from Calgary, threw a gun on him and demanded food. After lunch he pulled up a comfortable chair near the kitchen stove and read the newspaper to catch up on the latest operations of the police. Angered by the jailing of his brother John, Ernie tore up the paper, threw the pieces in the scared farmer's face and disappeared into the woods behind the house.

Nine days later Ernie popped up at a ranch in Shephard, 20 miles away. Again he demanded and received food at gun-point, read the newspaper and vanished like a wraith into the snow-covered prairie. The police ringed the whole Shephard area and cautiously closed in.

Inspector Duffus, leading a posse of armed civilians sworn in as deputy police officers, encountered a cowhand on the Pitman ranch who had spotted a stranger hanging around the fields the day before. Hailed by the ranch-hand, the stranger had covered his face with the collar of his coat and hurried away.

Inspector Duffus divided his men into two groups commanded by himself and a Constable Biggs and began a methodical search of every foot of the ranch. Biggs' squad discovered a crumbling old shack in a back meadow. Waving the jittery civilians aside, the constable drew his service revolver and entered the apparently deserted shack alone.

Nobody was inside—but Biggs noted a trap-door in the middle of the rotting floor. He lifted the door by

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CONVENIENT PAYMENT PLAN

its ring-bolt and called "Cashel" into the gloom beneath. No answer. Biggs lowered the door and went outside to get a lantern from a member of his squad.

Back inside the shack Constable Biggs laid his gun on the floor, raised the trap-door with one hand and lowered himself carefully down the steep rickety stairs holding the lantern before him.

Halfway down the stairs Biggs heard the ominous sound of heavy breathing somewhere in the dank, dark cellar-hole below him. He turned his light in the direction of the sound— and flashed it full on the haggard white face of Ernie Cashel.

Desperately, Biggs leaped up the stairs for his gun, scrambling through the trap-door just as a bullet shattered the lantern in his hand. The officer fired one answering shot down the stairs into the blackness below and slammed down the door.

Quickly, Constable Biggs spread his men around the shack and then waited for Inspector Duffus, his superior officer, to come up with the rest of the posse.

"Burn the shack!" ordered the Inspector promptly on his arrival. "Shoot if you must when he comes out."

Hay from a nearby haystack was piled against the shack and set afire. Choking black smoke seeped through the smouldering boards and filled the shack. Inspector Duffus yelled to Cashel to come out.

A muffled voice replied from the cellar-hole. "To hell with you! I'm not coming out to be hanged. I'm going to kill myself. You'll find a letter to my mother on the floor."

More hay was thrown on the fire and the moldy old boards of Cashel's hiding-place began to blaze. Duffus tried again. "Come out, Cashel, or we'll burn you out!"

"Come and get the letter before its burned," Ernie shouted back. "For God's sake put out the fire— I don't want to be roasted alive!"

"Come out then— with your hands up!" replied the Inspector grimly.

Silence from the blazing shack— silence suddenly broken by the sound of a pistol shot. Ten seconds dragged by while the posse wondered if Cashel really had killed himself. Three seconds more—and the trapped murderer screamed hoarsely: "I'm burning— I'm burning! Don't shoot— I'm coming out!"

Hands over his head and eyes streaming tears from the smoke, Ernie came out on a stumbling run. "I'm sick of the whole goddam business," he moaned, holding out his wrists for the cuffs. "Hang me— I'll be glad to get it over with!"

Hang him they did—on February 2, 1904. In the best outlaw tradition, Ernie Cashel walked firmly to the scaffold cursing the police at every step. The trap dropped away from beneath the young killer's feet— and it was quickly over, as Ernie had wished.

Aside from his loyal family, only one man mourned Ernie Cashel's death; the prison chaplain. "The hanging of this young man—*any* man— is a sad and tragic waste of human life," said the man of God. "There *must* be a better way than execution, of legal killing to avenge illegal killing."

67 years later we are still looking for that better way. **●RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"In Scarlet and Plain Clothes," by T. Morris Longstreth, Macmillan, 1933.

"The Royal Canadian Mounted Police," by R.C. Fetherstonhaugh, Carrick & Evans, 1938.

HAWKINS' BAR

(continued from page 53)

Linden waited until Vandam was in a calm and collected mood before he imparted the news of his having to leave and return to San Francisco. His words were a shocker for Vandam's features became full of grave anxiety. Hawkins' Bar's faithful retainer's emotions seemed very deep, tears welled in his eyes, but he made a manly struggle to conceal them, his face working convulsively. "I'm going to miss you a lot Linden!" he said simply, "God keep you!"

"He will die here at Hawkins' Bar," thought Linden wincingly, embracing his old friend for the last time, "then there will be no one left to tell the true story of its golden days!"

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

San Francisco Review," 1876 "Hawkins' Bar."

"DIARIES OF MOTHER LODE MINERS," by Pitzer McNab, San Francisco, 1949; "Portland Transcript" Sept. 2 1867; "Westway," May, 1967; "Apron of Gold," 1949; "To California and The South Seas," 1966.

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FORT APACHE

(continued from page 34)

of Arizona Territory was a huge success as both reds and whites had a high heeled time.

It was in 1874, the same year that the Summerhays arrived at Camp Apache that the wire for the telegraph from the post was strung to Camp Thomas. It was carried via mule back from Fort Verde to Camp Apache over the Mogollen Mountains.

•••••••

In 1879 Camp Apache was renamed, this time to Fort Apache. During the years 1879-1880 Major M.A. Cochran was commander of Fort Apache. During that period scouts were sent to the Tonto Basin, Gila Mountains, Ojo Caliente, White Mountains, Eagle Creek, San Francisco Mountains and between Forts Apache and Verde. Other officers stationed at the post during that time were Captain Adrian Kramer, Lt. Charles B. Gatewood and Lt. Thomas Cruse.

During its active period Fort Apache was a post of major importance to the Army as it was situated between the lands of the Apaches and Navajos. Often the troopers were dispatched after renegade Indians who had escaped the reservation. Then too many of the Indian tribes came to the San Carlos Reservation and Ft. Apache became more vital than ever before.

In 1881-82 Fort Apache was commanded by Colonel E. A. Carr of the 6th Cavalry. Stationed there also were units of the 6th Cavalry and the 12th Infantry. It was in 1881 that Nocky-delklin-ne began leading strange dances which were supposed to effect the resurrection of all the Indians who had been slain. He blamed the white men for all the Indian troubles and incited many red men to hatred of the whites. In August 1881 an attempt was made to take the trouble maker into custody. Some of the Indian scouts rebelled at the idea and turned against the whites and joined the renegades. During the ensuing trouble Captain Hentig of the Sixth Cavalry and some of the troopers were slain. The battle took place at Cibecuse. Some of the renegades eluded the soldiers and made their escape to the hills. Some were captured during the battle and some were killed. Those captured were hanged by a military tribunal.

•••••••

In 1886 Captain Emmett Crawford collected a battalion of White Mountain and Chiricahua Apaches at Fort Apache and with other officers led the band into Mexico. The Mexican soldiers were also on the trail of the renegade Apaches and by mistake one Mexican trooper killed Captain Crawford who had organized the battalion to try and capture Geronimo.

It was in 1881 that the bakery at Fort Apache burned and in 1885 another fire ruined some machinery at the post.

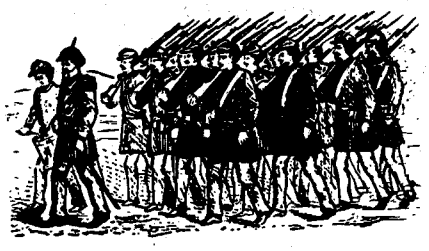
In 1888 Lieutenant Colonel G. G. Huntt who was commander of Fort Apache at that time with his troopers took captive Mangus and his party of two men, three women and mule herd. The captives were brought to Fort Apache.

Fort Apache, located in the timber land of the White Mountains had pleasant summers. However in 1887 the post surgeon complained in a report that the beef to be had at the post was tough and lean. He also noted that the drainage system for waste water was running in open ditches and this water ran over the canyon to the back of the officers' quarters.

And so time marched on. The Indians were finally subdued and eventually there was no need for Indian fighting forts in the west. In 1924 Fort Apache was turned over to the Indian service to be used as a school. Today the site of the once proud and vital military installation is a romantic reminder of that vanished era when Arizona was young, when red barbaric death stalked the land and when the intrepid white man came west and won that same land. •RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Frontier Military Posts of Arizona by Ray Brandes
Vanished Arizona by Martha Summerhays
Forts of the Southwest by Herbert Hart



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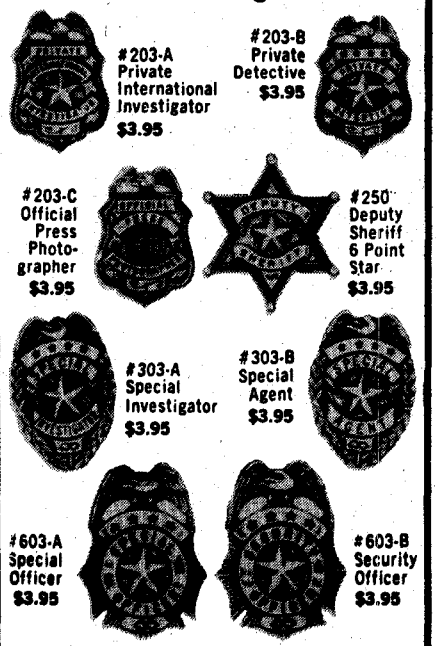
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PIERRE LAVERDURE

(continued from page 67)

the landless ones, and his name appeared on none of the reservation rolls.

With him traveled his only surviving child, a son, with a wife and child of his own. In their travels, they picked up other indigenous people of their race, and in this manner accumulated a small band of followers.

This little band traveled the country, living off the bounties Nature could still provide for those who knew where to look, and purchasing those they were unable to obtain from their land by using Pierre's gold.

In 1878, Pierre's son and daughter-in-law were killed while returning to their camp from the cantonment newly established by General Nelson A. Miles. The murders were committed by a drunken buffalo hunter who liked the looks of his son's wife. When Pierre was informed of the happening, the only thing he wanted to know was who had been responsible. The killings had been witnessed by a Crow Indian, who pointed out the murderer to Pierre a few days later.

Although 85 years of age, Pierre watched his chance, and shortly after the buffalo hunter disappeared. In his extreme old age, Pierre admitted he had killed the man. He hid his body by dumping it under a cutbank and breaking the lip off the bank which covered it completely.

For the following five years, Pierre and his little band wandered the country. They lived off the few buffalo missed by the buffalo hunters, and other game that had not been crowded from their land by the advance of civilization. But the little band slowly deteriorated, and Pierre's funds dwindled. Finally there were none left but Pierre and an old man and his wife. These two old people died in their camp on the Big Dry in the winter of 1883.

In the fall of 1884, Pierre arrived at the Crow Agency near present day Hardin, Montana. With him he had five horses and two of these were heavily laden. At the Agency he met the Crow who had befriended him five years earlier and struck a bargain with him. The bargain being that he, Pierre, would pay the man so much a year for the privilege of living with, or near him.

Pierre insisted on living in the old way and would not live in the cabin made available, so a tepee was constructed of canvas instead of the buffalo hides of the old days. In this Pierre lived for the next ten years until 1894, when he moved into a new cabin built for him by his Crow and white friends. In 1896, at the insistence of his friends, a young Crow couple moved in to take care of him.

Pierre's health declined rapidly in the following eight years and the last summer of his life, in 1904, he was deaf and nearly blind. But he was still impatient with confinement indoors, and begged to be taken out on the prairie where he could smell the west wind, and feel the warmth of the sun. That winter the old man felt the call of the open country more strongly, and all he could talk about was the open sky, the broad sweep of the prairies, the smell of the west wind, the warmth of the sun, and, the first blizzard of winter.

Pierre sat by the fire one dark, stormy day, the last day of his life, feeling the first blasts of the blizzard's wind hurling itself against the walls of the snug cabin. While he sat, he perhaps day-dreamed of old victories in war, the days of the hunt when the buffalo blackened the plains, and of old friends so long departed their faces had grown dim in his mind's eye.

The storm grew more violent as darkness fell, and shortly after the lamps were lighted the old man retired to his room. The others went about the evening's business, but looked in on him just before retiring. He seemed to be resting well, but, when everyone was asleep, Pierre felt his way to the door, and out into the storm.

Pierre was not missed until the following morning, and they found him huddled on the prairie dead from old age, cold and exposure. He was wrapped snugly in a blanket of snow that had been tucked around him by the west wind he had loved so well.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Fur Trade, Volumes I & II - Paul C. Phillips
The North American Buffalo - Frank G. Roe
New Mexico Historical Review, Volume XVII
Personal letters from William E. Bowman Newspapers:
The Roy Enterprise - issue of January 7, 1918
The Froid Tribune - issue of October 13, 1924

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LOST TREASURE

(continued from page 57)

headings for crossbearings, and digging at the "X" of the intersecting lines!

Most versions of this story indicate that the probable route down the east slopes of the Ignacios taken by the white men was along one of these five creeks: Skull Canyon, Bull Creek, Goose Creek, Turkey Creek and Ignacio Creek. The first three empty into the Piedra opposite and above the confluence of the Piedra and the Stollsteimer; Turkey Creek enters the Piedra some two miles below the confluence, and Ignacio Creek enters about two miles farther down stream.

Personally, I discount the probability that any of these creeks was the actual route. I think the crossing of the Ignacios and the encounter at the hunting camp took place farther north. Careful study of the terrain and topographical maps leads me to the conclusion that the gap the men used as a guide on their easterly course across the Los Pinos valley was where present-day U.S. 160 crosses the Ignacios; up Beaver Creek and down Yellowjacket Creek to the Piedra.

Carven and the Indians both said that the fateful camp was by the Piedra, "near" the mouth of Stollsteimer Creek. But, whether the campsite was on the east bank or the west bank, and whether it was upstream or downstream from the mouth was never described clearly enough for positive identification. Carven's remark about the camp's location in relationship with Chimney Rock is, in my opinion, the best available clue.

What is reasonably certain is that there was a bank of earth or gravel at the rear of the camp large enough for the Utes to hide behind; that the camp was on a flat, or bench; that a small gully cut across the flat about a hundred yards away from the camp—apparently to the east— there is a large rock thrusting up out of the ground. . . .the one Carven hurt his shin on.

I believe the following about this story:

The Ute camp encountered by Carven and his associates was located on one of the park-like flats that lie just down from the ridge of the divide— on the east slope—between the head of Beaver Creek and the Yellowjacket.

2) The descent from the Ute camp to the Piedra was made along Yellowjacket Creek. It was during the descent from the Ute camp that Carven saw Chimney Rock; this formation is clearly visible many times during the descent down the Yellowjacket.

3) When the White men reached the Piedra, they turned southward and traveled over the flats that lie along the west bank until they reached the vicinity of Bull Creek.

4) Here, they crossed to the east bank of the Piedra, and somewhere close by, they made camp for the night. This place is about two and a half miles upstream from the confluence of the Piedra and the Stollsteimer; it has suitable flat areas for a campsite... and high banks "behind" the flats.

5) About five and a half miles southeast—on State Route 151—from US 160 where State Route 151 makes a sharp left turn after crossing Stollsteimer Creek, you are apt to be about as close to a third of a million dollars in gold bullion as you are ever apt to get . . . outside of a bank.

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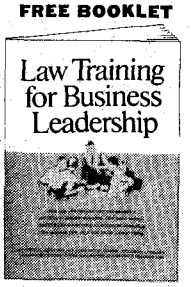

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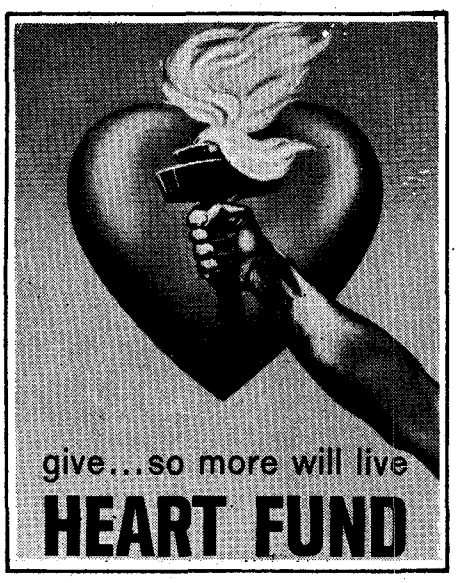

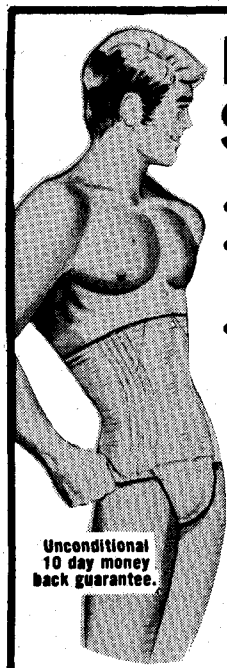

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DEADLY WALLS

(continued from page 11)

county that had blood ties to the Walls, and one of them was a lean, tall Texan named Sneed Nobles, and the commissioners court appointed him to fill the unexpired term of Lycurgus Border as Sheriff of San Augustus County. A few days later, Sheriff Sneed Nobles, sitting on the porch of the County Courthouse, saw Curg Border limping toward him, his eyes glaring and his hand on his holstered gun.

The Sheriff eased himself from his chair and stood up his hands on his lean hips and said quietly, "That'll be far enough, Curg. Now what's on your mind?"

"I said I'd gun down anybody damn fool enough to wear that badge that belongs to me. I might've known it'd be a stinkin' Wall kin who'd try it. An' I'm glad, 'Cause it pleasures me to kill a Wall or their polecat kin." Curg snarled, working himself up into a killing mood.

The Sheriff nodded, then spoke again without emotion. "All right, Curg. Now unbuckle your gun belt an' let it fall. I'm placin' you under arrest."

Curg's face twisted in fury. "Why you dirty . . ." The words had scarcely left his curled lips when his hand darted down to his gun butt.

But the Sheriff had seen the movement of Curg's shoulder and knew his intention and, as Curg's gun cleared leather, Sneed Noble drew in one smooth blur of movement and his gun spat death. One shot, one bullet, was all it took. The lead cut through the gunman's heart, the force of it smashing him to the ground where his blood colored the dust of San Augustine's main street.

That one shot ended a feud that had taken the lives of many men and brought terror and bloodshed to a whole county. For with the death of Curg Border and an understanding of the courage, deadliness and expertise with six-gun, rifle and shotgun that was Sneed Nobles, the remaining Borders and Broocks decided that life was more precious than vengeance and went their separate ways in peace. •RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Two Centuries in East Texas, by Rev. G. L . Crocket.

OSAGE STANLEY

(continued from page 6)

as nature intended and many years later when the day of the freighter was long past and the buildings that had served them as shelters lay in ruins, the mulberry trees and peach trees planted by Stanley still stood and bore fruit among the decaying buildings and underbrush. And the fruit was used by all who passed by and wanted it.

One man in the land of the Osages did see into the heart of Osage Stanley. He was Major Laban J. Miles, Indian Agent to the Osage. When Major Miles came upon Stanley as he drove about the reservation he always offered the other a lift. And as they jounced along across the roadless miles they talked. Stanley preached his gospel of the bounty nature offered to man if he would only reach out and take what was offered. Major Miles listened as the hoofs of his span of little mules kicked up the yellow dust and he was pleased. He liked the strange, dedicated man and felt that, instead of being the half-simple person the freighters and, perhaps, the Indians, judged him to be, Stanley was a wise and happy man, one who had found his true niche in life. A really civilized human being.

Major Miles was something of a visionary in his own way. A Quaker, he had come to the Osage Nation as agent to the still restive tribe in the early days of their days on the reservation. He had little understanding of either them or their problems in those first months but he was a man with awareness and was soon able to grasp the enormity of what had happened in the lives of his charges in conforming to reservation life. In time the major gained the same understanding of the Osages that Stanley had of nature in general and the two men worked in unison, each in his own way, to give the best they had. There was an unspoken understanding between the two of them. A mutual respect.

The time came when Osage Stanley vanished from the Rolling hills and prairies of the Osage Nation but, more than many men, he left behind something of good in the world. Today, in the creek bottoms and hill country of the Osage there are still trees and plum bushes descended from the seeds and pits planted by Stanley. A fitting remembrance for a man who respected and understood the voice of nature. Osage Stanley did not take from the earth and its people, he gave instead.

•RW

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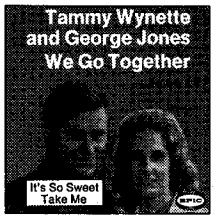

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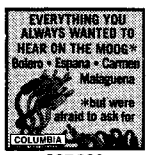

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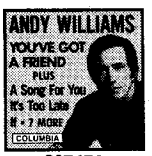

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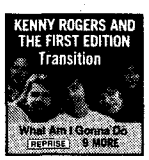

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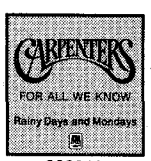

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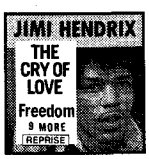

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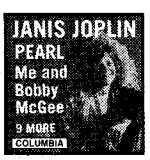

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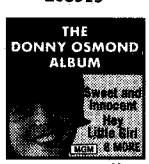

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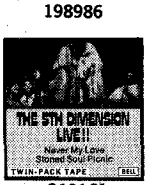

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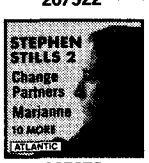

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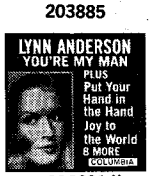

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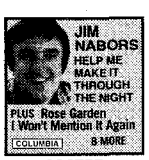

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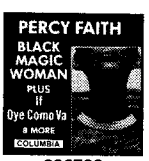

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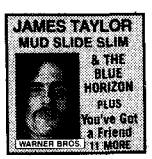

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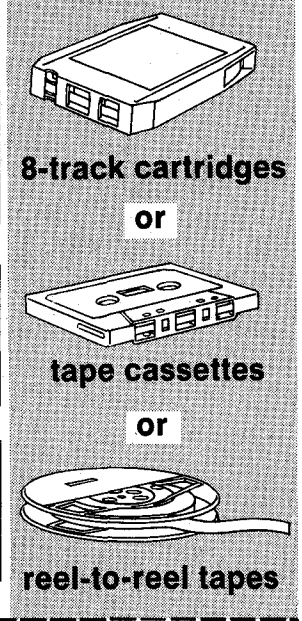

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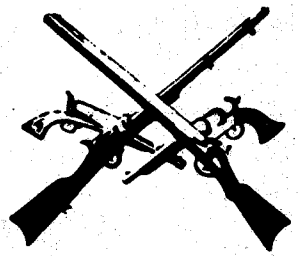

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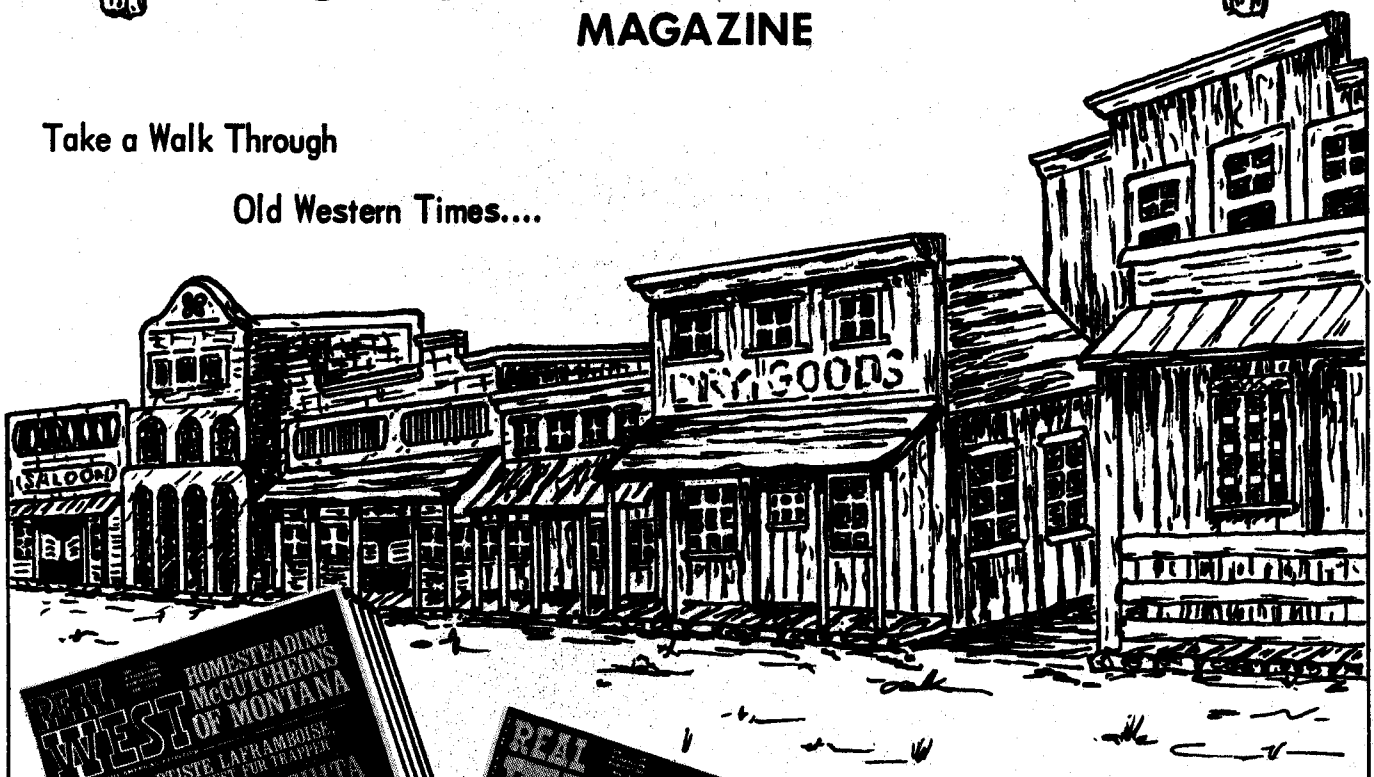

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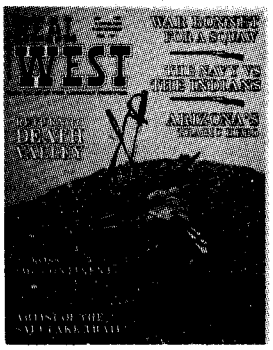

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Artist Of The Salt Lake Trail

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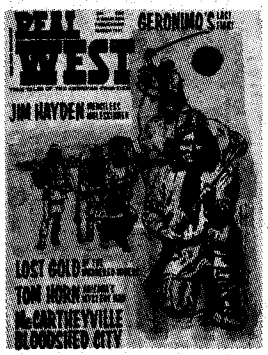

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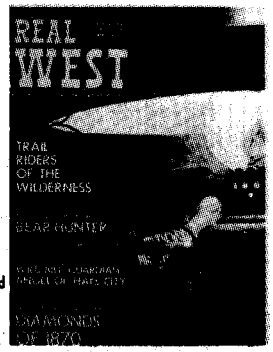

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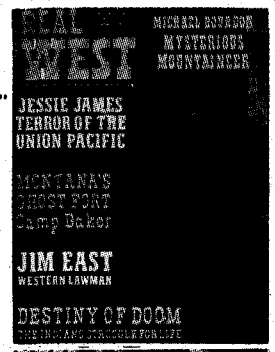
Fabulous Cripple Creek

Mangus Colorado Giant of the Desert



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Montana's Ghost Fort Camp Baker

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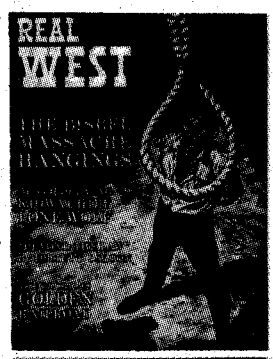
Michael Bourdon Mysterious Mountaineer



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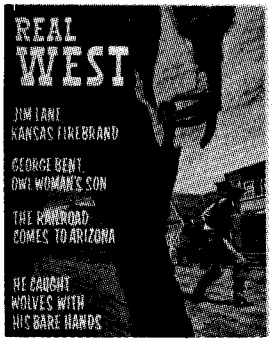
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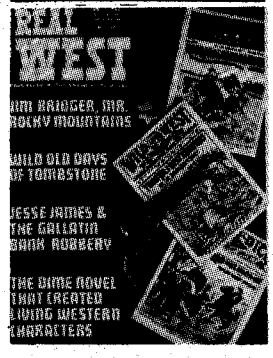
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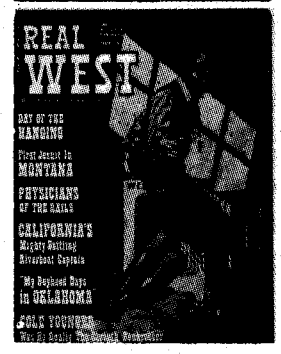
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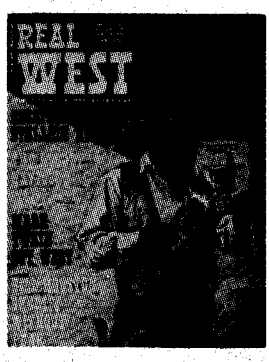

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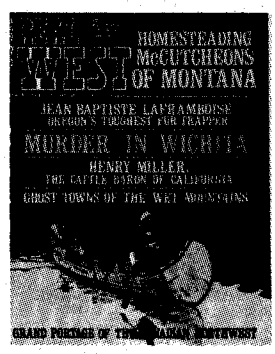
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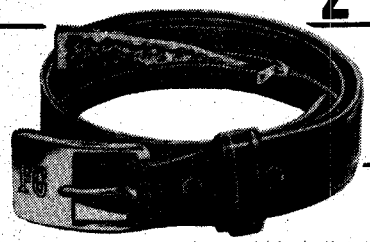

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 65)

PROLIFIC TEXAN

A Man in Robertson County, Texas, has forty-one living children. Sixteen of them served in the same company in a Confederate regiment during the war. He is now living with his eighth wife, and he is sixty-five years old.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 16, 1872

SITTING BULL BACK IN THE STATES

Eight hundred lodges of Sitting Bull's Indians are reported south of the British line. They have not, as yet, committed any acts of direct hostility.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 21, 1879

CULTURE COMES TO DENVER

Adelina Patti appeared at Denver, Colorado the other night, before an audience which paid $11,000 to hear her sing.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 26, 1887

STOCKTON, KANSAS GIVES WOMEN RIGHT TO VOTE

A new municipal law in Stockton, Kansas, a thrifty city of the second class, gives women the power to vote. The men have agreed to give the fair politicians a chance to make a test of their ability to deal with public affairs. The entire city ticket—mayor, councilmen, etc. — is composed of ladies, who were unanimously nominated to the position. Stockton is on the South fork of the Solomon River, and has lately voted to build waterworks. The handling of this important matter will be left to the women, who will have to let all contracts, see that contractors perform their work properly, pay off the men, and supervise things generally. They will have an opportunity to grapple with the railroad question, among other things, as the Missouri Pacific is likely to be extended this year. The whole country will watch with interest the result of an experiment that is without precedent in our history.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 9, 1887 ●RW

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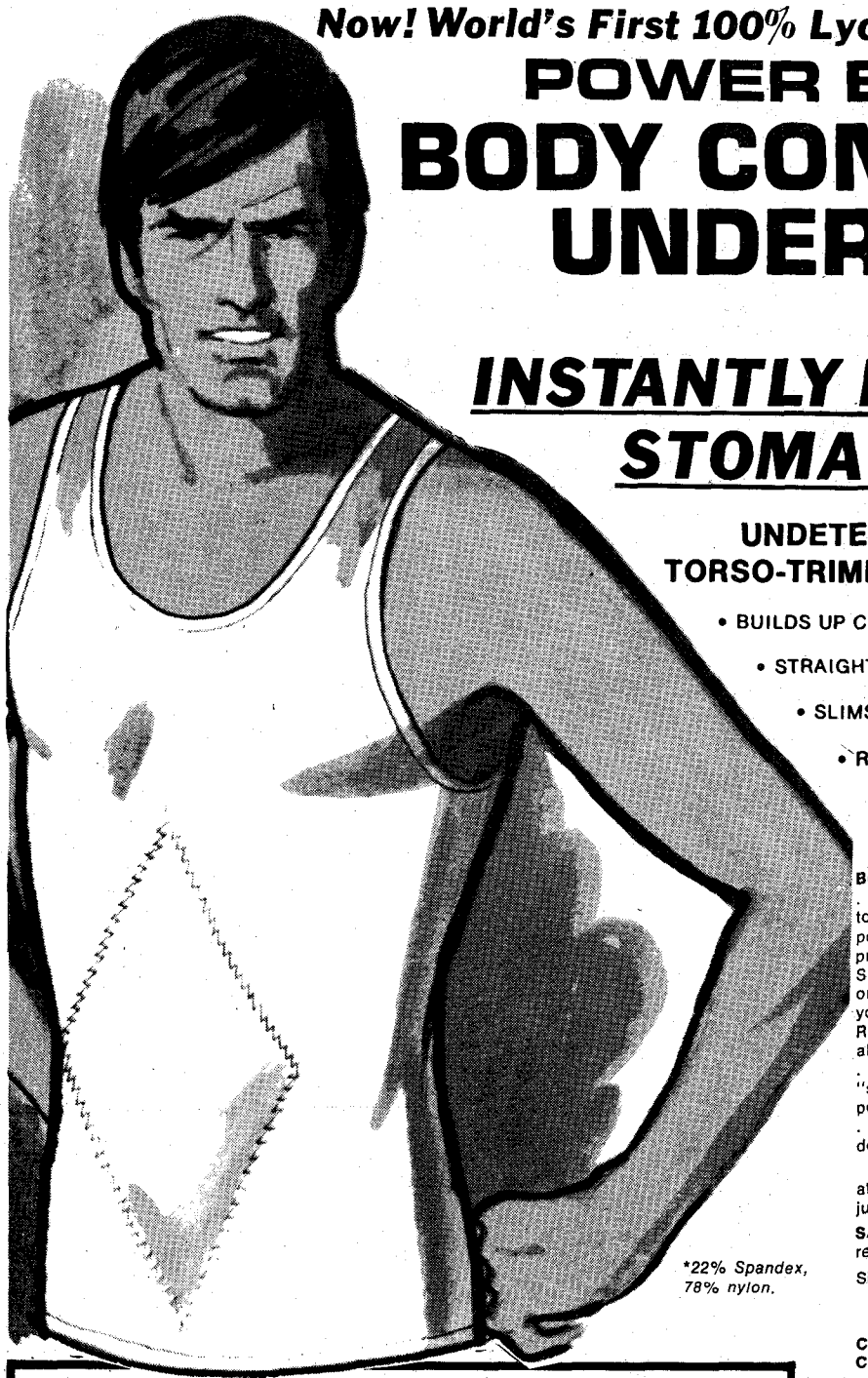

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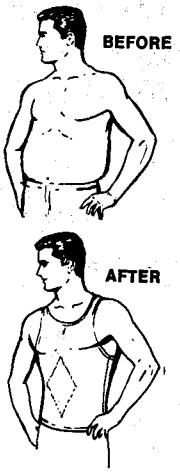

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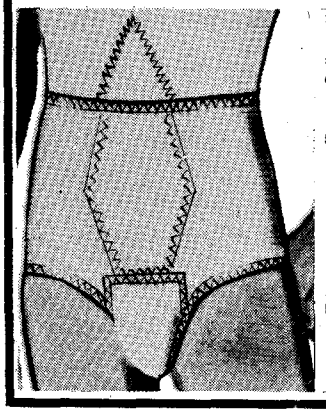

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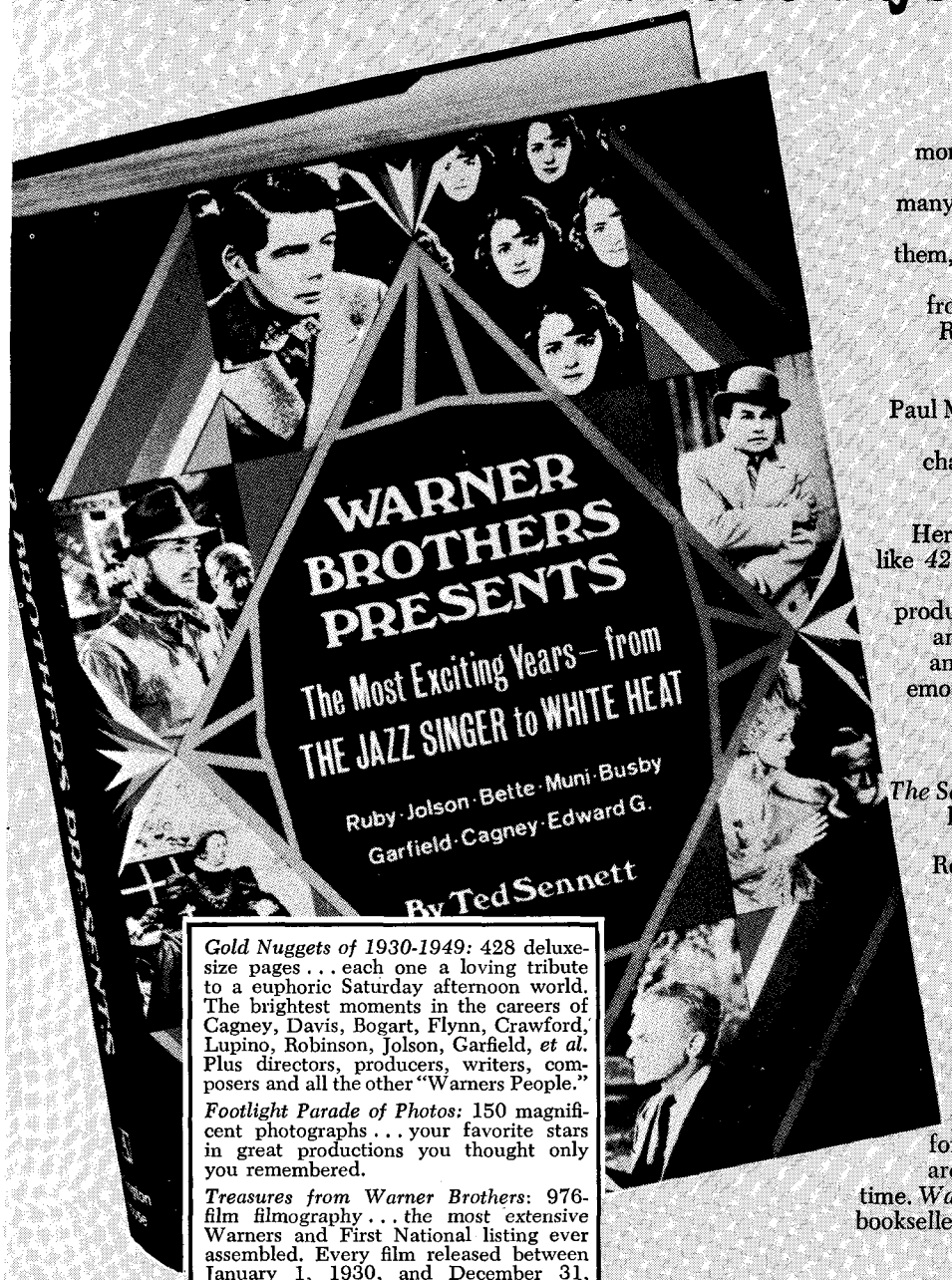

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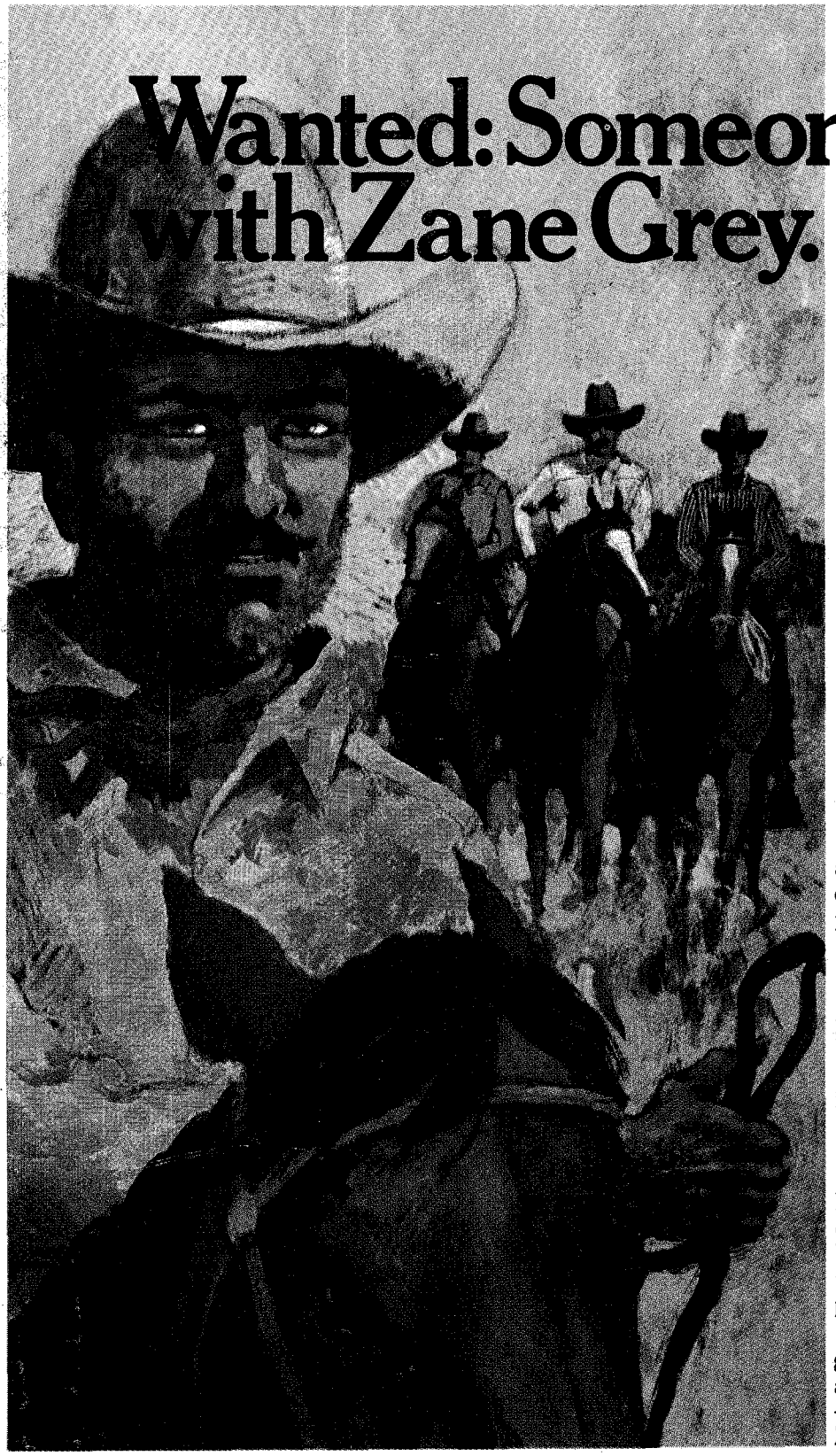

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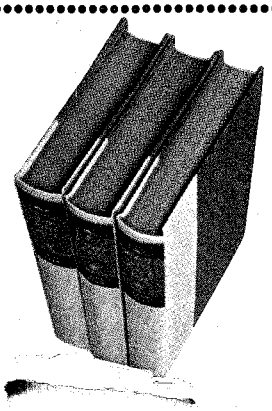

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